The Outlook

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK

The Russian Duma 989
The Portsmouth Conference 990
The Chinese Boycott 992
The Reciprocity Convention in Chicago 993
The Situation at Panama 994
Pennsylvania State Constabulary 995
A Hague Court Decision 996
The Freedom of Learning in Scotland 996
Missionaries in a Typhoon 997

EDITORIALS

The Thin Edge of the Wedge 997
The Spirit of Youth 999
Sound Lessons for Any Race 1000
The Spectator 1005

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

The Portsmouth Conference 1002
From a Staff Correspondent
The Peace Conference 1004
Photographs by Arthur Hewitt and Underwood & Underwood
School-House or Coal-Breaker 1011
By Owen R. Lovejoy
The Forest Service 1021
By Robert L. Black
A New England Cathedral (Poem) 1029
By Mary G. Slocum
The Land of Lady Poverty 1031
By Sophie Jewett
The Matinée (Story) 1038
By Zona Gale
Tarry at Home Travels: Vermont 1045
By Edward Everett Hale
The Kingdom of the Meek (Poem) 1052
By Priscilla Leonard
Mexico's Pacific Conquest 1053
By Wallace Gillpatrick
Evening (Poem) 1062
By Louise Morgan Sill
Enemies of the Honey Bee 1063
By Louis Rhead
Summer Vesper Sermons.—IX. Man's Power to Forgive Sins 1069
By Lyman Abbott
Son and the Chain-Gang 1070
By Emma V. Brownlee

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Science and a Future Life (Hyslop) 1068
Books of the Week 1073
CORRESPONDENCE 1074
INDEX TO VOL. LXXX 1077

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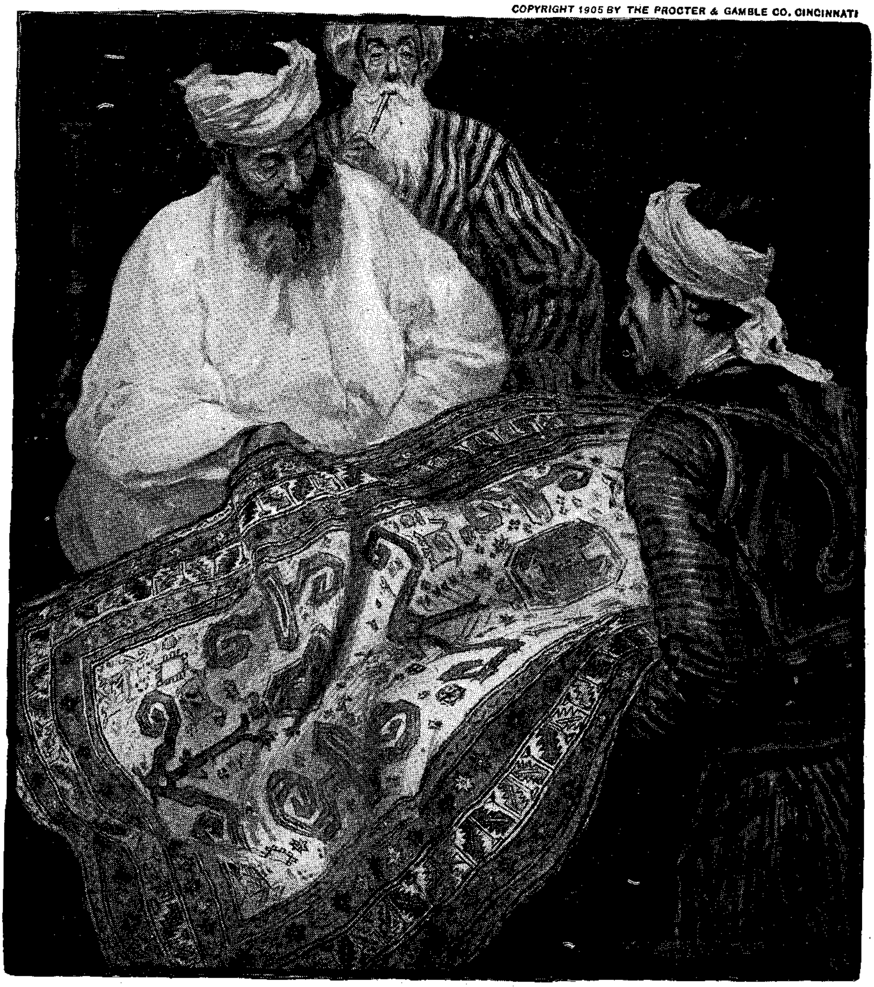

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1905

The Russian Duma On Saturday of last week the Czar issued his long-expected manifesto on the subject of a National Assembly. It is said that the date was chosen because of its symbolism, the day being the Russian Feast of the Transfiguration, with the bringing to the churches of the first-fruits of the new harvest. The preceding Saturday had been the birthday of the heir to the throne; it was supposed that the manifesto would be issued then. Its first sentence is as follows: "The Empire of Russia is formed and strengthened by the indestructible solidarity of the Czar with the people and the people with the Czar." Nicholas II. calls attention to the fact that he has already devoted himself to the task of co-ordinating public institutions with the governmental authorities, that his ancestors "constantly had that object in view," and that "the time has come to follow up their good intentions and to summon elective representatives from the whole of Russia to take a constant and active part in the elaboration of the laws." Hence, while preserving his autocratic power, the Czar decrees a "Gosudarstvennaia Duma," or State Council. The elections for this Duma will cover the whole territory of the Empire, with certain exceptions, as may be considered necessary in the case of some regions, Poland and Finland, for instance, where special conditions obtain. Those debarred from voting are women, men under twenty-five years of age, soldiers and sailors in active service, persons having no fixed residence, and foreign subjects. The qualification to vote is based on holding property under various categories, the peasants voting, not individually, but through their membership in communal organizations. It is expected that delegates will assemble in January, 1906, if not earlier. They may be summoned at any time, so it is understood. In the Czar's intention the Duma is to be established "for the preliminary study and discussion of legislative propositions, which, according to fundamental laws, may be submitted to the supreme autocratic authority by the Council of the Empire." This Council was established in 1801. It consists of an unlimited number of members appointed by the Czar. Its chief function has been that of examining into the projects of law brought before it by the Ministers. It now becomes really a kind of Upper House as regards the Duma, the elected body. The Council of the Empire is not to be confounded with the Committee of Ministers, which consists of the fourteen Ministers of the Cabinet, five of the Grand Dukes, and the heads of the four departments of the Council of the Empire.

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Its Province It is gratifying to note that, though regrettably restricted in the domain of finance, the competence of the Duma extends to departmental, ministerial, and national budgets and to the financial report of the Comptroller of the Empire; to all questions relating to new laws and to modifications of existing laws; to ministerial appointments; to the organization of stock companies; to the expropriation of any State property or revenue and to jurisdiction in taxes in provinces where there are no zemstvos, or local councils. As to procedure, questions destined to be discussed by the Duma shall be submitted by Ministers and chiefs of department, who may at any time withdraw their measures. On the other hand, bills initiated in the Duma (they may be introduced when indorsed by thirty members) may be withdrawn only by the Duma's consent. Bills passed by the Duma go to the Council of the Empire. The conclusions of these two bodies are to be submitted to the Emperor. Bills rejected by the Duma and the

Council are to be returned for reconsideration to the Minister who submitted them. In case of disagreement between the Duma and the Council, the matter may be settled by a joint commission from both bodies, but we are not informed whether or not the Duma can pass a bill despite the Council's dissent and send it to the Czar. The Duma seems to have only a kind of consultative and veto power. Regarding alleged breaches of law by Ministers and other officials, ample provision seems to have been made for interpellations, and we note with satisfaction that, if two-thirds of the Duma are not satisfied with the explanation, the matter is to be referred to the Czar. Questions concerning ordinary measures are to be decided by a majority of votes. The public is not to be admitted to the sessions, but representatives of the press may attend the open, not the closed, sessions. Reports of the open sessions only are to be published. The Duma's term is to be for five years, but the Czar may dissolve it at any time. Members may not be arrested for debt. They are to be paid ten rubles (about $5) a day during the session and traveling expenses. As a whole, the Duma is confessedly a makeshift. But the Russians, having once tasted this kind of liberty, will crave more.

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The Portsmouth Conference Last week's work at the Portsmouth Conference was remarkable for the quantity accomplished. It is understood that the Japanese submitted twelve demands, on the acceptance of which they would conclude a peace treaty. Of these demands eight seem to have been settled in their favor. By common consent, they are: (1) Russia's acknowledgment of Japan's "preponderating influence" (read protectorate) over Korea; (2) a mutual obligation to evacuate Manchuria, to return Manchuria to China, and the retrocession by Russia to China of all special privileges; (3) an obligation by Japan to restore Chinese sovereignty and administration in Manchuria; (4) mutual pledges to observe "territorial and administrative integrity throughout China," and the policy of "the open door;" (5) the cession of the island of Saghalien; (6) the release to Japan, with China's consent, of Russia's lease of the Liaotung Peninsula, and a recession to Japan of the Russian-built cities of Port Arthur and Dalny, and of the Blonde and Elliott Islands; (7) the cession from Russia of the Chinese Eastern Railway; (8) the policing by China of the main line of the Siberian Railway in its course through northern Manchuria; (9) a reimbursement to Japan for the cost of the war; (10) a surrender to Japan of Russian vessels interned in neutral harbors; (11) a limitation of Russian naval power in the Far East; and (12) a grant by Russia to China of fishing rights off the Siberian coast. As was anticipated, the four articles on which the Russians have apparently found themselves unable to come to agreement with Japan are the questions of indemnity, cession of territory, surrender of interned vessels, and limitation of naval power. It is suspected by some that Japan made the last two demands only with the idea of playing them off against the other two. Owing to the apparent deadlock between the Russian and Japanese envoys, it is understood that President Roosevelt is making every effort to save the peace conference from failure. His interview with Baron Rosen at Oyster Bay on Saturday, and with Baron Kaneko previously, were undoubtedly efforts to this end.

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Public Opinion in Russia and Japan It is interesting to note that in both Russia and Japan the week has witnessed a notable strengthening of public opinion in the direction, in Russia, of resisting the Japanese demands, and, in Japan, of adding to them, if need be. In Russia the announcement that the Czar would decree a National Assembly has had some slight effect toward unifying the people, and of causing them to feel more like standing behind the Government in whatever may be the outcome of the Portsmouth negotiations, though the army and navy show renewed signs of disaffection. The large number of concessions made by the Russian plenipotentiaries might indicate to the people that all possible concessions had been made.

On the other hand, in Japan the recent conquest and now the establishment of civil government in the island of Saghalien have awakened much sentimental strength and a practically unanimous demand that the Japanese plenipotentiaries shall not recede from the position first taken. For half a century Russia has had rights on the island, and for a quarter of a century has owned it. Originally most of these rights were granted or shared by Japan, but eventually the powerful Russia elbowed the weaker Japan off the island and compelled the signing of a treaty by which Saghalien became Russia's exclusive possession. It is now Japan's exclusive possession—by right of conquest—and the Japanese have rebaptized the island, giving to it its former Japanese name. The Japanese insist with great fervency on the necessity of their retaining the island, first because it was once theirs and then because it would round out their possessions on the Pacific, would offer a new if not very valuable outlet for colonization, but would certainly secure an invaluable strategic extension, for it would hold in check all of the Russian territory watered by the Amur River. Not satisfied with what they have done with Saghalien, at a hint, it is believed, from the Japanese envoys here, expeditions have now been sent to Okhotsk and Kamchatka. The diplomatic effect of these expeditions cannot be doubted; as a Russian said the other day, "After the taking of Port Arthur, our expectation of having a warm-water port on the Pacific was destroyed; but if the Japanese succeeded in extending their territory as far as Kamchatka, our hope of any ocean-frontage on the Pacific is ruined."

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Cession and Indemnity Throughout the week the Russian reply to the Japanese demand to cede the island remained firmly in the negative. At the first refusal, Baron Komura tactfully proposed that the conferees pass over the article for the present and proceed to the next, which was assented to by Mr. Witte. At the end of the week the struggle was resumed, and has been variously reported. It is believed that the Russians would now be willing to sell Saghalien, taking as compensation a large amount of money to be given by Japan to China (and thence to Russia) in payment for the transfer of the Chinese Eastern Railway to Japan; payment also to be made by Russia to Japan for the maintenance of about a hundred thousand Russian prisoners in Japan. Referring to the Chinese Eastern Railway, it may be added that, in Russian estimation, it belongs to a private corporation and is therefore unconfiscable. To this Japan contends that the owner of the railway is the Russo-Chinese Bank, only another name for the Russian Government. The result of the week shows that Japan has now obtained all that she asked for before the war and a great deal more. It is true, however, that in regaining the Liaotung territory Japan merely gets again what she lost in 1895, when Russia, aided by France and Germany, opposed giving Port Arthur to Japan, as was provided for by the Treaty of Shimonoseki, because the possession of that peninsula would be a constant menace to Peking, would destroy Korean independence and be a perpetual obstacle to peace in the Far East. Some months later Russia obtained from China a ninety-nine years' lease of Port Arthur! As to the question of indemnity, or, to use Baron Komura's word, "reimbursement," although the amount has wisely been left unmentioned by the Japanese envoys, Russia refuses to accept the principle of the demand. She says that she may be beaten temporarily, but she certainly is not conquered; that she has half a million men confronting Japan in the field, and that for her to pay the expenses of this war would be "blood money." Professor Martens, the well-known Russian authority on international law, who is at Portsmouth with the Russian envoys, declares that the essence of an indemnity is ransom, that no country has ever been called upon to pay money as a condition of peace, except by way of a consideration for the recovery of lands taken by its enemy. He mentions the money exactions made by the conquerors in the war settlements of 1807, 1815, 1871, and 1878. While the Japanese have not officially replied to Professor Martens's statement, they have recalled the additional fact that in all of the instances mentioned indemnity was paid, not only to recover territory, but to avert the certain loss of more territory. The inference is obvious.

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The Chinese Boycott: Opinion in China

Conflicting reports concerning the boycott against Americans undertaken by Chinese merchants come from various points in China. According to some despatches the boycott is spreading, American merchants in China are growing daily more and more alarmed, and apprehension is felt that ignorant Chinese will even resort to physical violence. According to other despatches the boycott is subsiding, and Chinese merchants are acknowledging that the undertaking is a failure. It seems probable, on the one hand, that the boycott does not cover so many objects as its originators intended, and that, on the other hand, so far as it relates to the buying and selling of commodities, it is growing very widespread. Originally it was intended to prevent all business relations with Americans, but this purpose has probably already been somewhat modified. There can be no doubt, nevertheless, that an anti-American sentiment is developing among Chinese not only in China but in other parts of the world. How intense this feeling has become is indicated in certain editorial utterances of Chinese papers which a correspondent in China sends to The Outlook. Resentment at the treatment which the United States has dealt to Chinese travelers is evidently deep-rooted and extensive. One editor writes: "Men both of the Orient and of the Occident constantly say, 'America is the good friend of China.' Why, then, are contempt and insult poured upon our people in America? What enmity is there against them that they are fettered, imprisoned, dragged before the courts, deported, the laborers treated as slaves, as beasts?" This expresses the indignation felt by those merchants who have pledged themselves not to begin this boycott valiantly and end timidly, not to show, in the Chinese phrase, "a tiger's head and a serpent's tail." This indignation is accompanied in the case of one editorial expression by very wholesome self-scrutiny, as witness this passage:

> For the fact that America excludes Chinese and not people of other countries there is a reason. Whenever ill-treatment comes to me, I should turn and examine myself, saying, I must first have debased myself, and then men despised me; I must first have insulted myself, and then men added their insults. For those of our people who lived across the sea our Government at first took no thought, permitting hundreds of thousands of ignorant, uninstructed men to seek a livelihood in a strange land, knowing nothing of its laws, of the standards of its people, of its social customs. They were subject to the laws of another land, they were reviled and spit upon, and no one interfered. When later a minister and consuls were appointed, matters had already become fixed, change was difficult, those thoroughly conversant with affairs were few indeed, and there was no way to turn back the tide. Alas! Hence it is that Europeans and Americans regard us as of inferior race, look upon us as a semi-civilized country, treat us as a barbarous people. It is because of this that my people at home and abroad weep bitterly, not for a single day forgetting their grief.

This editorial writer sees in Japan an example which his own countrymen could follow. If they do so, he says, "then can my country run at will through the markets of the world, and what chance will America have with her exclusion law, what will become of the oppressive laws of England's dependencies?"

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The Chinese Boycott: Opinion in America

The boycott has had an effect not only in startling American merchants, but also in arousing American public opinion. The anti-Chinese feeling of some has been intensified. The Governor of Oregon is reported to have expressed the opinion that friendly commerce with China might well be sacrificed to prevent Chinese laborers from crowding upon the Pacific coast. He doubtless speaks for the politicians who wish the approval of the Western labor vote. On the other hand, the opinions of people who are ashamed of our treatment of the Chinese have been greatly clarified by this discussion, and, if newspaper editorials are taken as a sign, popular feeling seems strongly to be inclined towards sympathy with the

Chinese demands. If the anti-American feeling endangers the continued ownership by Americans of the Canton-Hankau Railway, the international complication will be made still more serious. It is hoped by many that the United States Government will ask of the Chinese Government that agitation on behalf of the boycott be suppressed. It seems to us, however, that it would be rather brazen to require that China do what we would never consent to do and could not undertake to do in our own country. Perhaps this boycott will stir up the United States to sign the treaty which China has asked for in place of the treaty that lapsed last year. The Seattle "Post-Intelligencer" some time ago printed the text of a treaty which, according to the Shanghai "Times," had been proposed to the United States by the Chinese Government. According to this draft, China proposes, not to ask the United States to admit Chinese laborers, but to ask this country to consent to the exclusion of American laborers from China. It seems incredible that the American people, out of deference to a small though very active portion of the population, will much longer suffer conditions to exist which are an insult to educated Chinamen and a reproach to American civilization. The intellectual and industrial change which is coming over China is hardly less than a revolution. The Chinese Government, which once sought no intercourse with other peoples, is now sending young men abroad to become familiar with Western commerce, manufacturing, and mining. Other nations will win from us the glory of leading China in her renaissance unless we heed the signs that reveal a new national spirit and a new sensitiveness in China.

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The Reciprocity Convention in Chicago

Leaders of thought in American political and industrial life have been talking reciprocity for several years. Mr. Blaine, some years ago, foreseeing that high protective duties would not much longer be necessary, declared that we should keep the tariff to trade on. This is essentially the policy now advocated under the name of reciprocity. President McKinley, before his death, was planning to lead his party and the country into the pathway of reciprocity. In his last public speech, at Buffalo, he said: "Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. . . . The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not." The Dingley Law contemplated the making by the President and Senate of treaties of reciprocity which should have for their object the encouragement of American export trade. Some of the rates in the Dingley Act appear to have been made higher than otherwise would have been the case in order to give room for reductions in this manner. Although several reciprocity treaties have been negotiated by the executive department, the most important ones, notably that with France, have failed to receive the ratification of the Senate. In addition, the American policy of high protection has tended to cultivate the spirit of reprisal abroad. Germany, which after Great Britain is the best customer of the United States, has enacted a new tariff law, to go into effect in March next, which will greatly increase the rates on agricultural products and live stock imported into that country from the United States. With good crops in sight, the West is alarmed at the prospects of a restricted foreign market, claimed to be due to the high rates of the Dingley Law and to the failure of the Senate to make provision through reciprocity for the reduction of those rates in certain cases. To meet the situation and to devise measures of relief a conference or convention was held in Chicago on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, the call for which was issued by the Millers' National Federation, the Chicago Board of Trade, the Chicago Commercial Association, the

Illinois Manufacturers' Association, the National Association of Agricultural Implement and Vehicle Manufacturers, and nine live stock associations. At this convention about two hundred associations in all parts of the country were represented, and about six hundred delegates were in attendance. The resolutions adopted by the convention recognize the principle of protection as the established policy of our country, and advocate "immediate reciprocal concessions by means of a dual or maximum and minimum tariff, as the only practical method of relieving, at this time, the strained situation with which we are confronted." The convention further recommended "that eventually the question of the schedules and items to be considered in reciprocal concessions be suggested by a permanent tariff commission, to be created by Congress and appointed by the President, which shall consist of economic, industrial, and commercial experts." The resolutions also express the conviction that our present tariff affords abundant opportunity for such concessions without injury to industry, trade, or the wages of labor. Congress is urged to take action at the earliest time possible. To carry on the work of the convention, it was recommended that a permanent organization be formed under the style of the American Reciprocal Tariff League, and the chairman was directed to appoint an executive committee of fifteen members to organize and further prosecute the work for which the convention was called. It is understood that the head of this committee will be Alvin H. Sanders, of Chicago, editor of the "Breeders' Gazette," who has been manager of the movement that culminated in the Chicago conference.

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Governor Cummins the Central Figure

Among the speakers at the convention were Eugene N. Foss, of Boston, Senator Cullom, of Illinois, and Governor A. B. Cummins, of Iowa. Although it was not planned by the men in charge of the convention to have any central figure, Governor Cummins clearly made himself such by his address. He was largely responsible for the square declaration for the dual or maximum and minimum tariff, as the means of accomplishing the end sought. He held that it was useless to expect action through treaties requiring the consent of two-thirds of the Senate for their ratification. Our present tariff schedules, Governor Cummins said in his speech, are in the main intended to be prohibitive. "The men who to-day are exponents of the stand-pat theory of government," he declared, "are not protectionists; they are exclusionists." Under the dual tariff plan as favored by the convention Congress would pass a law prescribing maximum and minimum tariff rates, the present rates presumably being retained as the maximum rates. These maximum rates would be maintained against countries that closed their markets to the United States, but the executive department of the Government would be authorized to apply the minimum rates to exports from such countries as should afford reasonable trade privileges to our exporters. It is claimed that such an arrangement would overcome the main difficulties which American exporters otherwise expect to find in the German market when the new German tariff law goes into operation there, as it will soon. This, although better than no reciprocity, is, after all, it seems to The Outlook, only another form of that tariff war which Mr. McKinley declared to be antiquated.

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The Situation at Panama

The informal statements made by the President of the Panama Canal Commission on his return to New York from Panama last week are in the main hopeful and encouraging. An official report will undoubtedly be made to President Roosevelt by Mr. Shonts, but in the meanwhile the newspaper accounts are sufficiently full to show that wise and intelligent plans have been adopted and are now actually under way. Mr. Shonts frankly declares that there was a tendency, when the canal project was first taken up, to lay emphasis on the actual work of digging and construction rather than on preparation and organization. It at once became evident, however, that the things of paramount importance were to make life on the Isthmus comfortable for the workers, to improve sanitary conditions, to construct acceptable residences for officers and men, to put in order the large and fine hospital left by the French, and to establish minor hospital stations near actual scenes of operation. Much has already been done, and the energy and ability of the Commission and their assistants will be turned in this direction unceasingly until the conditions are what they should be. When the new Chief Engineer, Mr. Stevens, arrived at Colon, he at once declared that the first thing to be done was the housing and supplying of the men. As soon as many thousand laborers were brought to the Isthmus, the facilities for furnishing provisions were seen to be totally inadequate. Everything in consequence rose enormously in price, and many of those employed on the work could not earn enough to pay for their support. Arrangements have now been made for an enormous commissary agency, with substations in many places, and already this has brought about a change in prices. Refrigerating plants have been established on a large scale, and others are under way, so that provisions from a distance can be kept in large quantities and offered to employees at reasonable prices. An ice-making plant of great capacity is another new feature of almost incalculable value. The congestion of freight and machinery as the new purchases of our Government arrived has been a source of delay and confusion. New branch railroads must be established, and the wretched management of the old small roads established for work must be replaced by modern railroad methods. Some ten thousand employees, including laborers and officials, are now on the ground. As better housing, better food, and better caring for the sick are established, it is confidently believed that employees of a higher grade of efficiency and intelligence will be obtainable. Mr. Shonts reported that, while there were thirty cases of yellow fever when he left, it was believed to be under control, and no anxiety was felt. It is well known that sanitary conditions in the whole Isthmus have been in the past very bad; but the Nation which made Cuba absolutely free from yellow fever is competent to deal with the situation in the Canal Zone. Mr. Burns, a mining engineer, who returned with Mr. Shonts, says that hundreds of gangs are kept constantly at work mowing down the tall grass and filling the pools with oil and wiping out the pest-holes, and asserts that already the fever is practically conquered and malaria is being rapidly reduced. When, on the fourth of July, the new water-works in the city of Panama were opened, Mr. Burns says that the natives "went clean crazy." They never had seen clear, pure, white water freely running, nor had they ever been able to use a fire-engine. Men, women, and children jumped into the streams from the hydrants in a perfect ecstasy of enjoyment, and the streams from the hose of the new fire-engine were a delightful novelty. A sewer system is being put into the town of Panama; it is being paved; and stringent sanitary regulations are enforced, such as the fumigating of every house in the place at frequent intervals. Mr. Burns says that the outlook is excellent, the sentiment improving, and that many of the disheartening reports which have come to the north are brought by incompetent and fearful employees who have given up their places without really testing the possibilities of the situation, and without being willing to wait even a month for the improvements that are now being pushed vigorously forward.

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Pennsylvania State Constabulary

A law passed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania at its last session initiates an experiment which will be watched with interest by neighboring States. The law creates a mounted State constabulary to preserve peace and order in the rural districts, and to act as fire, forest, game, and fish wardens. For the present the force will consist of four troops, each comprising a captain, a lieutenant, five sergeants, and fifty men. Governor Pennypacker has appointed as Superintendent of State Police Captain John C. Groome, for years an officer of the historic Philadelphia City Cavalry.

The selection of such a man augurs well for the success of the undertaking and gives the best assurance that the new force will be governed without political bias or favoritism. The problem of preserving order and preventing crime in rural districts is one which is present in every State and which is hardly solved by the almost universal methods of local constables and police. The situation in Pennsylvania is peculiar, owing to the large, wild tracts of mountain land, and to the frequent disturbances of the peace caused by the labor troubles in the coal and iron regions. These outbreaks of disorder have kept the State militia very busy during the past fifteen years, and have cost the State large sums of money for their maintenance in the field. They have also given rise to bodies of peace officers known as the "coal and iron police," whose members are appointed by the State but paid by the companies whose property they protect. The relationship of these police forces to the coal and iron companies made them peculiarly obnoxious to the miners, and the resulting irritation has undoubtedly caused many conflicts which under other conditions might have been avoided. One of the purposes in establishing the constabulary, expressly stated in the law, is to replace the "coal and iron police." If the new police can perform these functions, securing better order during labor troubles and removing a cause of friction between the employers and the workers, it will be a distinct gain to the community, and the force will have justified its creation. If, in addition, the constabulary is found to be an efficient means of policing the ordinary rural districts, it will serve as an object-lesson which other States may well follow. The value of rural mounted constabulary, especially in sparsely settled communities, has been demonstrated by the success of the Northwestern Mounted Police in Canada and the Texas Rangers, and by the experience of Italy and Spain in suppressing brigandage and lawlessness by their use. The problem which confronts many of the States of preventing lynching and the crimes that give rise to it may find at least a partial solution in this direction.

A Hague Court Decision

The decision of the second case to be submitted to the Hague Court (although not the second to be decided, three years having elapsed during its consideration) marks another step on the road toward universal arbitration. The question in dispute was as to the interpretation of certain provisions of treaties between Japan on one side and Great Britain, France, and Germany, respectively, on the other, in respect to land held under perpetual leases from the Japanese Government. Japan held that the exemption from taxation provided in the leases did not apply to improvements made on the land. The tribunal which considered the question was composed of Mr. Itchiro Motono, Japanese Minister to France, Professor Louis Renault, of the Law Faculty of Paris, and Mr. Gregers Gram, former State Minister of Norway. A majority of the court rendered the decision in favor of the three European Powers. Mr. Motono, however, following the privilege accorded him by the Hague Convention, recorded his "absolute disagreement with the majority of the tribunal." The case cannot be considered of great importance, but the submission of small disputes to the Hague Court, and quiet acquiescence in its decision, paves the way for the arbitration of more vital matters. It helps to form a habit which, as time goes on, will become harder and harder to break by appeal to force of arms.

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The Freedom of Learning in Scotland

In the recent enactment of the Scottish Churches Bill, with its clause empowering the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to change the formula of subscription to its Confession, a clearly backward step has been taken. Some years ago a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire concerning the doctrinal tests imposed upon professors of theology in the national universities. The report of this Commission recommended the abolition of all such tests. The Lord Advocate, himself an elder in the Kirk, urged the adoption of the above-mentioned clause as making it easier for young men of ability with tender consciences to meet the conditions of entering the mintry. Such logic was quite applicable to the case of men of sufficient learning to take professorships. The bill subjects "persons appointed to chairs of theology in the Scottish universities, and the Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews," to such a formula of subscription to the Confession as the Assembly, with the consent of a majority of the presbyteries, may require of them, as well as of the ministers and preachers. Mr. James Bryce, who sought in vain to amend this clause, said it had created great astonishment in Scotland that the opportunity had been taken to "try to sectarianize the universities." In effect, the bill, he said, declared the universities to be denominational, not national. It permitted an ecclesiastical body which represented only a part of the nation to impose any test it pleased upon chairs belonging to the nation. The bill, however, was "jammed through," as we say. Notwithstanding this refluent wave, the general result—the abdication which Parliament has made of its authority to the General Assembly—is regarded by the advocates of disestablishment as a gain for their cause.

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Missionaries in a Typhoon Letters from the mission of the American Board in the Caroline Islands report appalling destruction by the typhoon of April 19, which fell upon Kusaic, and Ponape, "the gem of the Pacific." The destruction of cocoanut and breadfruit trees has cut off the food supply except of imported provisions, and the household goods, books, and papers of the missionaries have either been blown away or ruined. On Kusaic all the buildings of the girls' school were destroyed, and the missionaries reduced to live in a 14 × 20 workshop, none of them seriously hurt, though a number of natives were killed or wounded. The Morning Star, the new missionary ship, fortunately escaped serious injury. The repair of these damages, now immediately necessary, requires benevolent remembrance of the present straitened treasury of the Board.

The Thin Edge of the Wedge

On Saturday of last week the Czar promulgated a ukase establishing a national Duma, or consultative parliament. On another page we outline its provisions. The event may prove as illusory as have been some previous attempts at reform under the present ruler. On the other hand, it may be the thin edge of the wedge, inaugurating a reform even greater than were the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, the introduction of the zemstvos, or elected district councils, in 1864, and the modernization of the judiciary later in the same year.

The fact that Russia has waited forty-one years before another step forward is taken in the direction of freedom from bondage is an eloquent commentary on conditions in that country. Yet even in western Europe fully representative parliaments are not such an ancient institution, after all. The overwhelming majority of civilized men will welcome the new parliament, pathetically limited as are its powers. It does not even hold the purse-strings. Thus shorn of power, its course must be shrewdly directed indeed if it is not to degenerate into a farce.

On the eve of the French Revolution, Louis XVI. found himself in somewhat the same situation as that of Nicholas II. to-day. Louis, seeking the support of the landed proprietors, thought to win it solidly by summoning the ancient États Généraux, the States General, founded in 1302, but long since practically forgotten. But this body of limited powers was quickly transformed by the genius of the Third Estate—the people, as apart from the nobility or the clergy—into a National Assembly. It guillotined the King, established a republic, and sowed the seeds of popular self-government which, after many a relapse, triumph in the France of to-day. Will Nicholas II. fall as did Louis XVI.?

Again, the history not only of France but of other countries shows that famine often precedes the fall of political power. This sign is also not absent in Russia. In several provinces the wheat, rye, and other grain crops have been practically destroyed by the hot sirocco wind. Furthermore, the surplus of fodder for the cattle has been almost consumed. The poorer peasants are facing famine. Genuine popular representation might allay the discontent. But will Nicholas II.'s plan allay it?

During the four decades of the zemstvo existence there has been an increasing desire that a central zemstvo assembly should be convoked. This desire had the background of historic precedent, for in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Muscovite Czars did actually summon to their court many Government officials and a few representatives from unofficial classes to form an assembly to advise the monarch, who, of course, as autocrat, was at liberty to adopt or reject such advice. This institution was known as the Zemsky Sobór. As time went by, the desire for a central national assembly, expressed by liberals and revolutionaries, by the educated classes and the peasantry, increased both in extent and intensity. At the present time the desire has leaped far beyond its former bounds. Unless we incorrectly judge the temper of the too often indolent and lethargic but now aroused Russians, the time has come when a sobór—a merely consultative assembly—will no longer placate the clamor of the Russian people.

When, eleven years ago, the mild-mannered and well-intentioned Nicholas II. ascended the throne of his ancestors, ardent expectations were entertained of speedy reforms. He would summon a parliament. He would grant a constitution. Within two months these hopes were rudely dispelled. To a delegation of nobles, zemstvoists, and members of municipal councils, the Czar said: "It is known to me that in some zemstvos the voices of people were heard who have let themselves be carried away by absurd dreams of the zemstvo representatives taking part in the affairs of internal administration. I inform them that I, devoting all my efforts to the prosperity of the nation, will preserve the principles of autocracy as firmly and unswervingly as did my late father of imperishable memory." Thus the reactionary Alexander III. was the model on which Nicholas founded himself, not Alexander II., the Czar-Liberator.

Ten years passed. At length the advent of Prince Mirsky to power as Minister of the Interior gave to zemstvoists the opportunity which they had vainly sought under his predecessor. With the consent of the authorities, the zemstvoists assembled in the capital and drew up a memorandum signed by 102 out of 104 delegates present. They demanded, in the first place, inviolability of person and domicile, that no one should be molested by the police without a warrant from an independent magistrate, and no one punished without a regular trial. We may add that during the preceding year nearly five thousand persons had, without any regular trial, been condemned inquisitorially to various punishments. Secondly, the petitioners demanded freedom of conscience, of speech, of the press, of holding public meetings, and of forming associations. Thirdly, the zemstvoists asked for greater freedom for the municipal and rural self-governments. Their final demand, however, was for a national assembly of freely elected representatives which should frame a constitution.

A month later the Czar replied by naming certain reforms, some of which coincided with the above, and by instructing the Committee of Ministers to prepare the necessary legislation. The zemstvoists' demand for a national assembly, however, was not in this list; on the contrary, they were distinctly warned that they were not to discuss political questions, that they were to confine themselves strictly to questions of local government.

Without the delay of a single day, the Czar, in his turn, received warnings. In St. Petersburg, at a liberal meeting, a resolution was passed declaring that Russia could be saved from her troubles only by the meeting of the nation's representatives, elected by ballot. At Moscow the provincial zemstvo registered its belief that the time was now near for the nation's representatives, freely elected, to participate in the making of laws for the Empire. The movement grew apace. Within a month it had convinced the vacillating Czar that he must do something to allay the rising tide. Accordingly he declared that proposed laws must pass through the so-called Council of the Empire. These were fair words. The zemstvoists waited. Some laws were so promulgated; others not. Then came the January massacre of "Red Sunday." The Czar swayed from one side to the other. Finally, on March 3, he actually published a rescript containing these long-hoped-for words: "I am resolved henceforth, with the help of God, to convene the most worthy men possessing the confidence of the people and elected by them, in order that they may participate in the preparation and consideration of legislative measures." In May and July zemstvo congresses were held in Moscow. The first congress hastened, it is believed, the production of the draft for a national assembly prepared by the present Minister of the Interior; the second congress condemned the Minister's scheme and proposed one far more radical. The Czar now promulgates his own scheme.

In this, Nicholas II.'s motive is not wholly due to the seething unrest at home and to the united demand of princes and peasants. It is also due to a blow from outside. Long ago it was prophesied of Russia that despotism would never be overthrown and popular government never established by internal commotion, but only, coincident with that commotion, by an external danger so great as to threaten Russia's vital power—her army. Her troops are being overthrown abroad; they are needed at home. The danger comes from an unexpected quarter. A once despised antagonist has proved the savior of its own national existence; it will, we trust, also save Russia from the unspeakable despotism which oppresses a hundred and thirty million people. As Baron Kaneko says, the Russians ought to be under an eternal debt of gratitude to Japan, because the war will compel some kind of popular government for Russia. It is safe to surmise, however, that in decreeing a national assembly the Czar has in mind not so much the participation of the people in the affairs of state as to give evidence to Japan that he can create a popular rallying point for continuing the war, if desirable.

How will the Czar's plan be received? It will not please the reactionaries; it goes too far. It will not please the radicals; it does not go far enough. But, weak as it is, it is the entering wedge of popular responsibility, and means a proportionate abdication of autocracy. It is better to make permanent progress than to attempt that which must in part be annulled later, and some of Russia's best friends have feared that, in a burst of fanatical patriotism, a larger measure of participation might be granted than Russians, as a whole, are fitted to have. The course of history will show, we hope, that Nicholas II. has taken the first step forward in a transition from pure aristocracy to something like a popular government as we understand it.

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The Spirit of Youth

Later life is largely the working out of the ideas which come to us in youth. The art of the world, the most sensitive and beautiful record of its convictions, its hopes, and its spirit, is full of these reminiscences of the surroundings of earliest youth. Titian introduces a background of rugged peaks and desolate hills touched with exquisite color in many of his pictures, and one does not know why he has done it until one has stood in the little village of Piève di Cadore and seen rise around him those mountains which were the companions of the great painter's youth and formed the background of his whole conscious life. Goethe tells us that the whole of "Faust" in idea presented itself to him while he was still a young man. The one stainless personality, in whose visions rest the hopes of the race, was still a young man when he climbed the steep ascent of Calvary.

Youth is, to quote one of the most inspiring young men of our time, Robert Louis Stevenson, "not only the beginning, but the perennial spring of all the faculties." In those early years the fountains are opened and the springs filled whence the life of the soul issues.

Under all its uncertainty of aim, its turbulence, its confusion of thought, its lack of charity through lack of knowledge of life, its hardness through lack of experience, youth is still the hour of inspiration. Whether the long stretches of middle life under the heat of the sun and the burden of the day shall be a monotonous and barren plain, or whether they shall be continually freshened and fertilized by the overflow of living waters, depends upon the depth and volume of the springs that rise on the tablelands of youth. When we come down from Chamonix into the valley of the Rhone, the country stretches out as level as a plain. How quickly, if the warm sun of Switzerland had its way, would it become desolate! but it is penetrated by streams that descend from the fountains of the summits of the Alps, and, hot as the days may be, and long as they are in midsummer, freshness from the hills and the snows keeps this valley green and fertile.

The real test of the man of artistic spirit and work is not, How much skill has he? but, How much youth abides in his soul? When the vision fades, the magic of art goes, one knows not where and whence. When weariness touches the spirit, the great works are at an end. Hegel said that the old age of the body may be weakness and decay, but the old age of the spirit is perfect maturity and strength. There are men of few years but of great age. We have all seen them—those aged men of from twenty to twenty-five, who have touched a few vices with the ends of their fingers and imagine they are worn-out men of the world, who have exhausted its resources, and for whom life holds nothing but continual recurrence of monotony and *ennui*. And we have seen those other men on whose shoulders rests the burden of seven, eight, and sometimes nine decades, full of the unwasted power of the spirit; that nobility that comes from purity, from freshness, from joy in the work done, the vision fulfilled.

Before "The Simple Life" was written or Charles Wagner was known either in his own country or abroad, he embodied his view of life in a book of singular purity and beauty, "Jeunesse" ("Youth"). It was at a moment when the hearts and minds of hosts of men and women had grown weary, cynical, skeptical; they had tried to quench the immortal thirst of the soul by satisfying the senses, and they had failed again, as people have failed in every generation, and will fail to the end of time. For the immortal soul of men cannot be satisfied by the activity of the body. Against the trifling which we call dilettanteism, against the sensuality which comes from what is called disillusion, but which is a deadly form of illusion, against the skepticism which blinds joy and chills the highest impulses of the soul, Charles Wagner, in the heart of Paris, bringing the strength and the beauty of the hills with him, opposed the immortal image and spirit of youth; the symbol of faith, hope, enthusiasm, belief; the creed of the martyrs and the teachers, of the artists and of the noble-minded and of the great-hearted in every age.

Sound Lessons for Any Race

Concrete instances of individual achievement often throw more light upon the avenues of human progress than statistical tables. Whether the negroes of America are moving upward in civilization or not is sometimes discussed with reference to the birth-rate, the amount of property held by colored people in the aggregate, by the proportion of illiterates in the population, and the like. The National Negro Business League approaches the subject of negro advancement from another point of view. It undertakes to bring together those colored men and women who have succeeded materially in some occupation, to bring before the race at large the narrative of their successes, and stimulate others by their example. Agitation against wrongs and injustice and for better conditions it leaves to other agencies; it directs its attention exclusively to the record of progress that has been made in spite of obstacles and under existing conditions. It has, therefore, within itself the power which is created by the sense of achievement.

Its meetings never take the form of combative discussion, but rather of instructive suggestion. In the six years in which it has existed there has not been even a single parliamentary wrangle. "I haven't heard once," Dr. Washington said last week, "a point of order raised. That is because this organization is composed of people who are doing things."

The League held its sixth annual meeting in New York last week, and, according to its custom, it called upon a large number of negroes to tell of their business successes. Contractors, publishers, bankers, farmers, barbers, manufacturers, dressmakers, storekeepers, and others gave, each in turn, brief stories of what they had done. Even an undertaker told how patiently he had to wait for embalming business, and in his case no less than in others "sometimes the days were dark and hope seemed far distant." Not all of the speakers had such a record as that of one produce dealer, who said that his business had been for four generations in the family. Most of them began with little or no capital. Another dealer in produce said that he started with twenty-five dollars; in twenty-two years he built up a business which amounted, during the year ending last April, to seventy thousand dollars. From the platform in this fashion were displayed the fruits of integrity, sound judgment, self-control, and persistence.

It is not to be inferred, however, that all the speakers assumed that every problem connected with the material advancement of the negro, and with his economic relation to other Americans, was solved. The story of the negro's part in the recent Chicago strike, as told by one of the officials of the League, presented, but did not answer at all, the perplexing question, What can negro laborers do in the presence of organized labor? Here was a case in which one essential business in a big city, that of trucking, was crippled by the refusal of employees to work. In order to break the strike, the employers imported six thousand non-union laborers; of these only seven hundred were negroes, but against them seemed almost concentrated the animosity, vituperation, and violence of the strikers and their sympathizers. "Opinion in Chicago, both among the white and colored people," said the narrator of this incident in a labor war, "is somewhat divided as to the effect of these imported negro strike-breakers. There are those who believe that race prejudice has been intensified; that the negro, as a laborer, is worse off after the strike than before." It is hard to give counsel to the negroes in such a case as this. Negroes, as a rule, are not admitted into labor unions in the North, and few negro labor unions are in affiliation with the white organizations of labor. It seems as if the labor unions of America were forcing the colored workingmen into the permanent policy of accepting jobs which white men will not have. At any rate, the Negro Business League formulated no programme of action on this point.

Dr. Booker Washington, who is the President of the League, has never minimized this wrong, or any other wrong from which the colored people of America suffer. He does believe, however, that no wrong will be corrected merely by complaint. In his opening address he put this plainly:

> Instead of blaming somebody for not providing decent surroundings and decent houses for us to occupy, let us turn our attention to acquiring some of the millions of unoccupied acres of land in this country and to creating for ourselves decent surroundings and comfortable homes. Instead of complaining because work is denied us in certain quarters, let us turn our attention in a large measure to the policy of going to the fundamental sources of all occupation: that is, create out of the soil, out of wood, mineral, water, the products the world wants. This policy will make us creators of jobs, and not mere seekers after jobs.

Happily, the way out which Dr. Washington indicates is comparatively unobstructed. Fertile land in the South is waiting cultivation. Opposition is not directed against negro landowners as it is against negro laborers. The colored man who wishes to buy a farm can have his wish gratified, if he has the money to buy it with; and if he has not the money, he can borrow it on terms which other men enjoy. No one objects to purchasing the products of negro agricultural labor. Here is the opportunity which stands, as it were, imploring negroes to use it. The story of one negro farmer in Arkansas, which was unfortunately cut short by lack of time, is the sort of story that could be told of any other colored man who would use the same foresight and industry. This colored farmer has several thousand acres. He told with some detail as to figures the exact profits which he had from his land, and estimated out of his own experience how a man with industry could, by borrowing money, own his own farm in five years and be free of debt. This gospel of agricultural success ought to be preached to negroes throughout the whole South. Together with this gospel, however, there needs to be announced also the warning that a day of judgment is at hand. If white immigration turns southward, the land which is there now so cheap will rise in price and become less easily obtainable. If the negroes fail to possess it, Italians, Hungarians, and other aliens may occupy it. Those who are concerned for the future of the negro race in this country ought to urge upon the colored people immediate action in getting possession of adequate farm land. Agitation for political privileges or industrial opportunities might well be postponed in the presence of this immediate need.

The men who compose the National Negro Business League are undoubtedly exceptional, as all really successful people are. The great service that the League can render does not lie in the exaltation of any particular class of negroes, but rather in pointing to the great mass of negroes the way toward attaining the same kind of success that their fellows have won. The words which are spoken at the meetings of the League reach comparatively few of the nine or ten millions of colored people in the United States, but they will bring real prosperity to the race as a whole if the few who hear these words will carry the message to the regions where they dwell and reiterate it there.

The Portsmouth Conference: David and Goliath

From a Staff Correspondent

THUS far the Portsmouth Peace Conference seems a repetition of the contest between David and Goliath. The modern Goliath is not exactly like the ancient. The modern hails from a different land and people. His name is Sergius (or, as he calls it, Sergei) Witte. He is a Russian. His ancestors were Dutch. He began life as a railway porter and ticket agent. As far as physical appearances indicate, he is a long way from ending his days. Yet, in a land of inveterate prejudice and hide-bound custom, he has already, at fifty-nine years of age, become Finance Minister, President of the Council, and now ranking plenipotentiary at the Russo-Japanese Conference in progress here.

Goliath of the Old Testament may not have been fair to look upon; the modern Goliath is. From the start he challenges your interest. He ends by challenging your sympathy. He appeals to you increasingly. Indeed, his hearty, vigorous manner appeals to every one. After talking with him in the quiet of his own parlor, my own first impressions remain as clear as ever, but about them cluster many new ones, due to a closer view and to conversation with him.

Somehow the feeling seems universal that Slavs ought to be black and swarthy, but Sergius Witte is a big, burly blond. Large-limbed, thick-set, muscular, and proportionately tall, he seems a little patriarchal in manner as he rises to receive you. But he looks little like a patriarch. He does not even show his years. Not wrinkled and somewhat inclined to stoutness, he seems almost a kind of grown-up infant, to be sure, but rather undeveloped, a rhinoceros bulk indeed—with corresponding grace! Both in physical movement and speech his manner is unsteady and full of the unexpected—you might think him almost unused to the world's ways; in other words, a big, seemingly helpless child. And, like any child, too, he can sling his stick about and throw it down petulantly. But his is a fine face, with its big, liquid, earnest, sometimes eloquent eyes, high forehead, sandy hair and beard, and an expression, now of acuteness, now of benevolence, now of capriciousness, now of appealing despair. For this modern Goliath is a man of moods. So must the ancient have been. Most men are. And Sergius Witte is like many of his countrymen in this respect. One day effervescent, the next lethargic; one day hopeful, the next fatalistic—he and they remind one of the ever-changing sea. The Czar is said to be vacillating—may not the Slav character count for something?

Moody in manner Sergius Witte may be; constant in his desire for peace he has been. Before the war he declared: "Instead of making an enemy of Japan, we should win her friendship. I strongly advise a friendly solution." And to-night he added: "I say to you that I, Witte, am anxious for peace." Herein we note a divergence from the ancient Goliath; at least we have no record that the latter ever made use of such sentiments. Mr. Witte will do, it is believed, more than any other Russian could to obtain peace terms from the Japanese, for he of all seems least moved by a false patriotism, least disposed to cherish vain illusions, most moved by a broad-gauge notion of fact as opposed to fancy. "Haven't I yielded on seven out of the twelve Japanese demands?" he queried, in reply to questions to-night. "No other Russian would have dared do so much. What more can you ask?" "But the other five demands contain the real tug of war," was the rejoinder. "Let us not say tug of war," replied this business man and financier, who, on occasions, can be a real diplomat—"only contrary opinions."

Changing the talk a moment from the one all-absorbing subject, it was a satisfaction to inform Mr. Witte of the late Secretary Hay's confidence that, if any Russian could lead the Jews out of bondage in eastern Europe, Witte was the man; it was a pleasure to be able to bear that personal touch from one of our ablest statesmen to one of Russia's. The envoy listened with special attention. Then he said, "I really cannot add much to what I have already said on the subject. I must believe that the Jewish question is a chief reason for any alienation of American friendship for Russia. The Russian Government may have adopted some measures affecting the Jews that perhaps were better not adopted. It is not for me to criticise. There are reasons at this moment why I cannot go deeper into the question."

Mr. Witte and Baron Komura have one trait in common. They are oblivious of their personal appearance. Their minds are too busied with other matters. The Russian's rough, ready-made shoes are a by-word in St. Petersburg, and "ready-made" there has little relation to the style and quality inseparable from the American expression of that term. Baron Komura's ill-fitting frock-coat and his venerable derby hat were well known here until he yielded to persuasion and rehabited himself. Above the ordinary in intellect, men like these do not mind the extraordinary in dress.

In 1875 the Japanese Government sent thirty promising students to America to finish their education. Among them was one Jutaro Komura. A fellow-student with him at Harvard thus described him: "He was greatly absorbed in his work, and, outside of that, in history and philosophy. Emerson was a favorite author: from his writings he has adopted his motto of 'Simple living, high thinking.' He did not care for society. I used to urge him to go over to Boston with me and spend the evening, but he always preferred to stay in Cambridge. He was then, as he is now, modest, retiring, self-effacing. In addition, he is, as you know from talking with him, thorough, exact, profound." He graduated from Harvard Law School in 1877, attended lectures at several European universities, and in the early eighties returned to Japan, where he became a judge. Resigning this position, he entered the Foreign Office, where he did translation work until he was sent to Peking as Secretary of Legation. Just before the war in 1894 Japan withdrew Minister Otori from Peking, and the new secretary took charge of affairs. When war did come, Jutaro Komura, too, had to leave, but during his Peking service, in Marquis Ito's words, he had not made a single mistake. He was David in training.

Hence he was sent later, as Minister, to Seoul, Washington, St. Petersburg, then in 1900 again to Peking, when the capital was in the hands of the allies. A year later he became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and as such his most notable achievement was the negotiation of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. He is now ranking plenipotentiary at this Portsmouth Conference.

Jutaro Komura is Sergius Witte's antithesis, as David was Goliath's. But the modern David is doubly unlike Goliath, physically and mentally. Baron Komura weighs about a hundred pounds. He has a small, soft, silken voice, well matching his physique. He greets you with the same jerky bow from the hips that most Japanese have, but with nothing like the all-pervasiveness of Mr. Witte's warm hand-grasp. Then, too, the Russian had been talkative; the Japanese is courteously taciturn, even when affably conversational. Yet you find yourself almost more fascinated, certainly more mystified, by the spell which this little brown man, with his cryptic smile and his inscrutable, imperturbable reserve, casts over you than you had been by that of the giant Russian. The difference lies in the power of superior calmness, keenness, self-possession, an exacter mind, a more relentless logic, a more prescient spirit. Mr. Witte has been a great master of methods in his own department of finance. He towers head and shoulders above most Russians, too, in his abhorrence of red tape, in his ability and readiness to cut the Gordian knot. He is like other Russians, however, in his ability and readiness to "bluff," as, for instance, when he exclaims, in answer to the vexed question of indemnity, "Not a kopeck, not a kopeck." To which Baron Komura, not a "bluffer," replies in effect, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," replaces "indemnity" by "reimbursement," and, postponing this, "discusses another demand. And now it is rumored he has found a way by which Russia may "save her face" and yet reimburse Japan.

On August 3, 1903, Baron Komura, as Foreign Minister, instructed Minister Kurino at St. Petersburg to lay before Count Lamsdorf, Russian Foreign Minister, certain propositions as assuring a permanent peaceful understanding between Japan and Russia. The first proposition comprised "reciprocal recognition of Japan's preponderating interests in Korea, and of Russia's special interests in railway enterprises in Manchuria." Regarding trade development and protection, Russia was to acknowledge Japan's free hand in Korea in return for Japan's acknowledgment of Russia's free hand in Manchuria. Japan was also to be allowed to extend the Korean railway and a connection with the Chinese eastern system. As to policing and the suppression of disorder, Russia was to acknowledge Japan's right to send troops to Korea, Russia to have a similar right in Manchuria. Finally, Japan demanded the right "to give advice and assistance in the interest of reform and good government in Korea, including necessary military assistance."

For six months diplomatic negotiations continued, with such outrageous delays on Russia's part that even Japanese patience became exhausted. War began. Let us hope against hope that the peace of Portsmouth may yet end it. But how? The great Witte has already consented to all that the tiny Baron asked before the war and to a great deal more—to the transfer of Port Arthur, Dalny, the Liaotung peninsula, the railway itself, on all of which Russia has spent hundreds of millions of dollars, into the hands of the Japanese.

Thus God uses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. The supposed mighty are not always the movers of men. Komura's keenness tops even Witte's wisdom. Much truer is it, of course, that the dreaded Colossus of the North has been brought low by what Count Cassini used to call "that little, yellow, bumptious race." Little, yes. Yellow, yes. But their bumptiousness means civilization. E. F. B.

The Peace Conference

SCENES AT OYSTER BAY AND PORTSMOUTH

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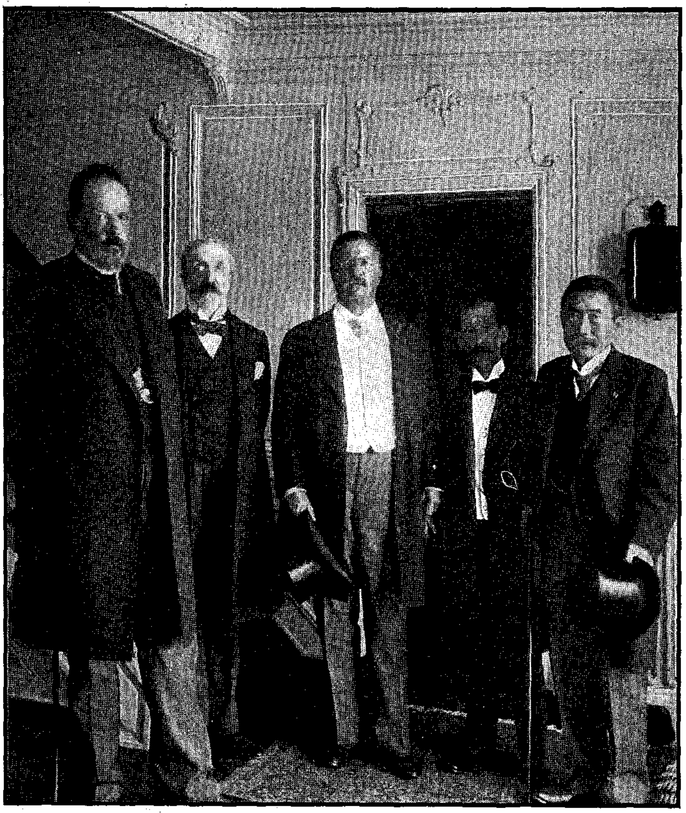

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE PEACE PLENIPOTENTIARIES
IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER

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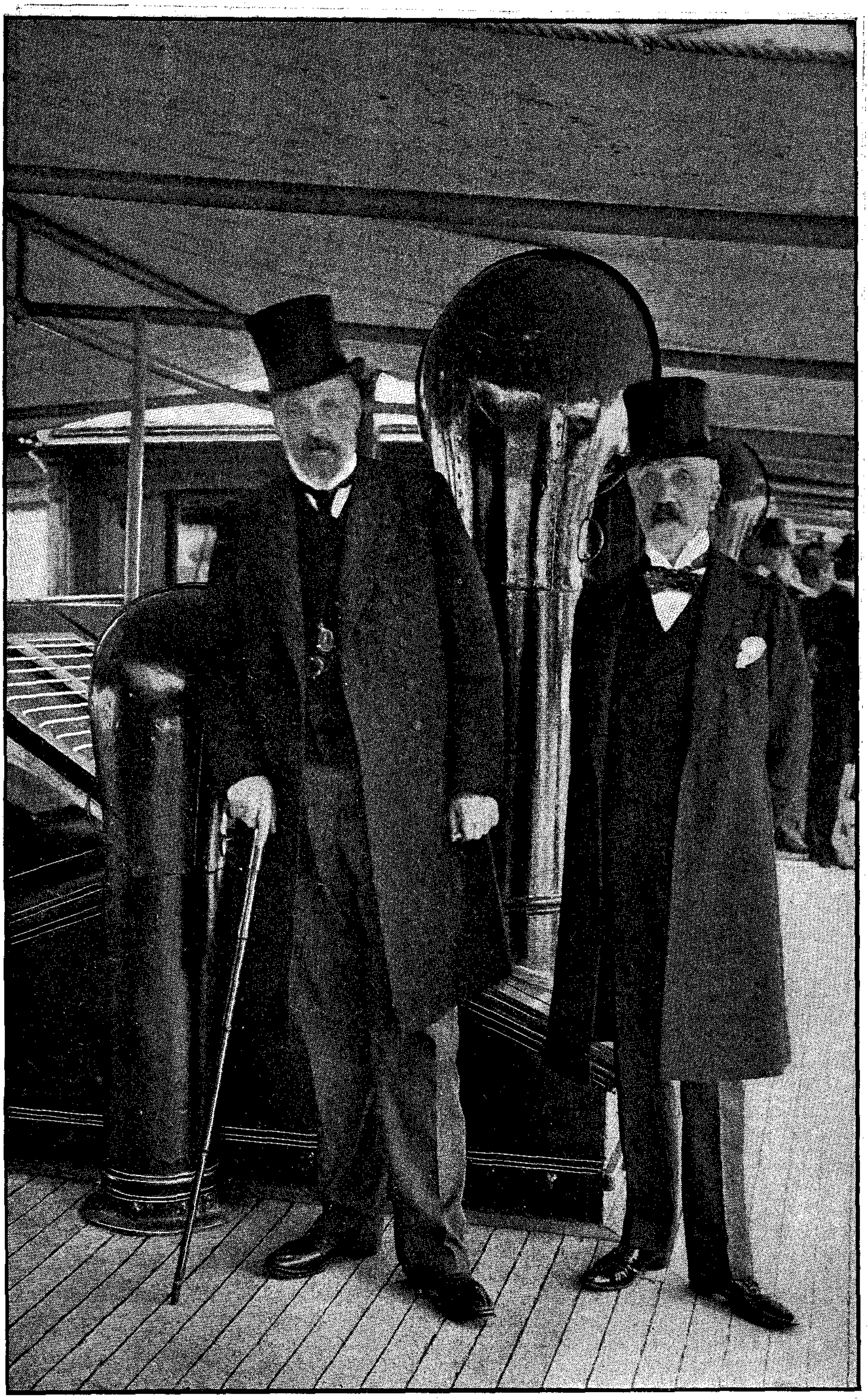

COUNT WITTE AND BARON ROSEN ON THE MAYFLOWER

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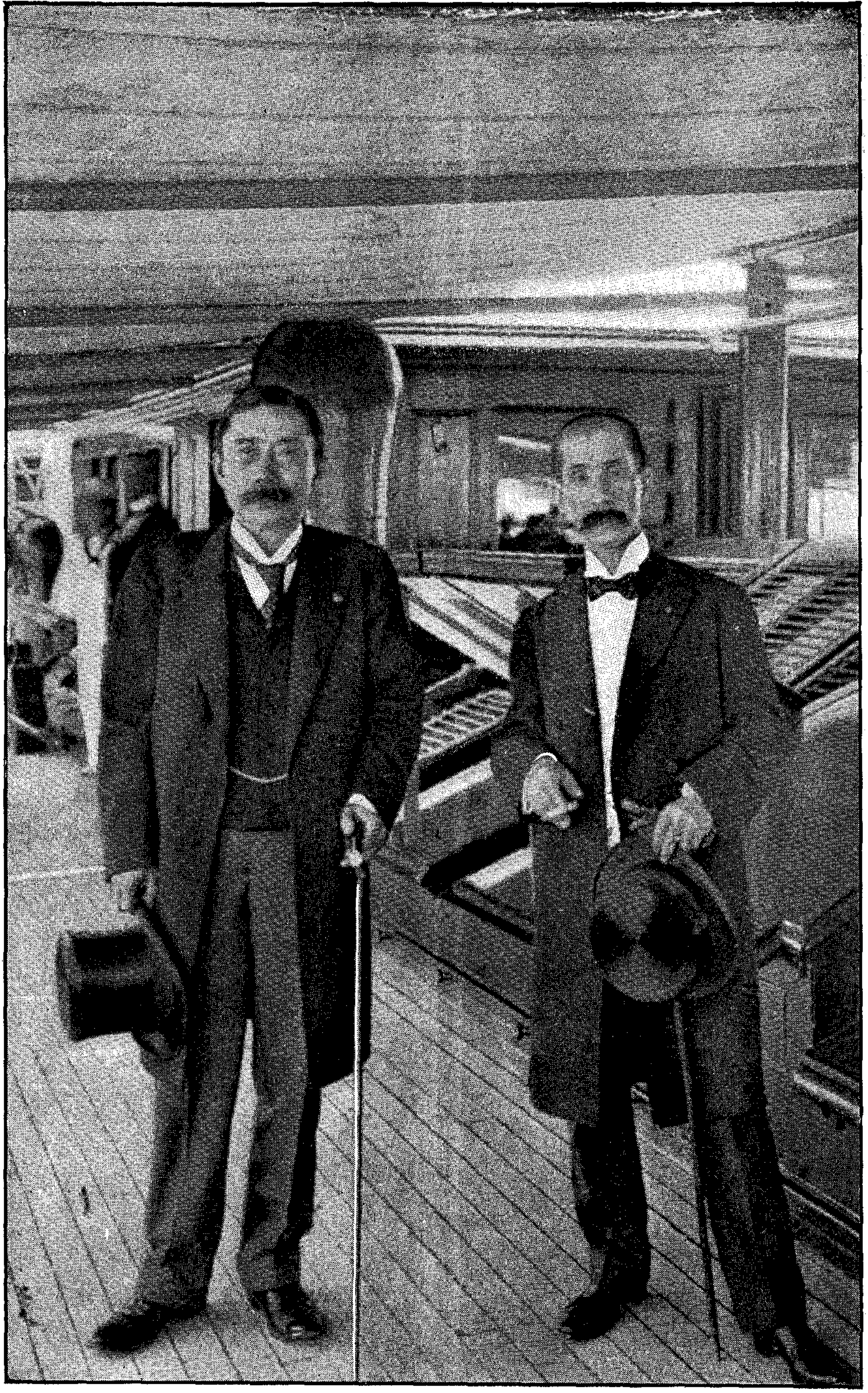

BARON KOMURA AND M. TAKAHIRA ON THE MAYFLOWER

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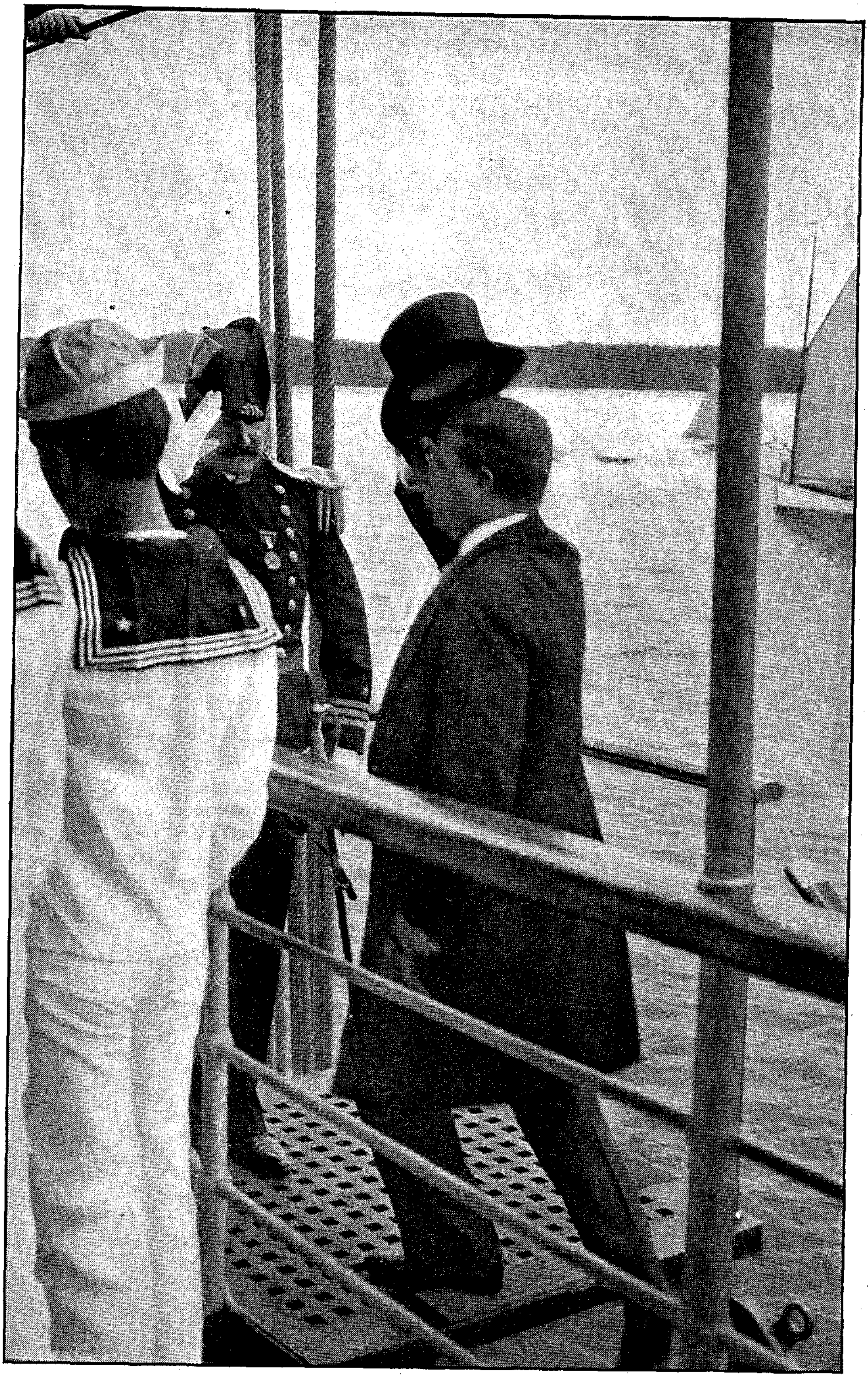

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BOARDING THE MAYFLOWER

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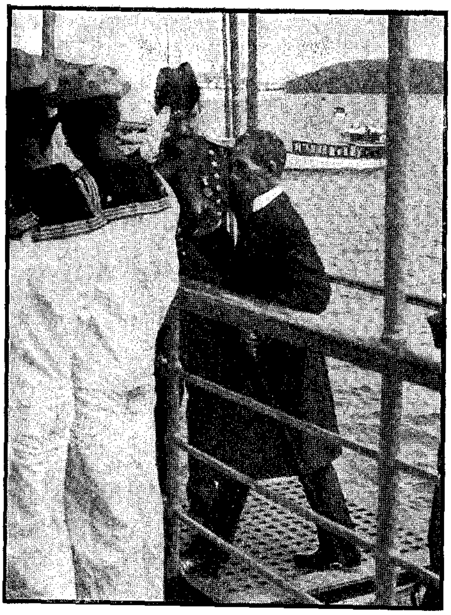

BARON KOMURA BOARDING THE MAYFLOWER

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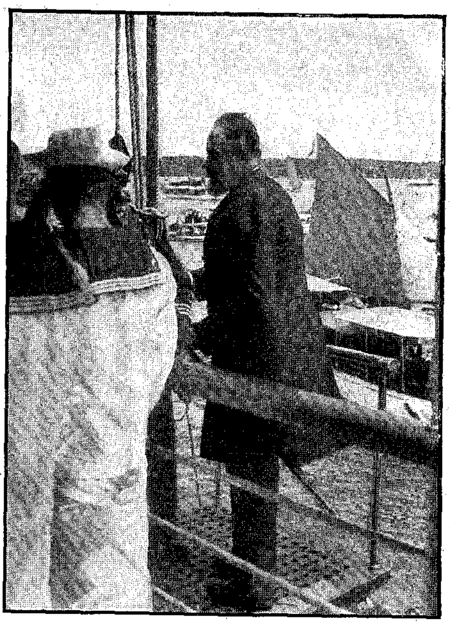

COUNT WITTE BOARDING THE MAYFLOWER

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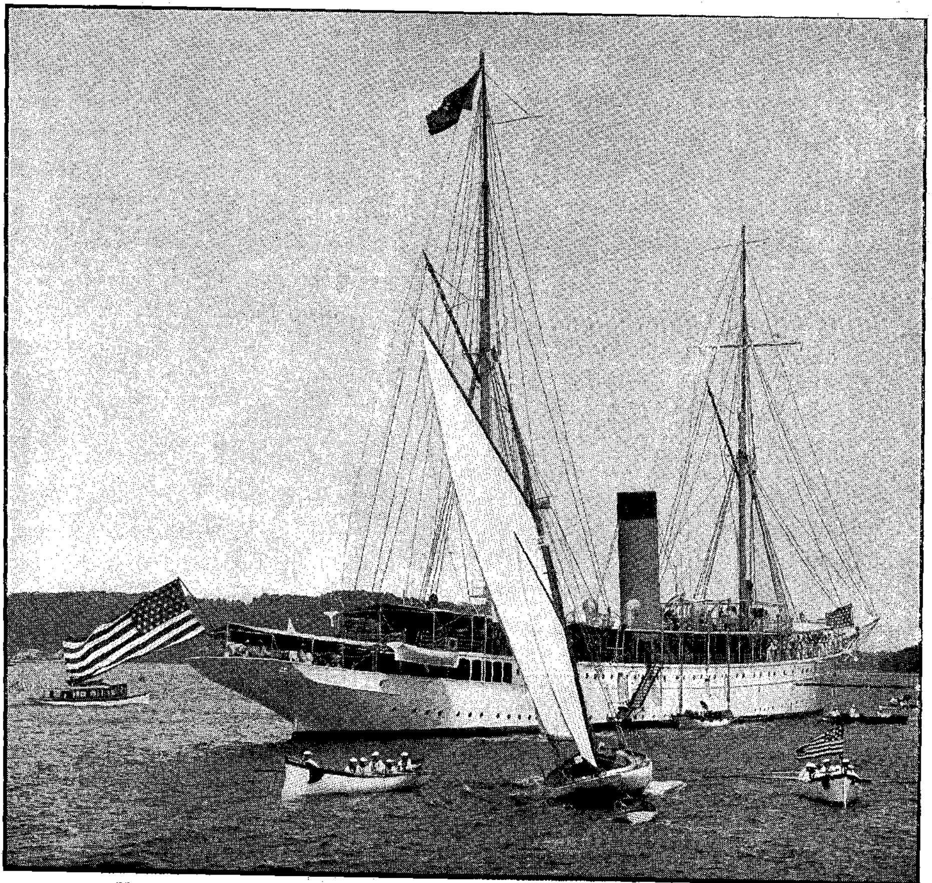
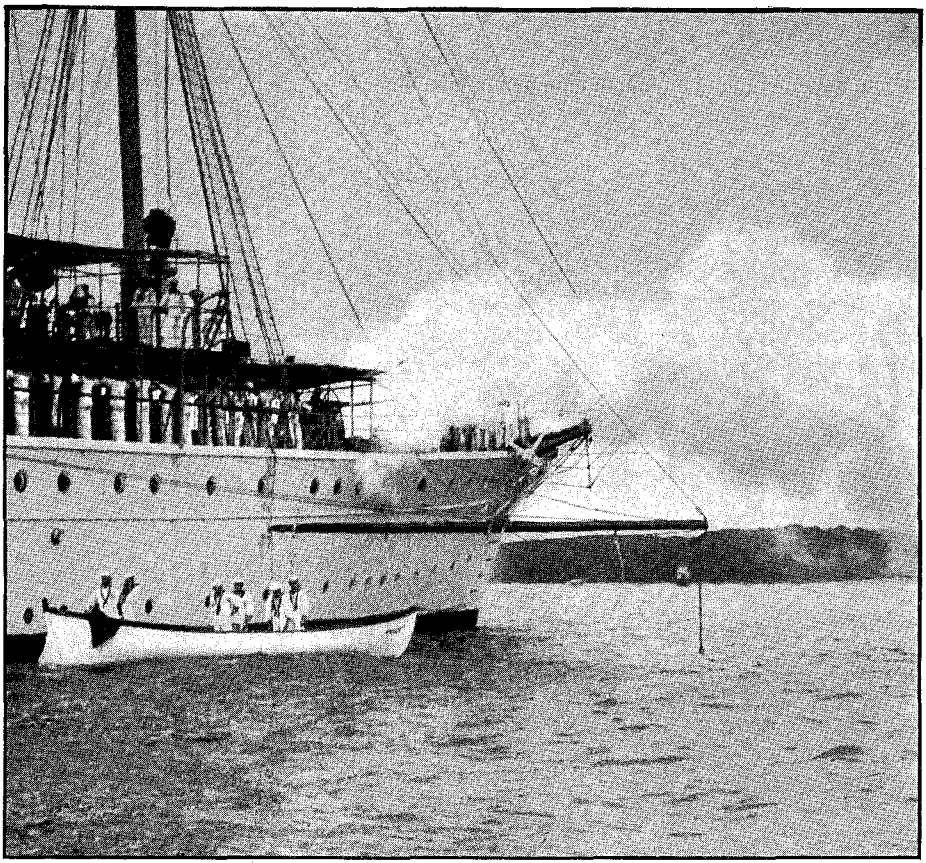
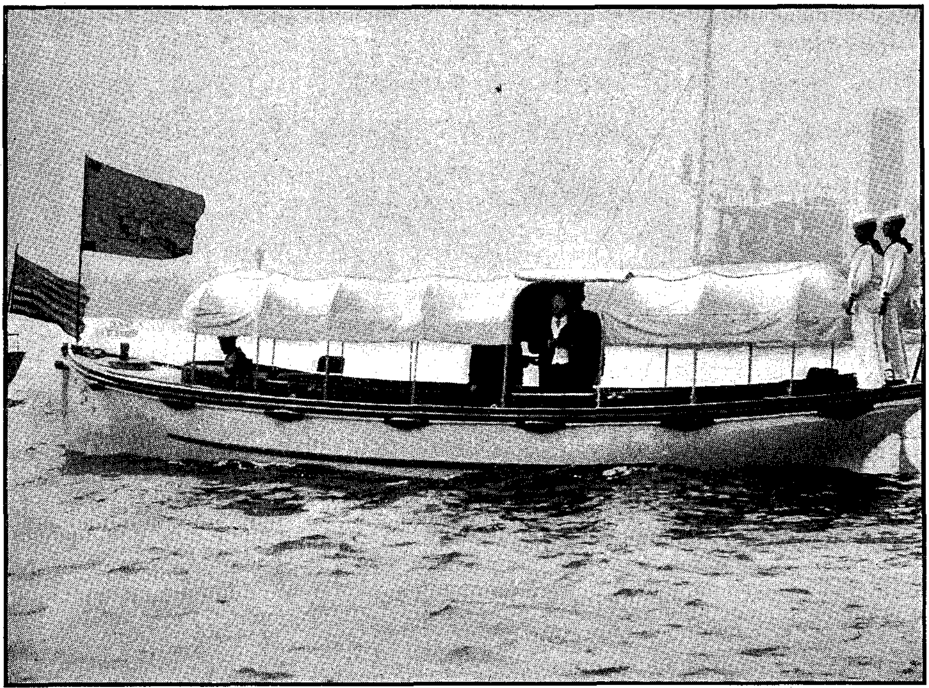


THE MAYFLOWER DURING THE LUNCHEON GIVEN TO THE ENVOYS

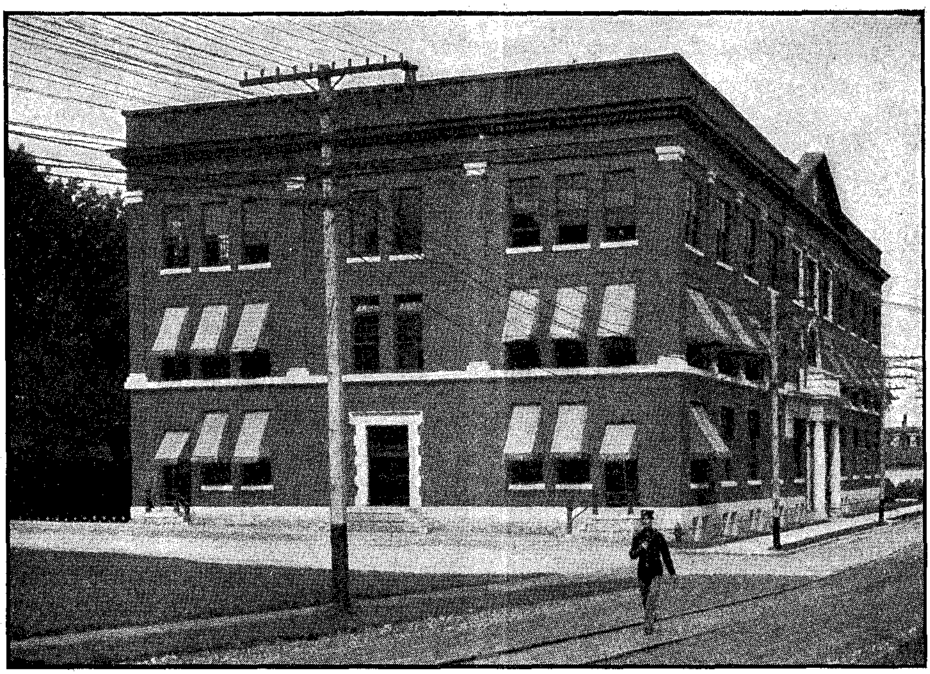
Photographed for The Outlook by *Arthur Hewitt*



SALUTING THE PRESIDENT
Photographed for The Outlook by Arthur Hewitt



THE PRESIDENT ACKNOWLEDGING THE SALUTE
The President's flag is flying at the bow of the launch
Photographed for The Outlook by Arthur Hewitt



THE NAVAL STORES BUILDING IN THE PORTSMOUTH NAVY-YARD

Assigned by the Government for the meetings of the Peace Conference

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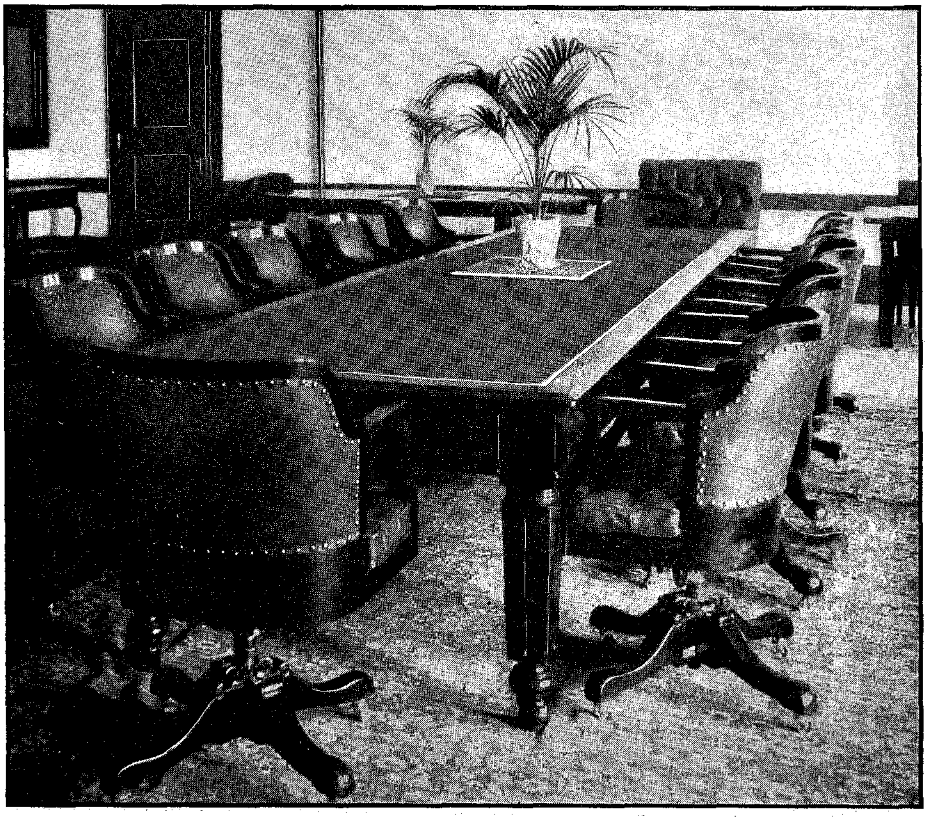

THE CONFERENCE CHAMBER

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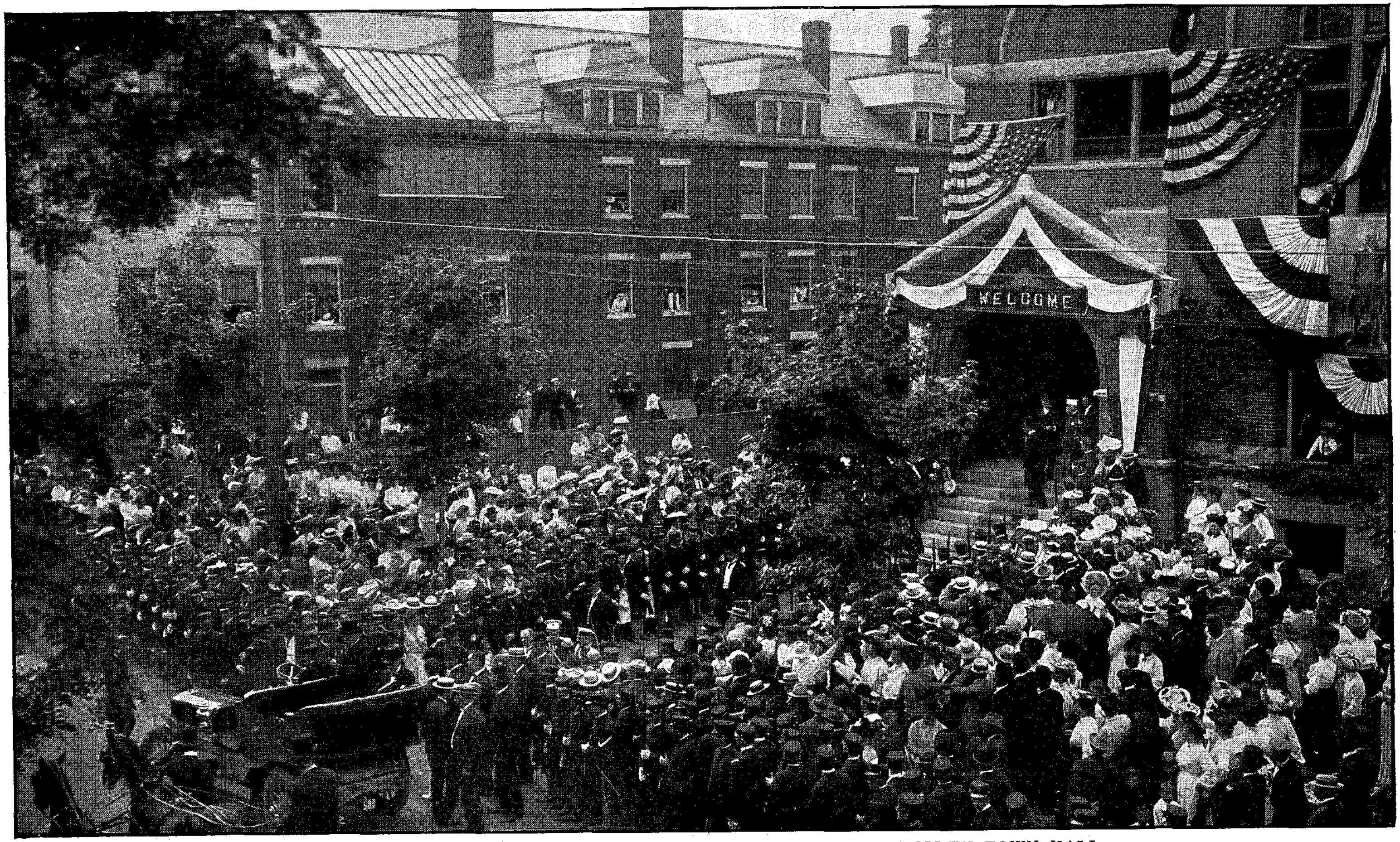
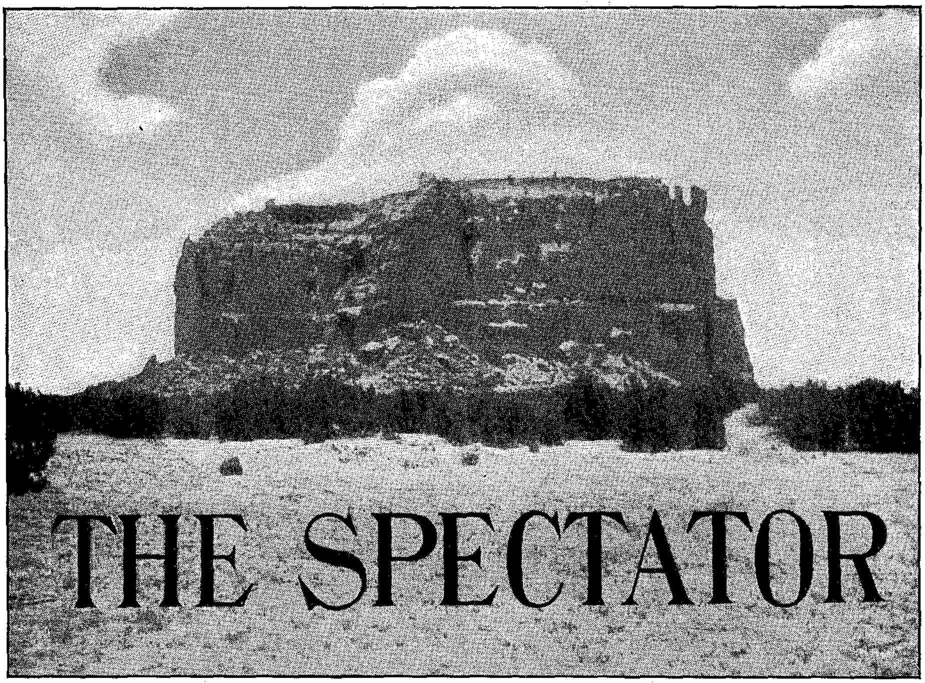


THE RECEPTION TO THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES AT THE PORTSMOUTH TOWN HALL

The Russian Envoys entering their automobile

Photographed for The Outlook by Arthur Hewitt

THE SPECTATOR

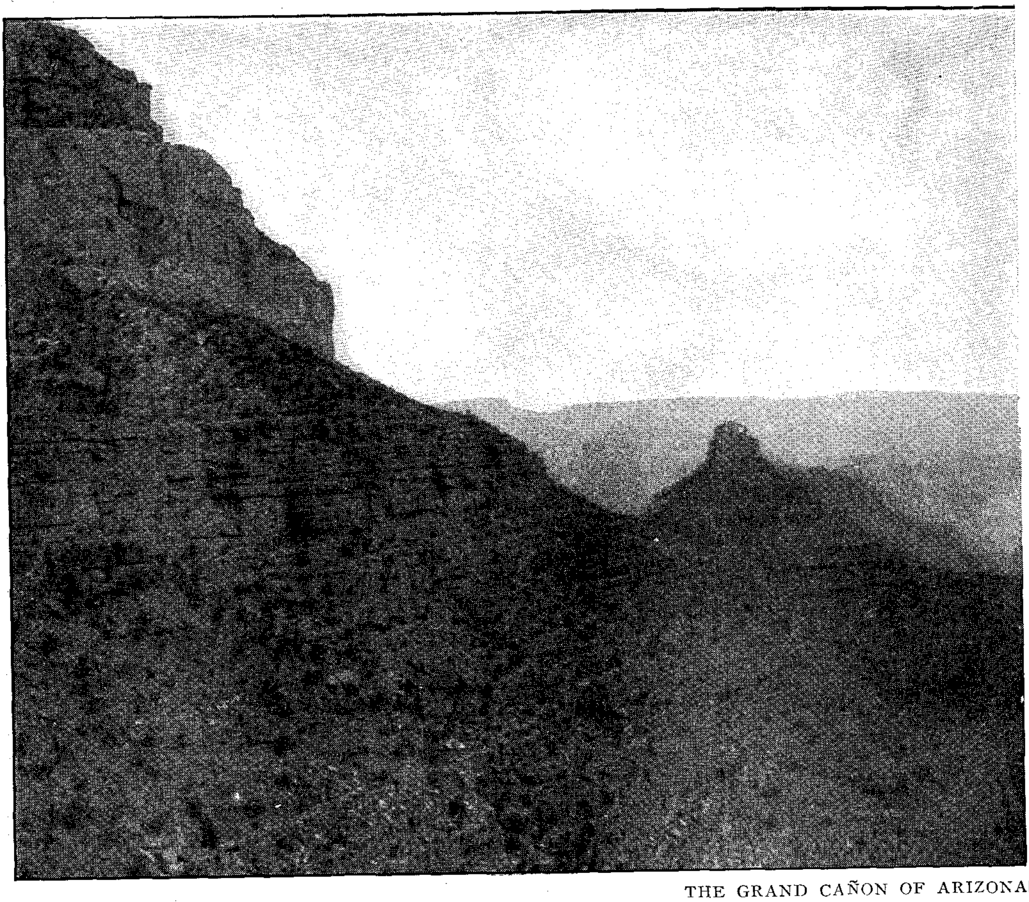


THE ENCHANTED MESA

THERE are some occasions in life when one realizes the inadequacy of words in expressing feelings—those unhappily familiar occasions, for instance, when one runs against an unforeseen obstruction in the dark, or smites thumb instead of elusive nail, or misses his train by some fatuous inadvertence after waiting around the station for it for an hour. These infelicities produce a sensation of fullness in the throat which refuses to be relieved by any words to be found in polite vocabularies. Something akin to this, perhaps, is the sensation we experience in viewing a stupendous natural wonder that comes upon us suddenly and unexpectedly for the first time. Only here there is a feeling of emptiness as if the lungs were exhausted and the vocal organs paralyzed. One "catches one's breath," and only later begins to breathe freely and emit the customary vocal sounds that enable us to share our impressions with our friends. To produce this effect on the Spectator, of course, requires something out of the ordinary. His readers know that he is a variously experienced person, and, like Montezuma's courtiers, not easily surprised. But he will admit that he stood silent and speechless for several seconds when recently for the first time he saw in its full sublimity the Grand Cañon. The Grand Cañon of Arizona, if the reader please. If one speaks of "the Grand Cañon of the Colorado," he finds that many people think he has been sojourning in the vicinity of Pike's Peak or Denver. Colorado has enough to be proud of; let the one and only Grand Cañon be known as the Grand Cañon of Arizona, and the reader's or tourist's fancy will not be led a thousand miles astray.

◆

The Spectator did not see any tears shed or hear any extravagant expressions as he and his companions stood gazing into this tremendous cleft in the earth's surface. Like stout Cortez on his peak in Darien, they stood silent. This was only the echo, so to speak, of the vast silence around them, a silence that could almost be felt welling up from those fathomless depths, those vast spaces filled with gigantic castles and temples, those mysterious shadowy gulches and crevasses, in the strange, weirdly radiant light of an Arizona sunset. And that silence, the Spectator hastens to add, he



THE GRAND CAÑON OF ARIZONA

does not mean to break with an attempted description. The language has been strained already in attempts to describe this indescribable Cañon.

❀

But the Spectator wishes that he could induce his readers to verify for themselves the stories about the Grand Cañon, and perhaps produce some new ones by their own experiences. And he hopes that they will not put off the trip till some of its most interesting features have passed away. Not that the Cañon itself is in any danger of fading out. It has been a long time a-making, and the end is not yet. But the human element will inevitably become less picturesque. In a few years the Cañon will have become a "resort," with fine hotels, liveried attendants, orchestral accompaniments to digestion, macadamized roads, automobiles, and possibly a railway down through the gorge to the river. Even now a grand new hotel has been opened to take the place of the old "Bright Angel" house. The frontiersmen are passing, and smart young fellows of the conventional sort are coming in. If one's visit is long delayed he will not be able to overhear such scraps of conversation as the Spectator listened to on his way from Williams, Arizona, to the Cañon: "Yes, that was when I was comin' across Death Valley, twenty-five years ago." "Did you know old man Cooley, up in the White Mountain country?" "Yes, yes; he finally married a squaw, and I was at the weddin'." "Our cattle drank themselves dead when we got to water, and we had to get out and go north and start all over again."

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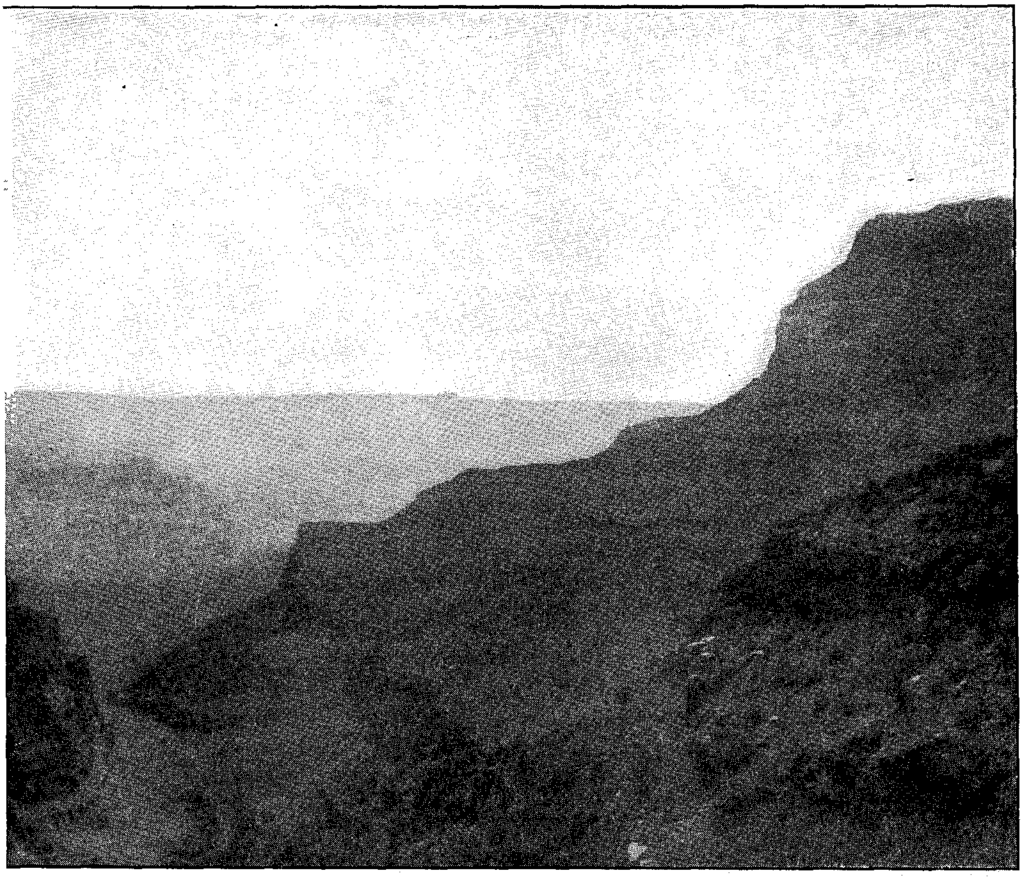
Old Captain Hance, too, is getting on in years, and the tourist who delays too



LOOKING DOWN BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

long may miss the genial welcome of the old pioneer and the delightful absurdity of his stories. One of these will perhaps be new to some of the Spectator's readers. It was told to a group who were waiting for a stage to take them to that superbest of the easily accessible viewpoints of the Cañon, Grand View Point, where one feels as perhaps nowhere else in the world the wonder and glory of the rocks. "When I first came here," said the Captain, "the Indians were very fierce. One day a band of about three hundred Apaches got after me. They chased me a long time, till finally they got me into a box cañon. The side walls were full two thousand feet perpendicular; in front of me at one end was a cataract, and behind me at the other were the yellin' Indians." The Captain paused. "And what did you do when the Indians got you there?" asked one of his auditors. "There," said the Captain, slowly—"there they killed me!"

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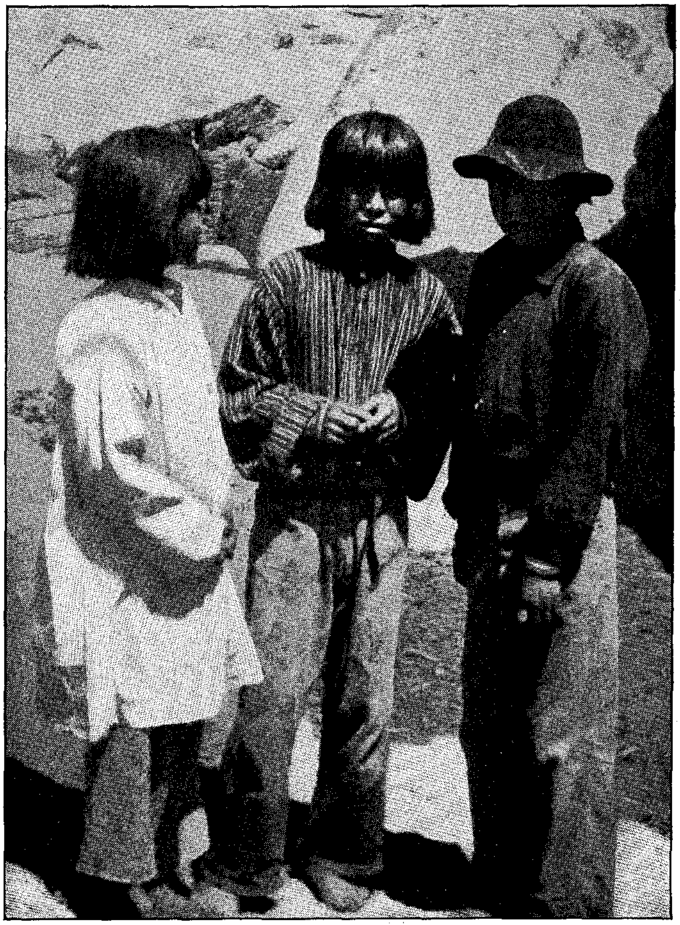
Not very fierce, however, were the pair of Indians who appeared on the hotel grounds that morning. One was old, and ragged, and solemn. He brightened up, though, when the Captain addressed him in his own tongue. He was a Havasupai, and had come fifty miles to sell a "bobcat" skin; for the Indians had had a bad season, and he wanted to get some flour with the proceeds. "How much?" asked the Spectator. The old Indian held up four fingers. He meant "four bits," it was explained, or fifty cents. The Spectator promptly became the owner of the skin, and Mr. Indian gratefully allowed his photograph to be taken before he went off to buy his flour, which showed that he was indeed from the wilderness, for most of the Indians of the Southwest demand liberal payment for standing in front of a kodak. The other Indian had come along to "see the sights," the Spectator was told. These Indians do not often see white men, and are as curious about them and their works as are the whites to see the Cañon and its few Indian inhabitants.

❀

Then, too, there was the typical frontiersman whom the Spectator happened to meet at the post-office of a near-by Arizona town—a man who looked as if he had stepped out of one of Remington's pictures—tall, broad-shouldered, heavily mustached, with an army hat turned up at the front. "So you're goin' to the Cañon," said he on learning the Spectator's destination. "Well, you'll find a place there that's named after me. I helped build the first trail into the Cañon. There was only a kind of Indian go-down there then, and I used to take parties out there campin'. Drive out to Rowe's Point and see if you don't think that's a grand view there." "Thank you, Mr. Rowe," said the Spectator, and added, "or should I say Captain Rowe, or Colonel, or—" "No, only jest 'old Rowe,'" and, with a laugh and a cordial grip, the frontiersman went his way. The Cañon had become too civilized for him, and he was bound for the wilds of southern Oklahoma.



INDIAN BOYS

The latest fashions in hair and clothing among the Acoma children

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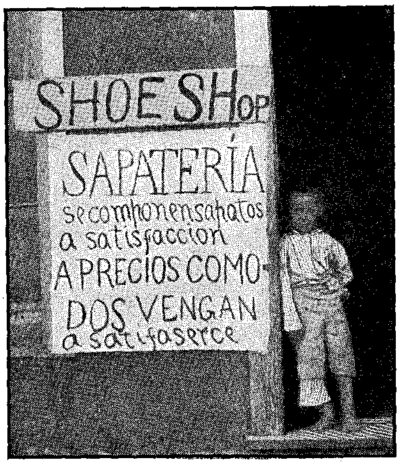
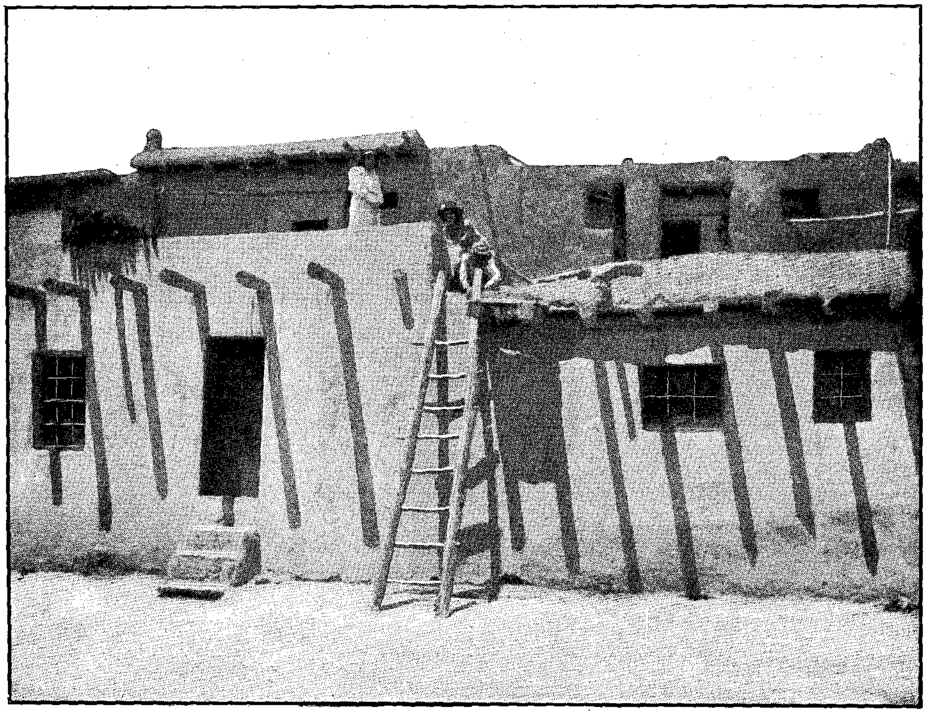
The Spectator's experience in going down into the Cañon was sufficiently



ENGLISH AND SPANISH SPOKEN HERE

interesting—in retrospect. A trail some seven miles in length leads from the hotel at the "rim" to the Colorado River in the depths of the gorge. It is "steep; steady head necessary," says the reliable Baedeker which the Spectator is not ashamed to carry with him on long journeys. The trip is usually made, however, on horse or mule back, in a day's time. But the Spectator and a friend thought the trip afoot would be more satisfactory. The Spectator remembered mountain-climbing exploits of his ungiddy youth, and forgot the added avoirdupois of maturity. The trip down was managed agreeably enough, and delightful was it to see the rushing waters of the stream that had helped to carve out this greatest of chasms, and to bathe tired feet in its turbid flood. But the upward march was another matter. The temperature of Arizona at the "rim," seven thousand feet above the sea, is generally agreeable even in midsummer; but climbing out of the depths of the Cañon, with a blazing sun focused pitilessly upon the unshaded trail, proved more than the tourists had bargained for; and by the time they had climbed to the top of the "corkscrew" they had to confess themselves used up. It was bliss to lie there in the scant shelter of a cliff and watch the slow ascent of a pack-train from the depths below, and finally, through its aid, to have horses sent down and have them do the rest of the climbing for the travelers. "Tenderfeet like us had no business to be walking up the Bright Angel trail," said the Spectator to the stalwart mountaineer who came to the rescue.



AN ABORIGINAL APARTMENT-HOUSE

"No, nor old feet neither, in a sun like that," was the comforting response, as the horseman proffered a dripping canteen of cool spring water to the thirsty pedestrian. The Spectator thought it was almost worth climbing the "corkscrew" to know how good is the taste of water from an army canteen under such conditions.

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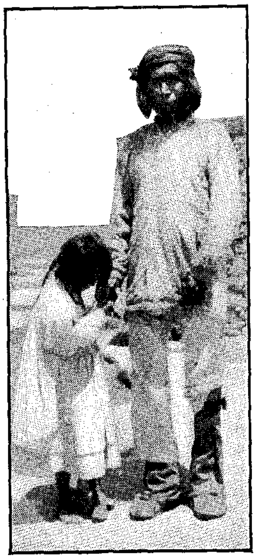
This great Southwest region, in which the Cañon is situated, will, the Spectator believes, become as much visited as is now the Yellowstone Park in the Northwest. Its scenic interest is in some respects superior. Besides its incomparable Cañon, it has its natural bridges, its cataracts, its petrified forests, its mesas, "enchanted" and otherwise, its magnificent skies, its towering mountains. It has, in addition, a background of great human interest. There is the old historic Santa Fé trail—a surviving plainsman pointed out its fast-disappearing landmarks to the Spectator as the railroad train slowly climbed the Raton Pass—there is Santa Fé itself, quaint, quiet, and restful, a city older than Jamestown or Plymouth—and there is old Albuquerque, with its adobe houses and its solemn-looking women dressed in quaint Mexican costumes. There are the cliff dwellings, and the Moki snake dances, and Navaho blankets, and pueblo pottery, and—but the Spectator pauses, lest he seem to be writing an advertisement.



IN THE ACOMA PUEBLO

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The Spectator must not leave this fascinating land, however, without giving a few lines to one of the Indian pueblos that he visited—that of Acoma. A drive of fifteen miles from the railroad station, under a burning sun, was counted as nothing when this picturesque natural fortress of Acoma was reached. Unlike the Enchanted Mesa, which one passes on the way, and which one hears from his Indian guide has never been scaled (though this is a mistake), the Acoma mesa is not precipitous on all sides. The cliffs are broken and ragged, standing out from the plain in strikingly bold relief. Our Indian guide readily finds the key of approach to the stronghold, and we ascend a rocky pathway worn smooth by generations of Indian feet, and in the worst places are helped by hand-holds in the rock which a multitude of users have fitted for our fingers more cleverly than a stone-cutter could have done with his chisel. When the Spectator arrived on the flat top of the mesa, he was invited into one of the curious adobe structures, some of them several stories high, in which this gregarious tribe of Indians live.

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The room into which the Spectator went had an earthen floor that was surprisingly clean. A rusty stove was the only modern improvement. Indian pottery was scattered around. Three or four Indian men and women sat gazing wistfully at the Spectator's lunch as he spread it before him, and so he began by bestowing a cooky upon each of the gazers. They took these gravely and thankfully, started to munch them, and then began a musical conversational cooing. The father and child whose photographs are shown herewith seemed delighted with a bright new dime. It is true that later the same Indian demanded "un peso" (a dollar) for posing. He had, the Spectator suspects, been "tipped off" by one of the more sophisticated ones. Nevertheless, the Spectator liked the Acomas, and they him, for the three boys shown on a preceding page hung to the tailboard of his wagon for more than a mile when he set out to return. They laughed and joked with the Spectator in great glee, even though they knew little English and he no Acoma, till their rocky home began to loom small in the distance and they felt compelled to say "Goo'-by!" The Spectator again wishes them "Good luck!"

SCHOOL-HOUSE OR COAL-BREAKER

BY OWEN R. LOVEJOY

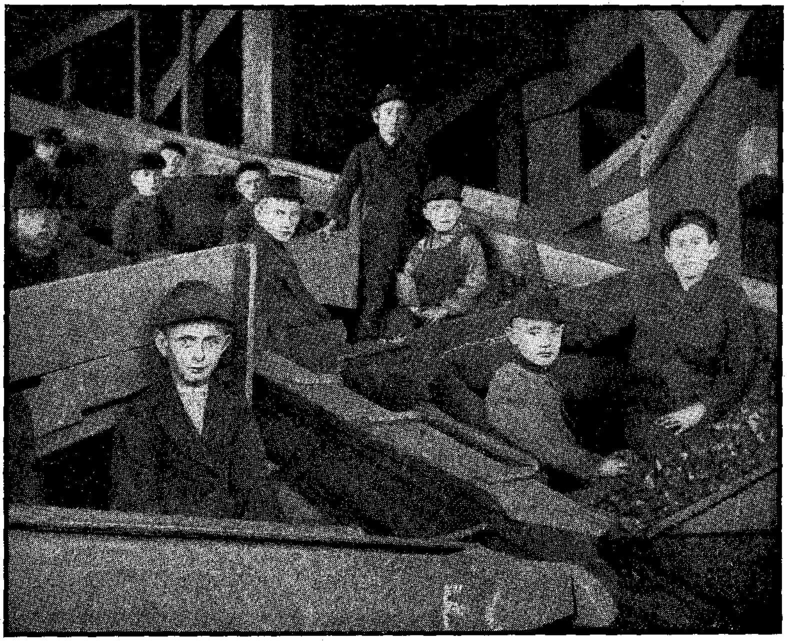
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE

Two causes daily increase the importance of the study of child labor in America—the growing number of working children, and the growing conception of the value of the individual child. The following page from the records of the field work of the National Child Labor Committee is an attempt to present in a concrete view the extent and causes of child labor in a single community and a single industry. For obvious reasons, the names of the place and the people are fictitious, but the facts are not only true of this community, but are also in nearly every particular typical of conditions existing in the entire anthracite region, as records in the office of the National Child Labor Committee will attest.—THE EDITORS.

MINETOWN is a small borough in one of the most beautiful valleys of the great anthracite coal region in Pennsylvania. Its 6,400 people are scattered in several small communities, or "patches," over the six and one-half miles of its area, and a small percentage of the people own their homes. There are no sidewalks or pavements in the village, but the open lots and hillside fields offer a welcome relief from the dusty streets and stuffy cottages of the miners. A river, once sweet and beautiful, until the culm bank and washery blackened its waters and clogged its bed with refuse slate and broken rock, still holds its charm for the children who never have seen a clear mountain stream.

The population is one-third English-speaking—English, Welsh, and Irish—and two-thirds Slav, Hungarian, Pole, and Italian. The two thousand English-speaking divide themselves for purposes of worship into five churches, all feeble and struggling, ministered to by a fraction of the time of itinerant shepherds, and each painfully conscious of its divine commission to save a community which it does not understand; while the four thousand foreigners, ignorant of the fine art of religious differences, maintain two well-equipped establishments.

The moral atmosphere in which the breaker boy lives is further suggested by the thirty-two saloons, which, on the authority of several men engaged in the business, collect annually on the average $4,000 each. This $128,000 taken from the 6,400 people of the borough amounts to the considerable subtraction of $20 per capita, or $100 from each family, every year—money earned by one of the most difficult forms of modern manual labor. In the face of this annual drain upon the resources of the miners, the appeal repeatedly emanating from the offices of the United Mine Workers of America, that the poverty of the people does not warrant the sacrifice of the children, comes with striking force. When one considers the dismal, cramped quarters occupied by many of these families—"homes" that offer no attraction to the laborer returning from his work—we can better understand, though we may not excuse, the commanding position of the beer saloon in these communities.


THE INTERIOR OF A COAL-BREAKER

In this breaker the coal is cleaned wet, not because the dry process is bad for the health of the boys, but because the quality of the coal is such that it cannot properly be cleaned dry

Eight large coal mines and a silk-mill compete with the seven school buildings of the borough for the lives of the children. The Child Labor Law of Pennsylvania forbids the employment of boys in the coal mines under the age of sixteen, or in the breakers or about the mines under the age of fourteen years. The obvious way to discover whether the law is obeyed is to examine the employment certificates in the office of the coal companies, and study the recorded ages of the children employed. Such an examination will reveal certain facts, but *not* the fact we are seeking. It will show that nearly all the boys employed were born between the first and fifteenth of May (the time of the year at which occurs the greatest exodus from the school-room to the breaker), and that all who begin work in any given year are just *fourteen* years old! The breaker boss of a large coal company said to me, "It's awful queer how all these kids were born on the same day."

A visit to the homes of the boys for

the purpose of translating the mechanical falsehood of the employment certificates into the varied terms of human life offers little reward. The parents, schooled to the situation, will corroborate without blush the oath they have taken before the officer of the law and advance their children from one to five years toward maturity, while the boys themselves, sophisticated by environment, will almost invariably reply to the question of age—"fourteen goin' on fifteen."

There are interesting exceptions. One group of little men, a picked squad from a company of twenty boys, only three of whom claimed to be old enough to meet the legal requirements of employment, were induced to tell the truth to one who was neither an "inspector" nor a "truant officer," and their answers were as follows:

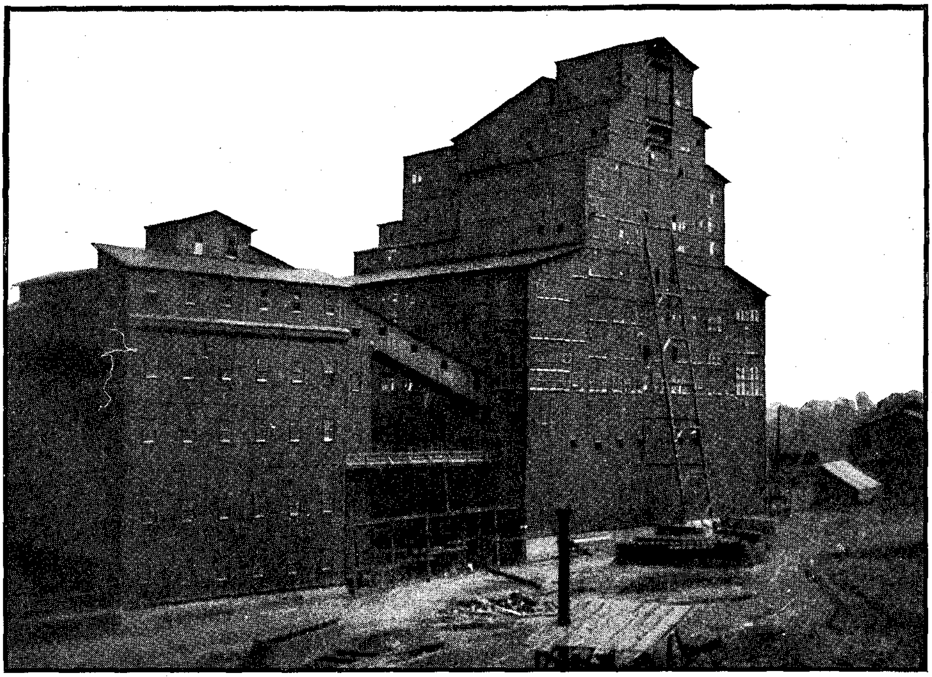
"Nine goin' on ten."
"Nine years old."
"Ten goin' to be eleven."
"Nine last June."
"Ten goin' for 'leven."

An examination of the school records confirmed the statement of the boys. Relations of almost intimate friendship sprung out of a brief visit to this breaker, due perhaps partly to the courage the boys may have ascribed to a stranger who would venture into the place of their daily labor. The coal at this breaker is cleaned dry, and the dust rises in a cloud that hovers above the building sometimes for an hour after the day's work is done. The boys wear mine lamps in their caps to enable them to see the coal at their feet, and attempts to photograph the interior of the breaker in operation, with time exposures varying from three to thirty seconds, made no impression on the film. At a neighboring breaker, better equipped with fans for drawing off the dust, a dim picture was secured.

A PICKED SQUAD

All of these boys were induced to tell their real ages to one who was not an official, and all confessed to being under eleven years of age

Here twenty-two boys were interviewed at the noon interval, of whom all were under fourteen years except one Scotch boy—fourteen—(whose age by the school record was found to be ten) and one Irish boy of fifteen, who has been out of school for over six years. Of the others one was nine (eight by the school record), three were ten, two were eleven, six were twelve, and three were thirteen (although the school record showed one of the thirteen-year-old boys to be eleven).



A COAL-BREAKER

This breaker, near Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, is said to be the largest in the coal region. It is 250 feet from ground to tipple

For nine hours a day these little fellows toil in the breaker, bending over the coal chute with their feet in the coal, picking out the rock and slate. We are often asked whether this air is bad for the health! A five-minute visit to such a breaker will coat the lungs and throat with a black dust which twenty-four hours of pure air cannot clear from the mucous linings.

This nine-hour day is broken by the dinner "hour"—beginning in some breakers at 12:05 and ending at 12:25!—allowing the boys twenty minutes to swallow the contents of their dinner pails, with unwashed hands and dust-filled throat and lungs—and this is the visitor's opportunity.

The boys do not complain of the dust, the parents do not complain, the public, through the pulpit and press, does not complain—nobody complains! The employer, in the person of the always courteous engineer or outside foreman who takes you through the breaker, proves that he is not entirely unconscious of the surroundings of his people by an apology, which makes you ashamed of your race, that "It's a bad place to take a man with good clothes!"

There are parts of the coal region where the coal is cleaned wet in the breaker, the introduction of this process being brought about, however, not by considerations of health and convenience to the slate-picker, but because the excessive amount of dirt and broken rock in these sections of the mining region renders it impossible to clean the coal dry. This is a much more expensive process than the other, and doubtless no company will introduce it until compelled by the faulty condition of the coal—(save by legislative interference).

The only method by which one can become conscious of the experiences of these breaker boys is by participation. To sit bent over a stream of coal which pours out a cloud of dust so thick that the light cannot penetrate; to be responsible for the exact separation from the coal of all slate and rock—depending often entirely upon the sense of touch; to endure the incessant rattle of deafening gigantic machinery; to suffer the stifling summer heat and the choice between the blasts that sweep these mountain-tops and the cloud of smothering dust in the winter; to be conscious that the "boss" stands behind with his stick or a small piece of coal to prompt to duty if the natural exuberance of childhood breaks out in playfulness, or if backache induces a moment of forgetfulness; to have the hands cut and crippled and hardened by contact with the rough stones and bits of sharp-edged coal; to learn to control the nausea caused by swallowing quantities of coal-dust and by the feeling that one's throat and lungs are never clean—these are experiences which it may still be necessary for well-grown youth and stalwart men to endure in order to provide society with this staple. But to bare the tender body of a boy of nine or ten years to such a life, to rob the too brief period of playtime and growth by the hardening exactions of such a daily routine, is to doom him to a gray monotony of uninspiring prospect from which beauty, art, joy in labor, hope of better things, are forever shut out.

If these were isolated instances of premature child labor, there would still remain cause for a protest against that which sacrifices life for gold; for the progress of the race waits breathless upon the unfolding of every human life. But this appropriation of the days of childhood to the service of material gain is a settled policy of the coal region, against which the best public sentiment has hardly ventured to express disapproval. Those who do not participate in the custom still condone it with the mature wisdom that "the children are better off than they would be running the streets."

"A FUTURE BARREN OF INSPIRATION OR HOPE"

The extent to which little children are drawn from the schools to the coal breaker is suggested by the following facts from the public school records: The school population of the borough is 1,636. The entire enrollment for the present year is 1,071, with an average attendance of 700. Without burdening these pages with the entire table of enrollment, a few comparisons will indicate the trend:

In the first primary grade there are 124 boys and 106 girls.

In the fourth grade the boys number 54 and the girls 81.

In the fifth grade the boys have fallen to 22, while in the last two years of the high school, taken together, there are but 4 boys and 26 girls.

During the present year 250 boys and 200 girls have dropped from the roll. While not all these have left school for work, the breakers and the silk-mills of this and neighboring boroughs would seem to account for the majority, as a personal investigation of eighty who could be reached showed that of the children leaving school this year and at work away from home, two boys are seven, one is eight, four are nine, five are ten, seventeen are eleven, ten are twelve,[1] while of the girls, eighteen are working under the age of thirteen—the legal age for employment in factories and workshops until the present law became operative on May 1.

The superintendent of the borough schools, after careful estimate of the conditions, gave the following as approximately the number of boys at present working in the coal-breakers of the borough in violation of a law forbidding their employment under fourteen:

Nine years old	35
Ten years old	40
Eleven years old	40
Twelve years old	45

This will account for 160 of the more than 300 boys in the breakers of the borough, while there is every reason to believe that not less than 45 of the remaining number are only thirteen years old. The breakers of the borough employ about 700 people, men and boys, nearly equally divided, the men handling the larger sizes of coal, which, according to the foreman at one of the mines, would "tear the little fellows all to pieces, while the boys are best on the small coal, because they are quick and their fingers are nimble."

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[1] It may be asked why there are more boys eleven than twelve years of age. The answer is that these are boys who began school attendance this year and discontinued. The boys who are now twelve dropped out of school last year and not this.

Dr. Peter Roberts, in "The Anthracite Coal Communities," has estimated that there are in the anthracite region 6,400 boys under fourteen years of age employed in and about the mines. He bases his estimate on the number found in "an area in which 4,131 persons wholly dependent upon the mines lived," and adds that "in other sections of the coal fields the evil of employing children under age in breakers and mines is worse than in our limited area." If the borough we are now studying were to be taken as a basis for such a generalization, the number of boys under fourteen years of age working in the anthracite coal industry would be 12,800 instead! The actual number lies probably between these two figures, but until some accurate method of determining the age of the children has been applied the exact number will never be known.

There are other forms of labor for boys, both in the breaker and in the mine. Boys are employed to "sprag" the cars as they come from the shaft to the top of the breaker building, to tend the chutes, to turn switches, and to drive the mules that haul the cars. One bright little fellow, who was just fourteen years old on June 6, has been working here, tending the chutes, for two years. He earns six cents an hour. Inside the mine the boys will tell you they are tending gate, or driving team, or "spraggin' cars and branchin' empties." One of these little boys, fourteen years old, who has been employed in the mine two and one-half years, after having worked in the breaker a year and a half, seems to find the company of "Baldy," the mule, quite congenial, and is credited with a more unabridged command of sacred language than is possessed by any other man on the job. This work is better paid, but the dangers are greater and the number of boys employed is far less. If the employment of little children in the breaker can be restricted, there will be slight difficulty in regulating the employment of children under proper age at other forms of mine labor.

On every hand are found bright boys and even grown youth who are entirely illiterate. This is not surprising of the newly arrived immigrant, but it is difficult to suppress a feeling of resentment against a custom which brings you face to face with English and Welsh young men, eighteen or twenty years of age—not vagrants, but steady, industrious toilers—who cannot read a word of our language. The memory of one such stands out in striking relief. He is eighteen years old, and when asked to read a simple sentence, said pathetically, "I can't read. I've worked in the coal mines every day for the past nine years."

We are not to suppose that these boys get no pleasure out of life. The tobacco-box, the cigarette, and the new story are almost universal companions, while the deck of cards holds its perennial charm over the juvenile mind, and leisure hours and coin evaporate with quick despatch before the magic of the royal flush.

It is at first difficult to understand how such employment can hold out any inducement to a boy, until one remembers the force of environment. These children know no other surroundings. The instinct of manual labor is inherited from many generations. The foreign child finds himself at a disadvantage in school by reason of language and methods wholly strange to him. The sense of personal independence which comes with the realization that one is an economic factor in the home acts as a stimulus to labor, while above all waves the scepter of the "gang" spirit impelling the normal boy to speak, think, and act with the majority. When the first warm days of spring render the schoolroom unbearable to all students, the boy breaks away for the coal mines, intending to return to his studies in the autumn. Occasionally he returns!

But were the children averse to early

labor, all the influence of home tends away from the school-room toward that which will bring immediate reward. A majority of the people of this borough have no personal knowledge of the value of an education. Sadie's mother, who was urged to return her twelve-year-old daughter to school, replied, "Sadie, she no go school no more. She got five years' school already. She no need no school no more. She got now more school as me." What possible advantage can there be, in the mind of the hard-working miner and his wife, ignorant of the first principles of education, in having their sturdy boy of ten or twelve spend his time in school learning grammar and geography? The language he will find most useful in the breaker is not to be found in the grammar, and as for geography, Scranton, Wilkes-barre, Hazleton, Shenandoah, are already a part of his world. Lithuania, Poland, Hungary, with all their poverty and oppression, are left behind. What more can one need to know of geography?

It is not to be supposed that the miners are less disposed to care for their children than others engaged in rough and poorly paid manual labor. Placed in proximity to some of our city schools, with their splendid equipment and business management, they would manifest the same appreciation of the schools shown by other manual laborers. The fault—with the parent—lies in the conjunction of two forces: a defective law and an industry in which child labor is profitable. Given the same cause anywhere, the same effect will appear. The chief among many defects in the former Child Labor Law in Pennsylvania was its failure to require any evidence of the age of a child applying for a work certificate. The writer was present in the office of a notary public when a certificate was granted to a Polish father for his

"BALDY" AND HIS MASTER

The boy has worked in the mine two and a half years. Before that he worked in the breaker a year and a half. He is now fourteen years old little son. The father could not speak English, and apparently had no knowledge of the nature of the oath taken—it was only a ceremony prerequisite to getting his boy into the breaker. The age of the child was not asked, but was entered on the certificate as "Born May 15, 1891." Furthermore, the certificate which determines the age of this boy, who has lived in America for a month and appears not above nine years old, which shuts the door of the school-house forever against him and enters him permanently in the ranks of our wage-earners, was executed by the brother of the notary, who was absent from the city.

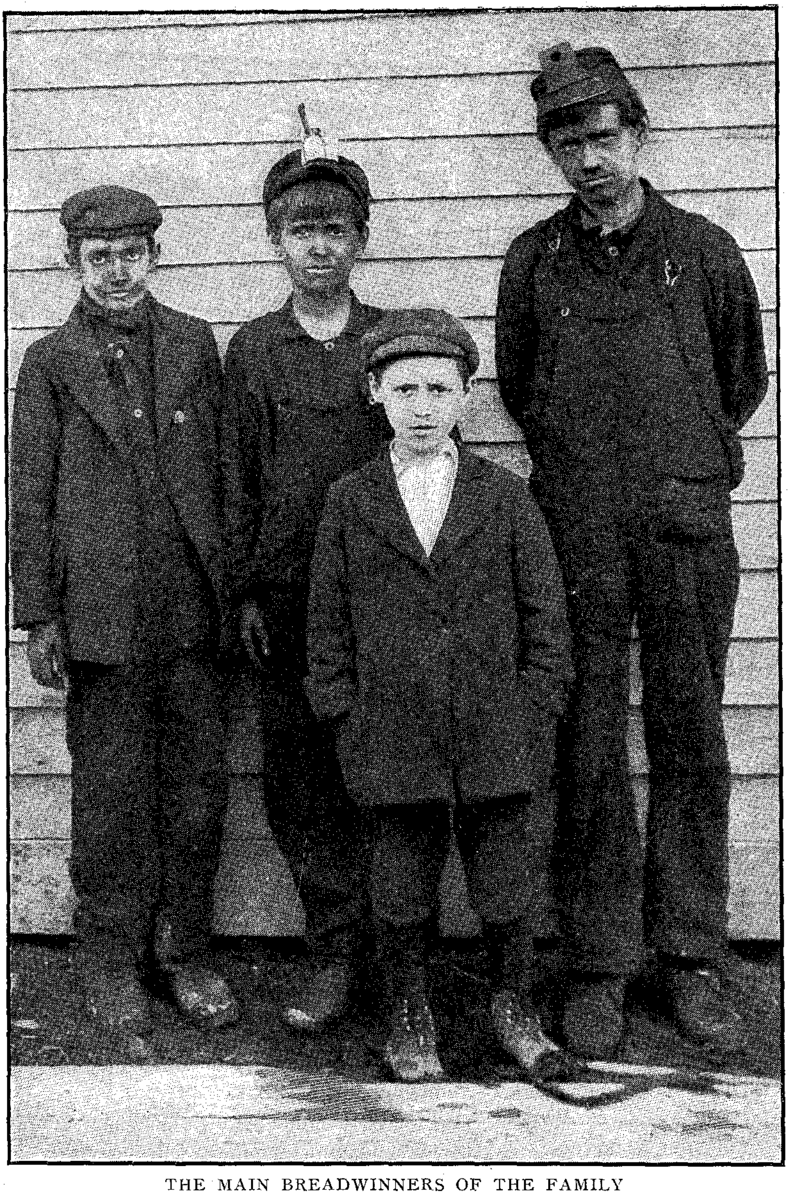
It is not denied that shiftless and dissolute parents add to the volume of child labor, here as elsewhere. One will see fine, manly boys, who have never attended school with any regularity, and who have been the main breadwinners of the family from eight, ten, or eleven years of age, and who, in addition to the hard toil of the mine, begin and end their day carrying a pail of beer from the saloon for the physical comfort of their thirsty parents. But the number of parents who place their personal comfort above the welfare of their children is not large, and it is believed that a reasonable effort to point to the advantages of an elementary education, and to disclose the injurious effects of too early employment, will meet with a ready response among a people as kind-hearted and generous as are to be found in any commonwealth.

The third factor contributing to the volume of child labor in this region is the attitude of the employer. One is everywhere assured that these children work in the breakers only during the summer months, beginning in April and returning to school when the snow falls. This is true of many of the boys, yet the breaker continues to run and the slate is picked from the coal at all seasons of the year. If the boys are not there in winter, by whom is the work performed? When the boys come on in the spring, whose places do they take at the coal chute? The fact is, a boy of twelve, working for fifty cents or sixty cents a day, can do as much work in some parts of the breaker as a man who would demand one dollar a day. The law of supply and demand explains the rest.

Again, we should fall into error were we to conclude that the coal operator is greedy above other employers. He is a business man facing the problems of the business world. Competition with other producers is keen. The appetite of his stockholders for dividends is insatiable. The obvious duty of the superintendent of any department in the concern is to get the work done as efficiently and cheaply as possible. Frequently employers, when questioned regarding certain little boys in the breaker, have replied with unconcern, "We have their certificates of age all right. That lets us out!"

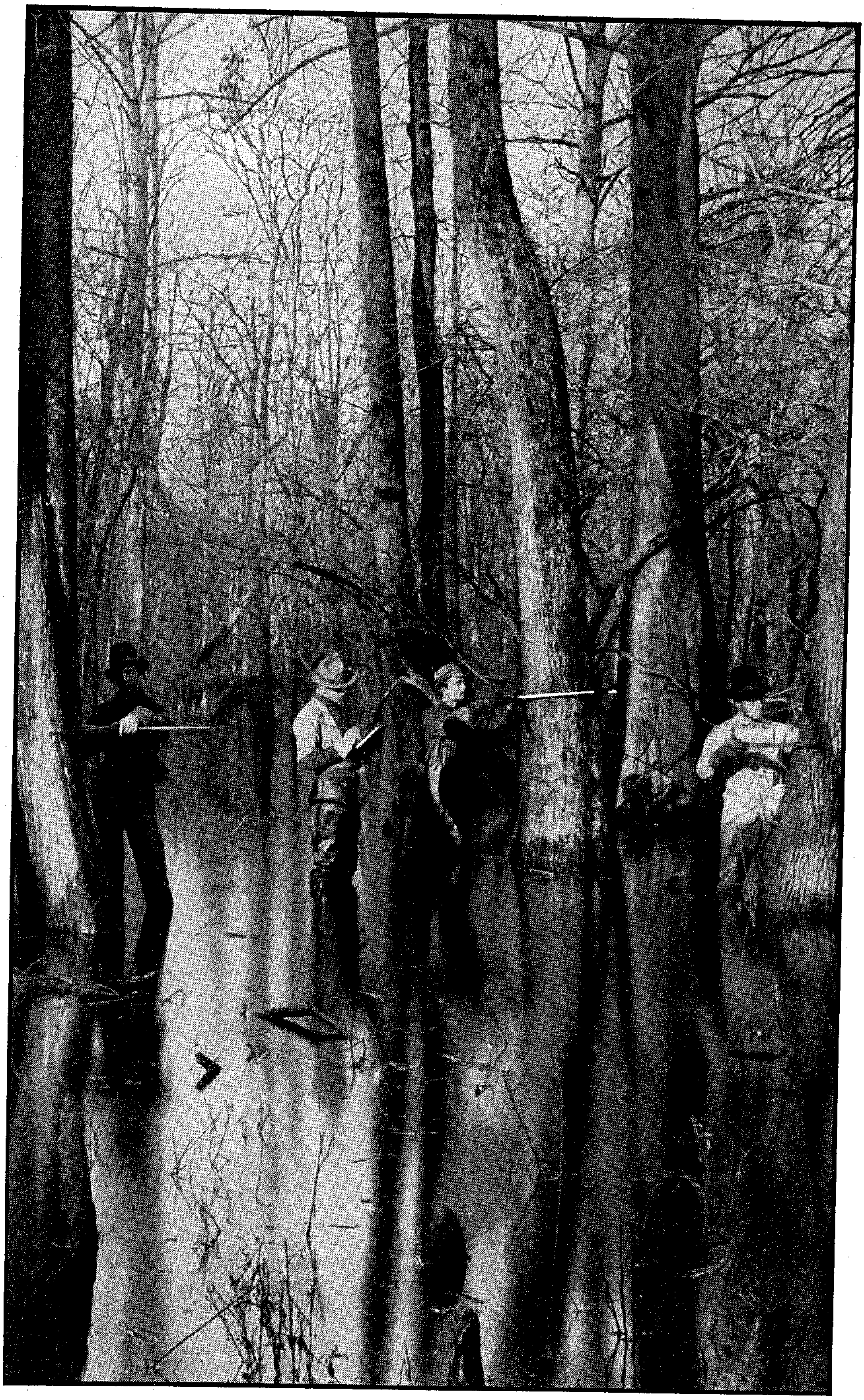
The sense of social responsibility is slowly dawning. We are beginning to learn that nothing comes to our convenience or comfort without sacrifice somewhere in the process. Society is rising from the plane in which a cash payment for goods was regarded as the final discharge of obligation, and coming to recognize that we have not discharged all duty, or made full payment for goods, until we have done our utmost to secure to every person engaged in their preparation a fair reward for service, a full share of liberty, and an adequate opportunity for the complete development of body and mind to symmetrical maturity. That the individual can fulfill this social obligation alone is not expected, but that society must discover methods by which we can be fed and clothed and warmed without oppression or injustice is fundamental to democracy. Let the housekeeper who next becomes annoyed by a "clinker" in the range or furnace pause in his anger long enough to remember that the "clinker" is now his problem because it escaped the eyes of some ten or eleven year old slate-picker, bent for nine hours above the dusty chute, peering by the aid of a smoking whale-oil lamp into the black shadows that creep across the fair face of all his days.

At the recent session of the Pennsylvania Legislature two laws were enacted, one governing employment in the mining industry, the second covering other forms of gainful occupation. Both establish a fourteen-year age limit, require



THE MAIN BREADWINNERS OF THE FAMILY

proof of age to accompany the sworn statement of the parent, and place in the hands of school superintendents and factory inspectors the details of enforcement. If the sentiment of the people can be aroused to the importance of the protection of the children, if school systems can be adapted to the realized needs of these communities, and if parents can be led to place the coming years above the material advantage of the passing day, there is brightness in store for the children of the mining communities which at present is unknown. For, while many of these boys are full of the playfulness and enthusiasm of youth, there are some, like fourteen-year-old Joe, whose little spirits seem lost in the desert of their daily drudgery, whose environment stifles ambition, and who stand, at the close of the day, with a culm bank for a background and a bewildered gaze toward a future barren of inspiration or hope.



CALIPERING TIMBER FOR A VALUATION SURVEY

THE FOREST SERVICE

BY ROBERT LOUNSBURY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

FORESTRY is a science which must delay its growth and application until long after the earlier stages of industrial exploitation are past. To the settler in a new country the Forest is a hostile element in the struggle for life—a stubborn enemy which must be driven back with ax and fire to make way for fields and pastures. Behind the settler comes the lumberman. To him the forest is an inexhaustible natural resource. He would exploit its wealth as a miner exhausts a vein of ore.

When, however, all the land fit for agriculture is cleared, and when the products of the forest begin to fall below the demand, then comes the Forester. Straightway the conflict begins. The lumberman, with an ideal of present gain only, would cut whatever he can market and leave devastation behind. The forester, in the light of a better knowledge, would harvest the ripe timber—for he cherishes no silly sentimentality over cutting the individual tree—but he would leave the forest to perpetuate itself. Each regards the other with bitterness; the one considers forestry as a visionary effort to curtail his ancient liberties, while the other knows only too well the cost of ignorant and lawless disregard of the future. It is the forester that must prevail in the end. The forest is not an inexhaustible resource, nor is it a group of single and distinct trees. It is a growth which produces a slowly maturing but continuing crop. It is a highly complex organization of vegetable and animal life. It is, moreover, a trust held by us, not only for our own benefit, but also for the benefit of posterity. Forestry is the applied science of the forest organism—the management of it under scientific principles to the end that its growth be directed and its yield perpetuated, that the principal be untouched and the highest interest from it be realized.

In America the time has come for the practice of forestry. While once the butt-log of virgin timber only was worth the cost of cutting, now an equal price per foot is paid for second growth. Twenty years ago black walnut was split for fence-rails in Ohio; within a few years manufacturers were sending agents among the farmers offering wire fence to replace these same rails. White pine is being shipped to Maine, the "Pine Tree State"—coals brought to wasteful Newcastle. With the growth of industries, the consumption has increased enormously. At the same time the supply is failing. Yearly the lumberman leaves vast "barrens" behind him, and yearly the fire that follows him eats up billions of feet of valuable lumber. As the stumpage price—the value of standing timber—rises, and the consumer pays proportionately, a wiser policy must obtain, and the forester begin his needed work.

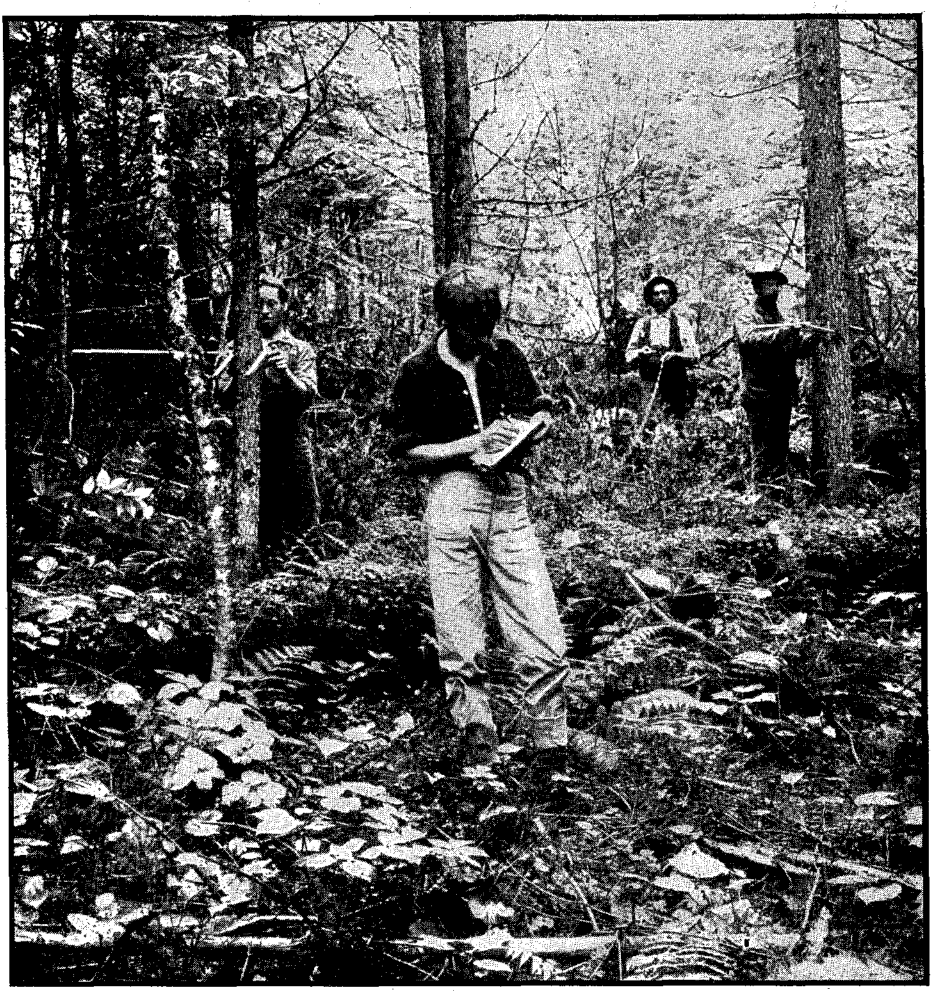
In Europe this stage when demand far exceeded supply, and this outcome, are long since past. In America, however, forestry has but recently risen from the peonage of an unaccepted theory to the dignity of a profession. To the Society for the Advancement of Science belongs the credit of the first movement. In 1877 a committee was organized from that body to advise the Government of the need of measures for the protection of the forest. Little influential interest was aroused; a memorial failed to affect the politicians, always suspicious of scientific movements. At last, however, Dr. F. B. Hough was appointed as "special agent" to report on American forests in general. In 1881 this somewhat indeterminate office was joined as a division to the Department of Agriculture. Two years later Mr. Eggleston replaced Dr. Hough, and in 1886 Dr. Fernow, of the Cornell College of Forestry, came into office. These early years formed a period of confused struggle. Forest-owners were openly and contemptuously hostile, the public was indifferent, and Congress grudged too little money for satisfactory work.

In 1898 President McKinley appointed Mr. Gifford Pinchot Forester. Almost immediately a phenomenal progress began. The Division has now become the Forest Service; the appropriations of Congress have doubled and trebled, until this year $425,000 was set aside for the work—an amount twice as great as the sum of all voted before 1898; confusion has settled into a well-ordered system; and a remarkable advance has been made in educating the mass of the people. Much might be said of the man who worked this change—how, though a thorough professional forester, Mr. Pinchot is also a king among men—but his highest praise is summed up in the friendship with which President Roosevelt has honored him and in the admirable efficiency of the Bureau he has created.

Such a man was indeed necessary. The Bureau, in creating an American Forestry, has faced a task worthy of its leader and his followers. Its size may be suggested by contrast. In Europe, where the mountain chains run east and west, the forest trees were caught between the cold uplands and the advancing glaciers, and not more than sixty of the hardiest species survived; whereas in North America the ice drove the trees southward down the warm valleys, and our forest-botany is rich with some four hundred varieties. These spread out in vast forests over a far greater territory and under the most widely varying conditions. Moreover, forestry has been practiced in Europe, notably in frugal Germany, these three hundred years, while here it is in its beginnings. Results obtained abroad are of no value in this country; even methods must be changed under new circumstances. A particular forest is known to the forester only through statistics gathered directly from it; its growth under the given conditions is to be studied only through measurements of its individual trees. The task of the forester in this country is a vast work of original research; he must go into the forest and build up a new science from measurements of American trees under American conditions.

USING THE HYPSOMETER TO CALCULATE THE HEIGHT OF TREES

The mere manual labor of gathering these statistics rests almost entirely on men appointed to the position of Forest Student in the Bureau. Appointments to this position are made from among college men who expect to become professional foresters. The position has proved a remarkable success. Thousands of applications are filed for the two hundred odd chosen each summer, and a body of high-standard men are picked out, who work as no common or barnyard laborer could be persuaded to work for the small salary of twenty-five dollars a month. And yet the "Children of the Bureau" invariably consider themselves the gainers by

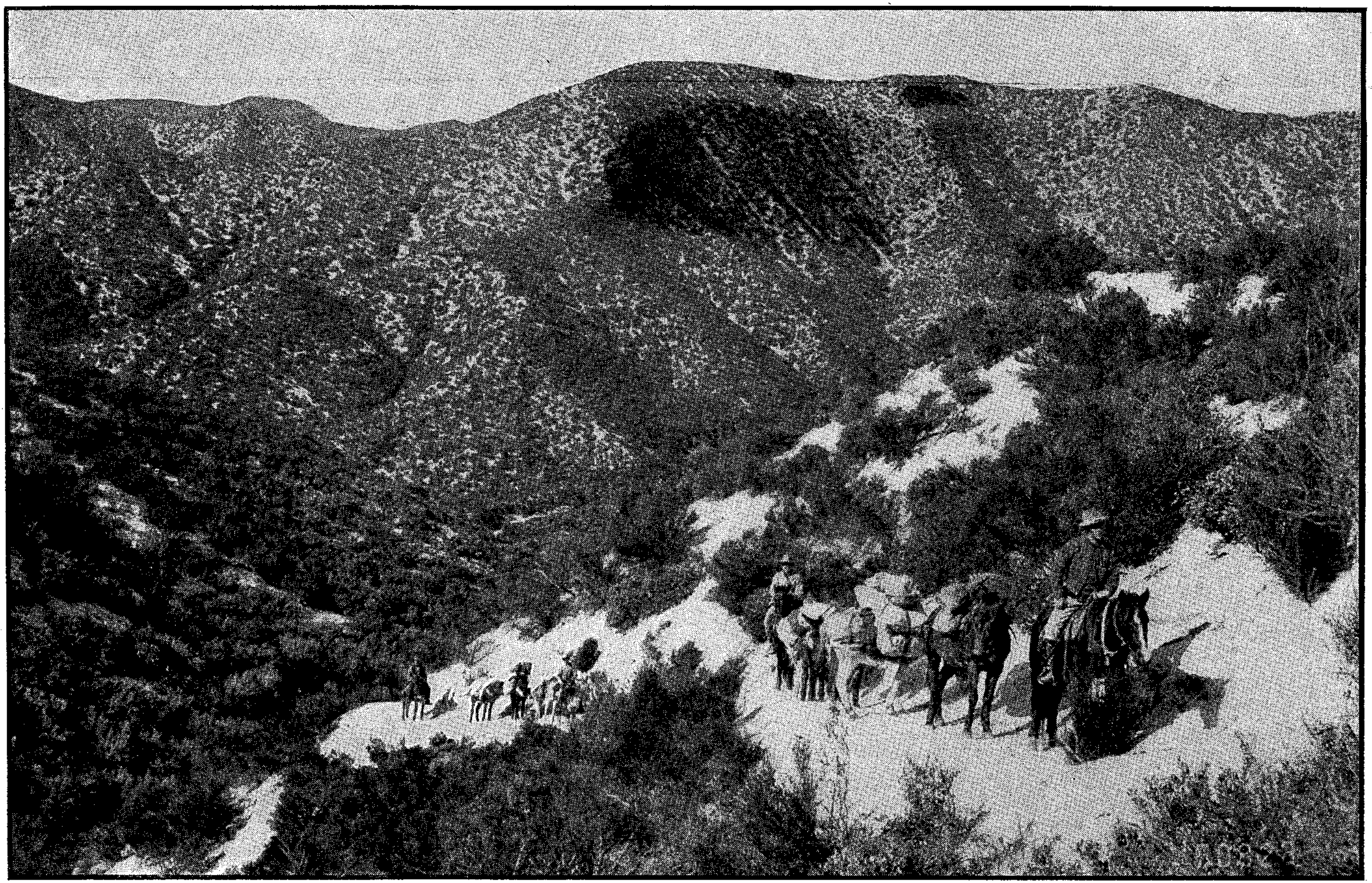


VALUATION CREW AT WORK IN THE ADIRONDACKS
Red spruce and yellow birch

their summer of hard work and experience in the woods.

Parties of Forest Students are made up and sent out in charge, each, of one of the higher officers of the Bureau. This Forest Assistant, as he is called, being appointed through the Civil Service Commission, is a trained forester, and is charged with the particular task for which the field work is to serve as a basis. Generally, three kinds of measurements are gathered—those of valuation survey, height-taking, and stem analysis. Of course with so broad a study there is always special work to be done. Several parties each year are engaged in preparing and tending stock nurseries, in expert study of particular species, or in other labors as varied in detail as are the forest regions of the country. But by far the greater part of the forester's field work is of the three kinds mentioned, and almost every party will be divided into the customary three "crews."

The Valuation Survey crew is composed usually of four men. One goes ahead with compass in hand and a surveyor's chain fastened to his belt. Two others skirmish to left and right, measuring the diameter at breast-height of every tree within a half-chain's length on either side. The tool of their craft is the calipers—a yard-stick with a fixed and a sliding arm, both set at right angles, which embrace the tree-trunk



MOVING CAMP IN CALIFORNIA

This party was engaged in a study of the sparse chaparral cover as a natural reservoir of the rainfall and give its diameter on the scale. Behind follows the tally-man with the acre-sheet. To him the caliper men continually cry their measurements: "Balsam, 2, twice 3, 4 twice, 9 and 10; spruce, 3, three times 4, 5 twice, and 6; pine," etc. The tally-man echoes them in kind as his pencil jumps over the paper. At the cry of "Last chain," given after a strip acre ten chains long and one chain wide has been measured, the caliper and chain men stop short to rest, while the tally-man writes up the acre. On the back of each talley-sheet is space for a thorough description of the acre in terms of its humus, reproduction, density, silvicultural and merchantable conditions, and so forth—a description which makes clear to the forester the local conditions under which the trees grew. As soon as the sheet is written up the party moves on to acres new.

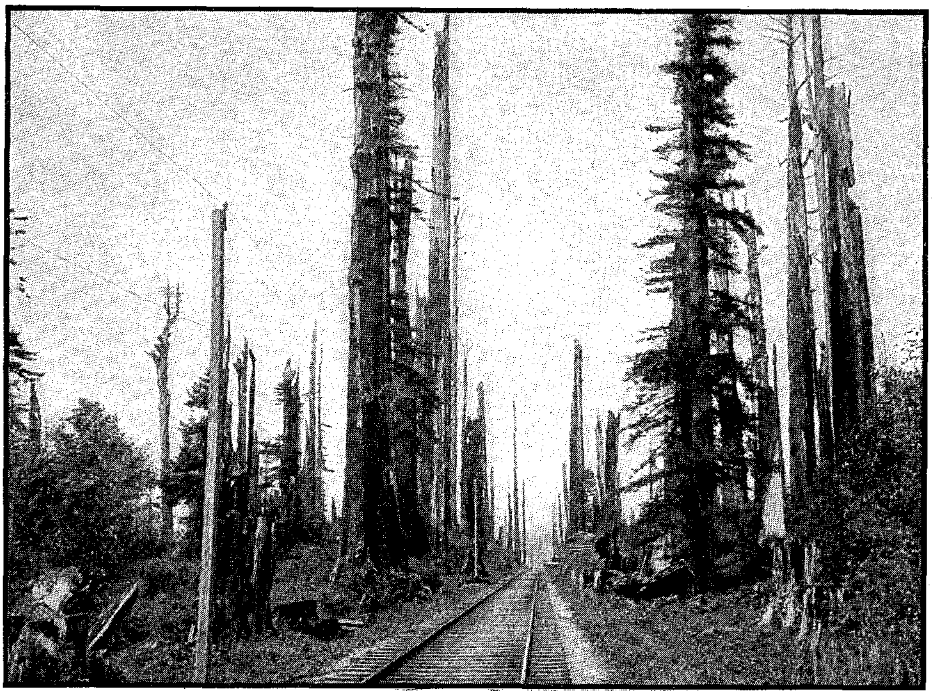
Generally two men go behind the survey crew to measure heights. One calipers a tree while the other squints cross-eyed at its top with the somewhat inaccurate instrument called hypsometer. After a set number of heights are taken, the acre is again described and the trail of the survey crew is taken up.

The third crew, meanwhile, is sitting in post mortem over fallen trees. The length of each trunk is measured, the diameter inside and outside the bark calipered at every ten feet, the annual rings of growth are counted, and the tree with its environment described. This stem analysis is the most harassing of all work. Two hundred rings to the inch must sometimes be counted with a microscope, felled trees whistle and crash among the dodging workers, the sun glares down into the clearing, and the unfailing mosquito comes to the feast with a song.

To the forester the work is symbolized as a day of sunlit work. Heat, rain, and frost, the inevitable veal loaf and beans, a pest of flies, the long hours of hard physical labor, may excite a present discontent. But the wolfish hunger and the delicious weariness, the far-distant camps under the stars, the forest life, and the inspiration of a good work gladly done, must still prevail in the heart of the forester as a lasting and grateful remembrance.

After the field work is finished, the chief of the party, with such of the Forest Students as choose to hibernate with the Bureau, returns to Washington. There, in long days of office work, the field measurements are worked up. The survey sheets show exactly how many trees are growing on a representative acre, their species and their sizes; the smaller diameters suggesting, moreover, how the forest is reproducing itself. The height measurements give the height to which trees of certain diameters grow on these acres. From the two together the average stand of the whole forest where the field work was done can be made out. Stem-analysis sheets next furnish the exact amount of wood in trees of certain sizes, and the amount of wood which will grow on the tree each year under the conditions described on the back of the tally-sheets. By combining the three the approximate amount in board-feet of lumber standing in the forest and the annual increment of wood under given conditions may be estimated; that is, the principal of the forest is found and its rate of interest computed. In addition, the silvicultural character of the several species are worked out from these sheets: what effect conditions of climate, soil, etc., have on each; under which of these each will flourish in the struggle for life, and what power of growth and reproduction is in them. It is, of course, important to know what trees will produce the most and the best lumber in the shortest time. With so great a field and so vast a botany only a small proportion of trees can be measured, and the results must be somewhat in the rough; but every measurement is carefully recorded in Washington, and as these increase the percentage of error falls and an American Forestry is gradually evolved.

To systematize and encourage the application of these results, the Bureau is separated into four divisions. The Division of Forest Management is in charge of the work on already existing forests. It is of the utmost importance that the owners of forest lands be taught to husband their holdings. Once a forest is destroyed, years must pass and much money be spent before it is



DESTRUCTIVE LUMBERING, WHERE FIRE HAS FOLLOWED THE AX

restored; but an existing forest may easily be made into an income-producing asset. The Bureau under Mr. Pinchot has always urged private owners to practice a rational forestry. On request, the Division of Forest Management will draw up a working plan for any privately owned area. This will show its merchantable stand, how much lumber can be cut each year without overtaxing the growing power, and where to cut so that the forest will reproduce itself. Practically, the only consideration for this valuable work is the promise of the owner to abide by the details of the working plan for a certain number of years; but the education of one man from waste to thrift is a good return payment to the Government.

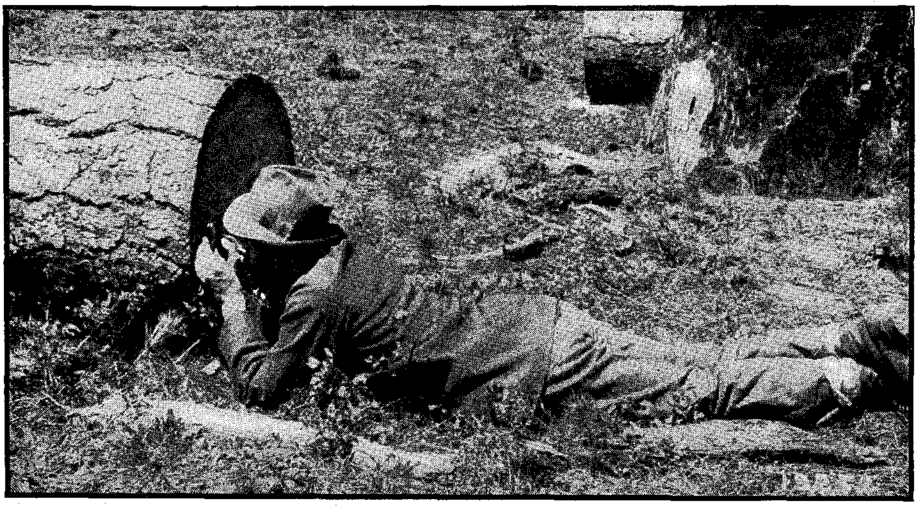
The Bureau is also ready to create a forest where it is needed. In many States the price of firewood has made the long wait for maturity of the crop profitable, while on waste lands trees may be planted for telegraph poles and lumber. But, beyond its direct value, the forest has immense indirect values. Its effects on climate in moderating, and on the soil in enriching, are great enough to be worth considerable effort. Shifting sand-dunes can be fixed and reclaimed by groves of planted trees. Wherever the farmer depends on irrigation, he must be taught that no artificial reservoir will prevent evaporation of the precious rainfall and hold it for gradual use as the forest-canopy and the forest-floor. The Division of Forest Extension has a task of inspiring greatness before it. The abandoned farms of New England, the bare mountains of Pennsylvania, the lumbered wastes of Michigan, should not be allowed to grow up to weeds nor to remain barren. The inland plains, where even now the trees are spreading out from the streams, should be brought back to their ancient forested state. And the mountains of the arid West should be covered in the interest of the farm lands in the valleys. To this end the silvicultural character of the various species must be ascertained; for if these areas are to be reforested, the work must be done intelligently with the trees best adapted and most valuable.

Considerable special investigation also is carried on by the third and fourth divisions of Dendrology and Forest Products. Whatever pertains to the forest—its botany, its products, and its hazards—is worked over in infinite detail and with infinite energy. The Bureau must be prepared to answer any question asked it, and to answer it well.

STEM ANALYSIS ON A "LODGED" TREE

Throughout all these labors the Bureau is working toward a twofold end—the creation of an American forestry and the education of the people in its principles. In attaining the former the Bureau stands alone; for outside of it there are very few professional foresters in practice; still the work goes on apace. Education, however, is always a slow process. Considerable special work is done for private owners by the two divisions of Forest Management and Forest Extension, work which serves as a convincing object-lesson to the neighboring community. Besides this, the Bureau is constantly publishing the results of its efforts in its Bulletins, which, after the manner of Government publications, are sent free to any inquirer. Here, again, the Government stands alone as the servant and instructor of its people. So far, expert work in forestry is too expensive to be profitable, and no good American text-books have been written. To the carrying on of this vast work and the attaining of its purposes the Bureau has brought the energy of a pioneer and the inspiration of a teacher.

Broad as is the task set the Bureau, however, it has recently been still further broadened. In January of this year the management of the Federal forest reserves was taken from the Land Office of the Department of the Interior by act of Congress, and passed into the Forest Service. The change had been advocated in the last four Messages of the President, but political greed for the spoils of the Land Office had procured the failure of any movement to that end. At last the right thing has been done. The worth of the Bureau has been fittingly recognized and its power manifolded. And sixty-three million acres—over one-fortieth of the total area of the United States—are put into its keeping forever to administer, experiment on, and to show


STEM ANALYSIS: COUNTING THE ANNUAL RINGS OF GROWTH

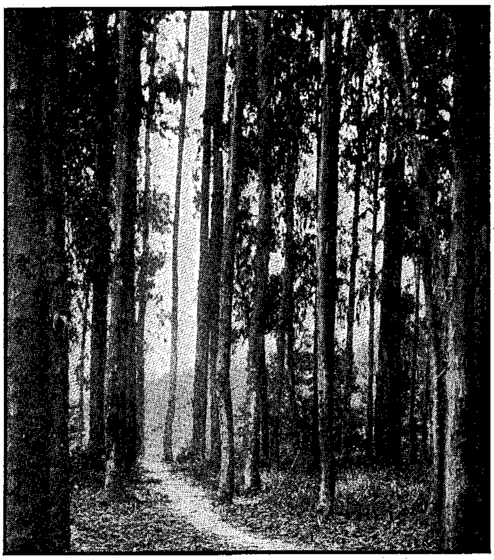
forth as a monumental object-lesson to the people.

Sympathetically with the political growth of the Bureau, the State Governments have been acting in the interests of forestry. This marks an important advance; for the States have direct control of the forest owner through their laws and through taxation. The past history of forest jurisprudence in America is not a monument to the wisdom of the lawmaker. But it is better to look to a promising future than a painful past. Many States have organized forest commissions; a few have set aside reserve lands; and one or two—California especially—are co-operating directly with the Bureau. If the State Governments will only follow the Federal Government, they will do all that may be hoped of them.

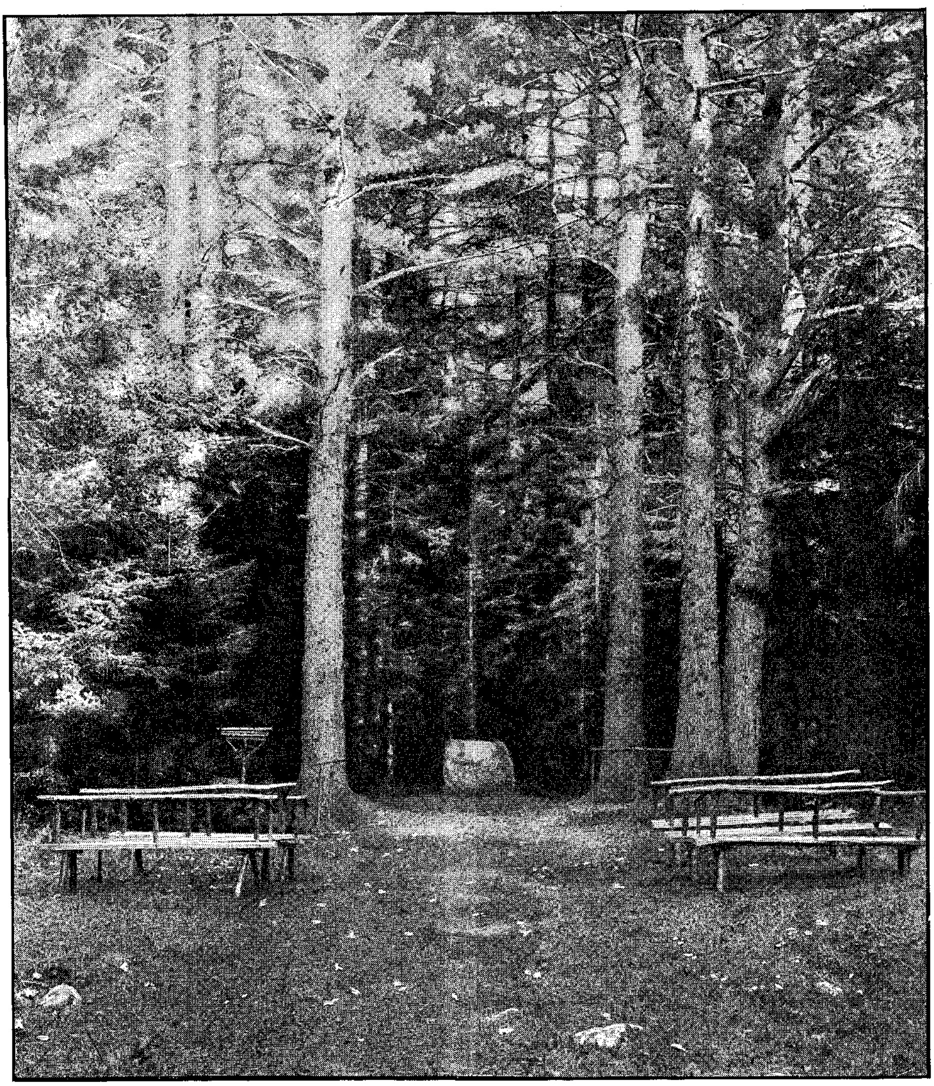
What the value of the practice of forestry may be to the people of these United States can hardly be put down in numbers. America has the greatest and richest forests in the world. Their direct value as raw material exceeds that of any other natural resource. Their indirect values add an equal part to the sum.

The commerce in forest products, according to the last census, is second only to the traffic in agricultural products; the interest from the forest principal is far greater than the return from the capital invested in railroads. Consumption increases steadily until now it is estimated at 2.8 cords per person. This vast business is at present supplied from natural forests, but they are failing—partly consumed and partly wasted in ignorance. The time must come when trees will be planted in rows like a crop of corn—a slow-maturing crop, but one whose value compounds with each annual ring of growth. Against this time the Bureau is seeking to prepare the people. In view of the vast aggregate values of the forest, not only to the few engaged in exploiting its richness, but to the community at large, this work is surely worth the money and the enthusiastic energy spent on it.

So far the Bureau has waged against indifference and greed a bitter and stubborn struggle. We have been an unthrifty and thoughtless Nation, wasteful in the use of our magnificent resources, but with time and the facing of grave problems will come sobriety of judgment. The old order changeth to the new. And one indication of the rise to a higher wisdom, to a saner outlook from the present to the future of the Nation, is the gradual acceptance among the people of the teachings of the Bureau and the establishment of an American Forestry.



THE FOREST OF THE FUTURE
A planted grove of Eucalyptus in California

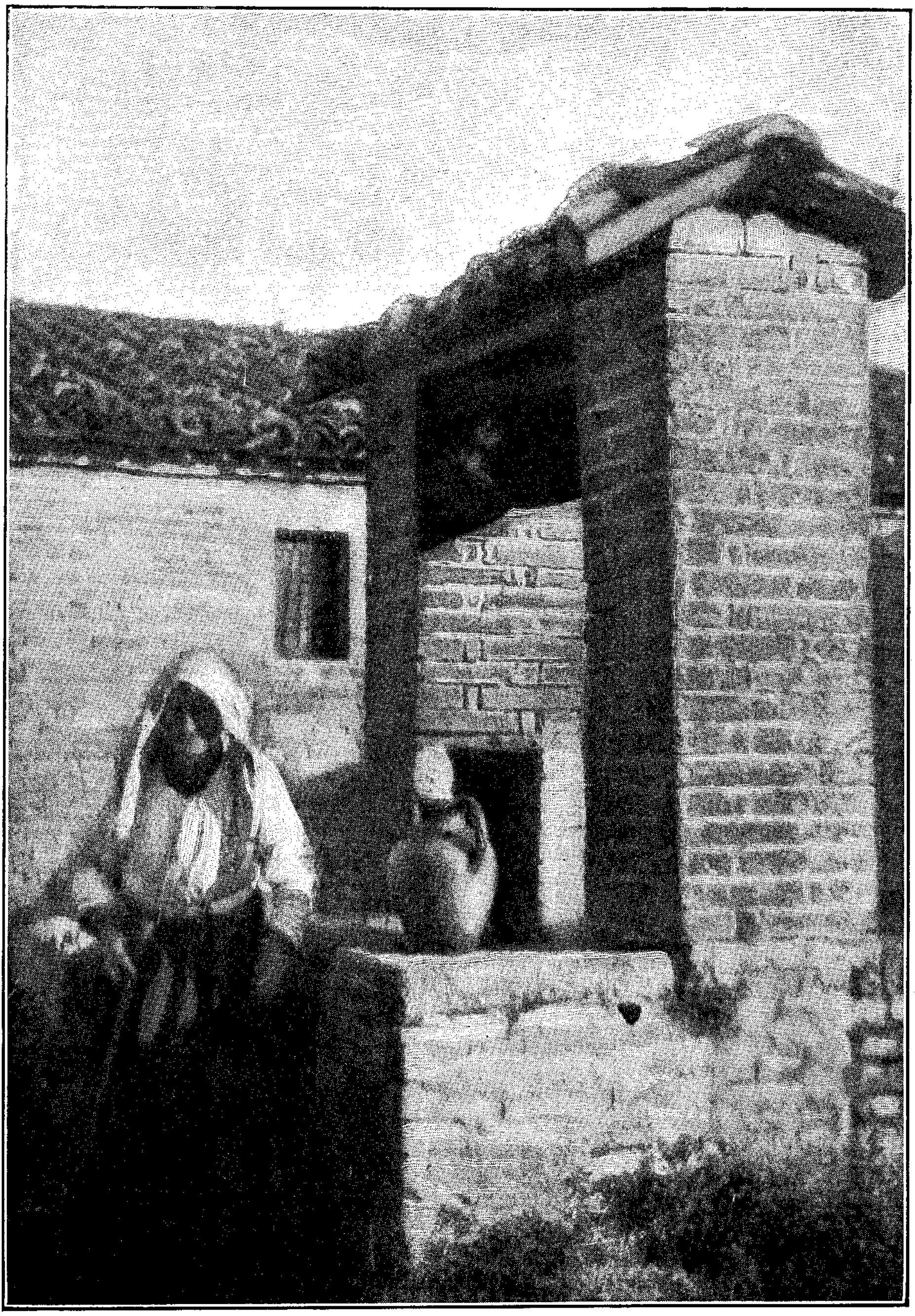


A New England Cathedral

By Mary G. Slocum

God made a temple in a quiet place,
Within a peaceful grove of common pine;
He bade each column rise in fair, strong line,
Shaping within the consecrated space
Aisle, nave, and transept; drew a soft green trace
In arabesque on the blue dome, whence shine
His sun and stars upon the waiting shrine
Where man shall one day kneel and know His grace.

And now that day has come, for one has found
The spot, and gladly hastens to prepare
Upon the fragrant needle-covered ground
The simple setting of a house of prayer.
Around the sacramental altar sound
Of wind-played anthem fills the incensed air.



"AN ANCIENT WOMAN SMILED BENIGNLY UPON US"

THE LAND OF LADY POVERTY

BY

SOPHIE JEWETT

ILLUSTRATED
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR

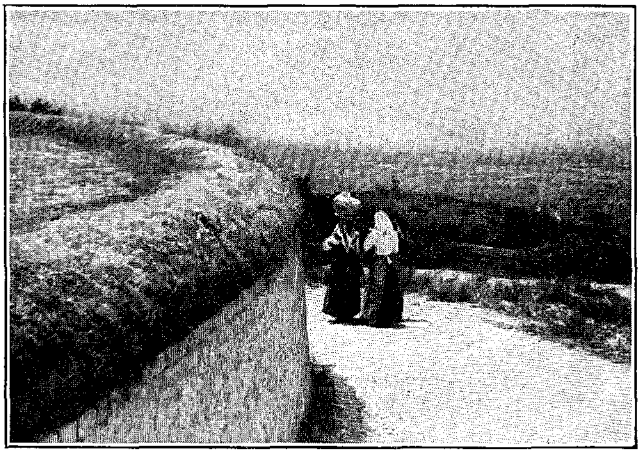
IN the midsummer days it was easy to fall in love with her. Did she not masquerade as Lady Beauty and as Lady Pleasure? Her children came singing out of the Lombard fields at evening, carrying bundles of hay on their dark heads. They stripped the mulberry leaves in the vineyards, or set the first sickles into tall, feathery hemp; they dangled at the window of our railway carriage, offering us great purple figs bursting with sweetness.

Though at moments greed and squalor might beset us, for the most part our dream held the spell of beauty that surrounds the simplest and most universal of human labors. Through it we saw brown peasants who bent among wheat and poppies, and in purple fields of "Spanish grass;" who trudged behind white oxen, following antique plows into a Virgilian twilight. To that dream of the beauty of simple toil belongs imperishably a girl drawing water at a Tuscan fountain. Some hint of ancient grace clung to the profile outlined against the stone, even to the straw-covered Chianti flask in her hand and to the gleaming copper jar on the fountain ledge beside her.

To the dream belonged also dark boatmen of the Adriatic, hoisting sails of yellow and brown and scarlet to set forth on an unearthly sea that lay in long level bars of vivid color, gold and purple, green and blue. All day the bright wings floated over the bright water, veering and tacking to a stiff land breeze—common fishing-boats in search of their scant and perilous harvest; but that thought could not penetrate our dream.

The chaffer of an Umbrian market-place on the day of a country fair awakened us, yet the reality was gay enough and not unpicturesque, even though a passion for cheap finery often marred the charm of booths and of buyers. Fashion had not affected the vine-covered baskets of the fruit-venders nor the shining ranks of majolica set out on the pavement in the sun; and the cattle fair almost brought back the illusion. There was enduring fascination in the great oxen, white, with a faint hint of pink. Standing sleek and garlanded in a noisy, commonplace crowd of barterers and onlookers, they seemed incongruously beautiful, as if strayed from some sacrificial procession.

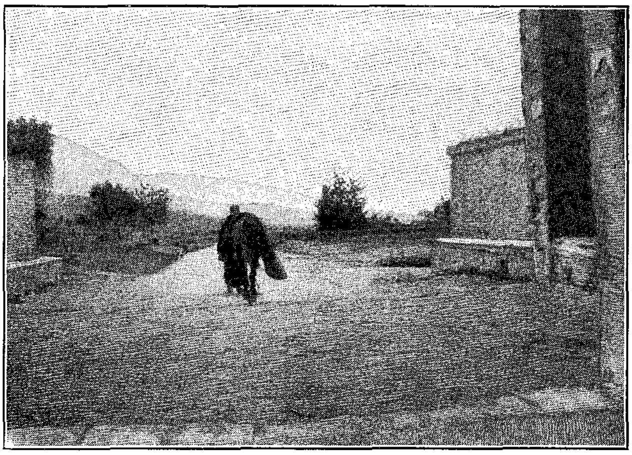
At morning we looked down upon a broad *piazza d'armi* so crowded with the huge creatures that it seemed like a white sea; and in the light of afternoon we watched them trailing homeward in long lines, visible on loop after loop of the climbing roads, like the train of the Magi in a fifteenth-century painting.



"ON THE SHARP CURVE OF AN ASSISAN ROAD"

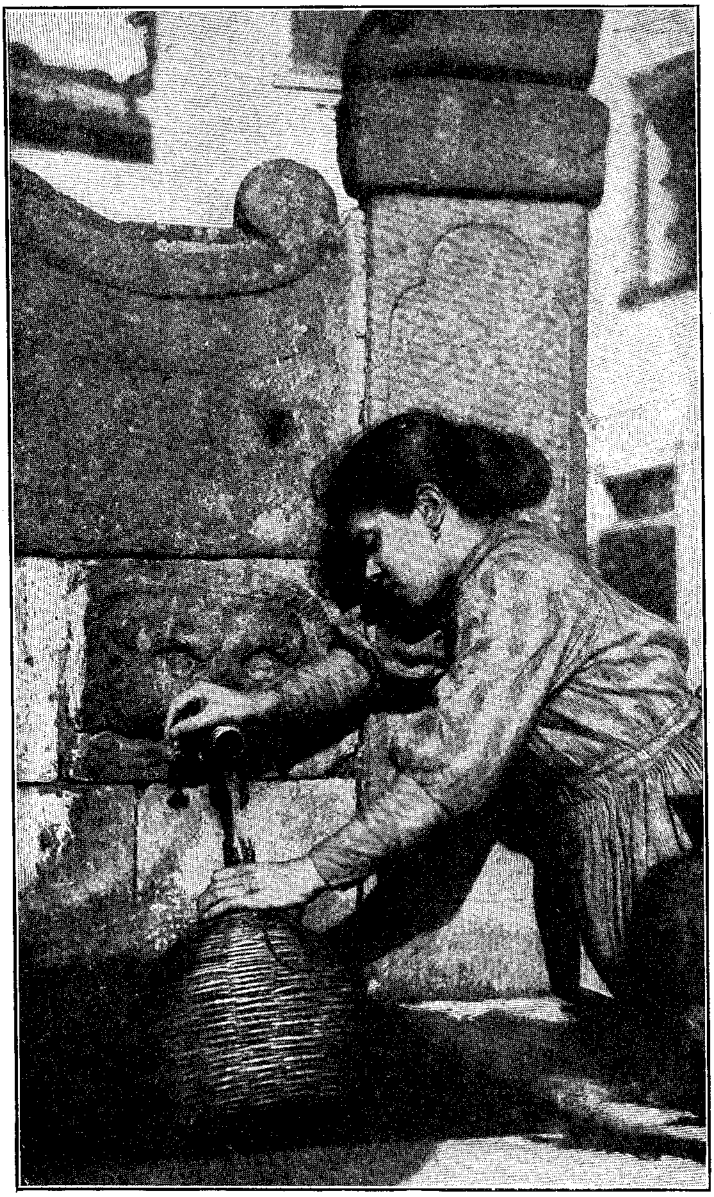
Wherever labor led to social gathering even the poorest seemed happy. The daily drawing of water at the village fountain was merrier than afternoon tea, and as noisy. Veriest hags, sibylline in their wrinkled blackness, laughed and chattered, exchanging incomprehensible gossip that piqued one's curiosity. We grew to love the daily greetings that we watched and that we received. Millet might have painted the two burden-bearing women lingering to chat on the sharp curve of an Assisan road; and the smile of another, returning homeward with her empty basket, rewarded us for a long walk across the sun-steeped plain. Moreover, there was no day that did not add to our friendships among children, and, it must be confessed, among animals. We noticed that care and caresses seemed to be divided evenly between the children and the beasts. One woman's pride in an obstreperous donkey was fairly maternal, and a snowy-haired grandmother tended impartially her little grandson and a ubiquitous lamb.

Away from the noise and merriment of market-place and fountain, the lives of the people seemed strangely barren and lonely. In the mountain districts the same lament sounded everywhere. The hostesses of forlorn little inns chanted it; the coachmen as they walked beside our carriage on the steep roads; even the pretty girl who conducted us through the chapel and garden of an abandoned monastery: "There is no work, *Signore;* there are no factories; all the young people are gone to France to spin silk." And, in truth, through the poorest regions, we saw more old folk and children than youths and maidens. All day long the single pig, whose fat sides shine with a dark luster like that of pewter, is watched by an old crone, or, it may be, by a tiny girl who reminds one of Mathilde Serao's Canituccia guarding her



FRA FELICE

beloved Ciccotto. Aged men and women, too, trim the vineyards, dig in the fields, or stagger down the mountain paths bent double under heavy fagots.



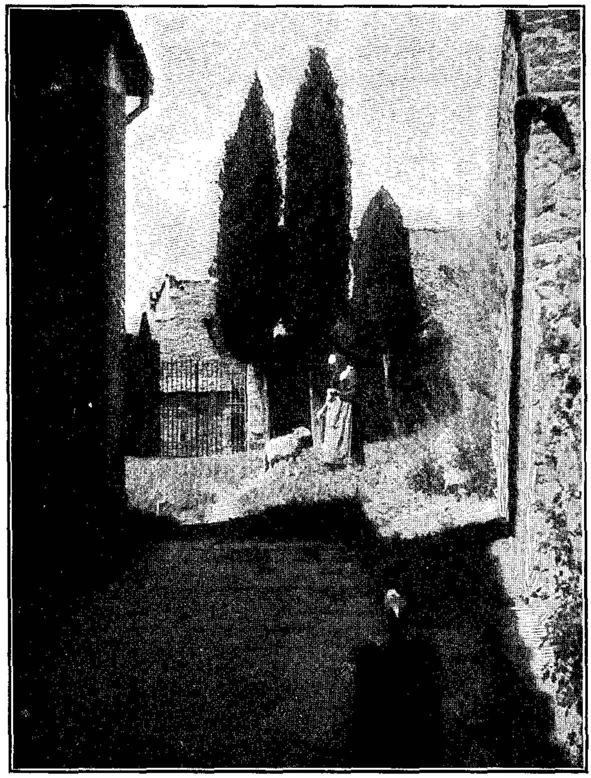
" AT A TUSCAN FOUNTAIN "

The loneliness of certain individuals of a race so gregarious was peculiarly impressive. To the woman with her pig, to shepherd or goatherd, brute companionship may have atoned for lack of human kind; and yet an unfailing readiness to talk suggested wistful desire for reciprocal speech. Even the strange, savage creature—girl or woman, one could not tell—who pastured goats in the shadow of a ruined Tuscan fortress, was pathetic in her eagerness for conversation. She showed none of the intelligent curiosity that often met us. I do not remember that she asked a question; but she chattered like a child, as she sewed a bright piece of cotton upon a faded garment already patched with half a dozen different colors. She had not rested after midnight, for fear of oversleeping; she had risen at four o'clock to go to the mountain for fagots; the distance was nine miles, and she had brought back her load before midday. "Was the road hard?" "Yes, very hard, and the wood is heavy." There was a kind of dull pride in her voice. The goats browsed between the fallen stones of the mediæval tower; in a cypress-shaded convent garden on the slope below, an old monk watered his flowers; far beneath, on the plain, Lake Trasimene shone through the August haze, light blue, as Fra Angelico saw it, and Signorelli. We left the girl standing among her goats, sharply outlined against the sky—a thing not ancient nor mediæval nor modern, only a dateless symbol of lonely human toil.

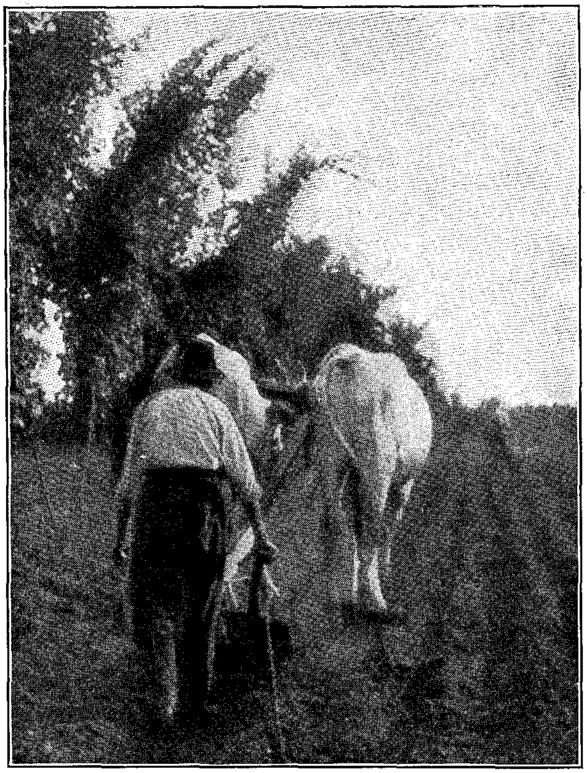
One finds commonly among Latin races the expectant temperament that brings a touch of idealism to all but the abjectest poverty. At the worst, there is a vague belief in luck, or in the intervention of the saints. This expectation, pale or vivid, of some sudden bettering of things appeared to thrive chiefly upon the possibilities offered by the government lottery, by religion, by emigration, and by socialism. Though we heard of marked exceptions, we sometimes fancied that in the remoter districts *socialismo* was still, for the most part, the mere word of the conjurer, connoting dim images of things to be desired, or of things to be feared. Social discontent there was, and criticism of landowners and of the government, yet the ideas of even the critics seemed often fixedly feudal.

The word America was more concretely yet scarcely more clearly suggestive. Everywhere in the mountains we encountered a terrified curiosity as to what the American voyage might be like, except, perhaps, among the peasants about Urbino, in whose vocabulary *francese* seemed to be synonymous with foreigner, and *La Francia* the outpost of the world.

One soon becomes accustomed to hearing the government lottery defended upon grounds of expediency or of necessity; but to hear a grave *commendatore* champion it as a source of inspiration and uplifting to the people struck with ironic sound on Anglo-Saxon ears. "If you take away the lottery, you take away that which idealizes the lives of the very poor. It gives hope and zest to the most miserable creature on the street to think that some day he may play the lucky number and never go hungry any more." And this opinion was maintained along with the admission that in northern Italy, where there is the greatest prosperity, the lottery has least hold upon the populace.

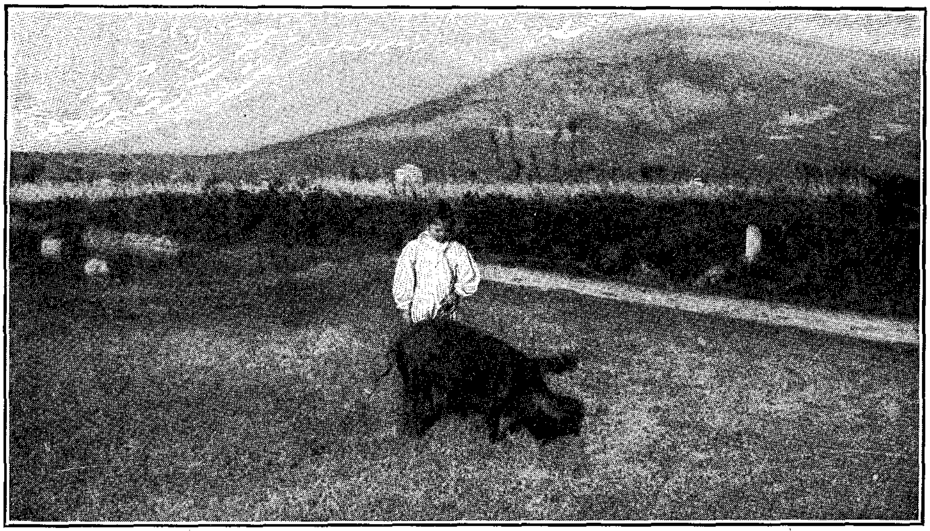

"A SNOWY-HAIRED GRANDMOTHER WITH A LAMB"

A man may find no place in the ranks of paid labor; fortune may play him false in his dream of *L'America* or of *il lotto;* but the church is literally an open refuge, day by day, to the most wretched. One enters cathedral or *pieve* to look at a fresco or mosaic, to witness a great ceremonial, to listen to music, or, it may be, to say one's prayers, but one lingers to watch the daily pathos of simple lives. After the first morning, when you have made acquaintance with the sacristan and the parish priest, nobody molests you except in the way of friendly conversation. You may sit in the choir stalls and copy a bit of fresco, or, if the face you wish to paint happen to be in the vestry, and out of reach on a dark stretch of wall, some one will bring the steps that are used for lighting the high altar, and you may mount thereon and work for hours. Various ecclesiastics gather about you as they go and come from mass, and talk with you while they put off their gorgeous vestments. They do not resent your intrusion, but, on the contrary, they are pleased that you have sought out the quaint and faded masterpiece of their own local painter, though they evidently marvel at your peculiar taste in art. Is there not, in a chapel of the nave, a Madonna by Baroccio, "*ma bellissima!*" and a *Gesù Bambino* in the *palazzo ducale* that "actually sleeps, *proprio dorme*, Signora?"


"FOLLOWING AN ANTIQUE PLOW"

It is better to be the idle comrade of the copyist, so to watch unhindered the life that comes and goes under the leathern curtain of the great door. A familiar, intimate life is this that enters. Even the children are at home, and play about unreproved and unawed. I watched one day, in an almost empty cathedral, at the hour of mass, a stray baby, who came pattering up the nave and planted himself exactly in the path of the priestly procession. A tall deacon lifted him gently from under the feet of the officiating priest, and during the celebration the little fellow climbed upon the chancel rail, until weariness overcame his interest, and he serenely went to sleep upon the highest step. He still slept there when the function ended and the vast nave was empty, save for one cripple kneeling at his prayers.

When the leather curtain rose again, it admitted two women, one a robust, bright-faced *popolana*, the other a shriveled, tiny old creature with the vague eyes and smile of the feeble-minded. They went from altar to altar, and the younger woman made the unfortunate kneel as if she were a little child, and I heard the murmur of sacred words across an inarticulate babble, pitifully unchildlike. When the prayers were ended, the two came up to me, and the younger woman explained gently, "She has no mind, Signora, she cannot talk; but she is so good, and so happy, *poverina!*" and she kissed and caressed the vacant,



"GUARDED BY A TINY GIRL"

smiling face. A cripple, an imbecile, a sleeping baby—on these *pecorelli* the great Christ above the altar looked down sorrowfully.

In the country of St. Francis a persistent tradition of sacredness clings about the mendicant. In certain cities one may substitute food tickets, *buoni*, for coppers, and otherwise second public and private effort to combat pauperism, but in remote places one cannot sleep o' nights without the good-will of the beggars. However shamefacedly, one comes to adopt a mediæval standard, quieting one's scruples by observing that begging is not always the only trade of a given individual. Children rattle tambourines or turn handsprings by way of earning their *soldi*, and old women drop their knitting to stretch out hands misshapen with long toil that has led only to beggary at the end. Maria della Rocca, said to have one hundred years, and looking her age, walks in the early morning from the mountain, five miles away, carrying on her erect old head a wide basket filled with mushrooms. After making her bargain in the kitchen, she lingers before the house for whatever coppers may fall from the windows. Now Maria's tongue is like that of the prophet Balaam, eloquent for blessing or cursing, and, if you please her, she will fall upon her stiff knees and call down upon your unworthy head the good offices of half a hundred saints. If you offend her—but only the intrepid would dare to test those powers of vituperation.

There is also Fra Felice, trudging cheerily through the chestnut woods, or, on a long day's expedition, riding the sole horse of the brotherhood. May not that kindly face reflect some faint halo from the spirit of the Poverello? At any rate, he brings *erbe* for your garden, and his blessing is in the name of St. Francis. At the day's end you are glad to see him come home with well-filled bag, and you watch the white road dreamily as he fades into the dimness of the twilight and of the thirteenth century.

Our summer wanderings never led us "*giu per lo mondo senza fine amaro*" of the squalidest city streets and the deadliest industries, yet even in Umbria and the marches, the land of her old-time worship, My Lady Poverty began to appear to us haggard and tattered and unlovely. Her servants, the toilers as well as the beggars, often went ragged and hungry; for the line between self-support and beggary was impossible to draw, and earning a living meant simply not starving. Being sufficiently fed and clad was construed as possessing wealth; and never have I seen more pitiful, patient, unrewarded toil than among this race so constantly misrepresented as lazy. The hollow-eyed, filthy women and children outside the gates of Gubbio were not beggars, but simply *poveri.* In one little mountain city, proud of electric light and railroad, but without water and without industry, we used to wonder how the people lived who did not beg, and, indeed, how the beggars found patrons, where all seemed so poor. A ducal palace, beautiful with the charm of the early Renaissance, came to be scant consolation for the wretchedness that haunted us through every street. Some day, perhaps, water will be brought from the mountains, and cleanliness and prosperous labor may come with it, but in the meantime there seems no future for the young except emigration—and for the old? On a neighboring hilltop stands a low, white monastic house which we visited one day, drawn thither by the picturesqueness of its cypress avenues and its open belfry. "It has been made a *recovero dei poveri,*" our coachman explained, "an almshouse." A white-headed man was weeding the pavement between the cypresses, but there came no answer to the coachman's vigorous ring. "*Gente che dormono,*" he exclaimed, as he pulled at the dangling rope a second time—"people who sleep." Stumbling feet sounded through the tiled corridor, trembling hands undid the latch, and a man, feeble rather than old, cordially bade us enter. Behind him tottered two or three older inmates, their faces lighted by a faint glow of pleasure or curiosity at having something happen. The corridor led to a little courtyard with a covered well. Here an ancient woman smiled benignly upon us as we passed through to the garden, where, as the artist had foreseen, was the best place from which to sketch the belfry. The doorkeeper became our patron and attendant. He planted the sketching-stool securely on the steep slope of the garden, he brought water for the brushes, he responded without manifest surprise to our praise of the yellowing stuccoed wall and of the green-stained bell. When work began, he insisted upon standing on the awkward slope to hold an umbrella over the painter. "You need not do that," she said; "it is difficult, and the umbrella will stay of itself, so." Neither of the strangers will forget the wistful voice that answered: "Please let me hold it, Signora; *non ho niente da fare*—I have nothing to do."

"HE WATERS THE FLOWERS, POVERETTO!"

As we sat through the blue summer afternoon, the painter working swiftly, the idler watching shadow and sun upon a hundred hills, *il povero* told us of his life, and how illness and misfortune had brought him to this irksome quietude. He had fought in his youth, he had worked in the coast cities and on the islands, he had led even that most social of lives, a public cabman's. He was intelligent and not old, only ill, and stranded on this remote hilltop with a pitiful handful of the decrepit and feeble-minded. A foolish, monotonous song went droning up and down behind the cypresses. "It is the idiot," our friend explained. "He waters the flowers, *poveretto*." The old woman clattered to the courtyard door and smiled upon us with vacant amiability, and once or twice a voice came from the unseen road below. For the rest it was silence, save for the twitter of a myriad brown birds in the cypress-trees.

"So this is the end of it," I thought, "the best that Lady Poverty can give to her servitors. Not undesirable gifts in themselves—beauty and quiet and leisure. Certain courtiers of Lady Riches might accept them gladly enough; but a picturesque belfry and a cypress avenue must be small comfort when one pines for the clamor of an Italian city square."

To break the spell of my own sentimental pathos, I called attention to the shadow that made the umbrella superfluous, and I presented to our *povero* day before yesterday's "Tribuna." He accepted it eagerly, and with quick courtesy withdrew to the further side of the garden, selected a spot still sunny, and, lying full length, read quietly until he heard us preparing to depart.

As we neared the city gate on our return, the late light struck along a row of cropped cypresses that inclose the burial-place of the poor, and, suddenly, the gray wall, the chapel, and all the cloud-veiled sky were touched with a consoling glory of rose and amethyst. "*Gente che dormono*," we quoted—"folk who sleep."

The Matinée

By Zona Gale

IN the late spring Peleas was obliged to spend one whole day out of town. He was vastly important over the circumstance, and packed his bag two days before, which alone proved his advancing years; for formerly his aim seemed to be to complete his packing in the cab on his way to the train at that moment pulling out from the station. Now he gave himself an hour to get to the ferry, to allow for being blocked!

"Yes, that alone would prove that we are seventy," I said sadly, as I stood before the window watching him drive away.

Yet, if ever a good fairy grants you one wish, I advise your wishing that when you are seventy your heart and some one else's will be as heavy over one day's separation as were ours.

"Peleas," I had said to him that morning, "I wish that every one in the world could love some one as much as I love you."

And Peleas had answered seriously: "Remember that every one in the world who is worth anything either loves as we do—or else is unhappy because he doesn't."

"Not every one!" I remonstrated.

"Every one," repeated Peleas, firmly.

I wondered about that after he went away. Not every one, surely! There was, for exception, Nichola, our old servant. She was worth a very great deal, but she loved nobody—not even us—and I was sure that she prided herself upon it. And there were ever so many others whom I could name at once who never even thought of love. I could not argue with Peleas on the eve of a journey, but I harbored the matter against his return.

I was desperately lonely when Peleas was gone. I was sitting by the fire with Semiramis on my knee—a cat cannot sympathize with you, but her aloofness can scorn you into peace of mind—when the telephone bell rang. We are so seldom wanted that the mere ringing of the bell is an event, even if, as usually happens, we are called in mistake. This time, however, old Nichola, whose tone over the telephone is like that of all three voices of Cerberus saying "No admission," came in to announce that I was wanted by Miss "Willie" Lillieblade. I hurried excitedly out, for when Miss Wilhelmina Lillieblade telephones she has usually either heard some interesting news or longs to invent some. She is almost seventy, as well as I; but as a girl she was not very interesting, and I sometimes think that, like many other inanimate objects, she has improved with age until now she is delightful, and reminds me of spiced cordials. I never see a stupid young person without applying the inanimate object rule, and longing to comfort him with it.

"Ettare," said Miss Willie, "you and Peleas come over for tea this afternoon. I am alone, and I have a lame shoulder."

"I'll come," said I, readily, "but Peleas is away."

"Oh," said Miss Willie, without proper regret, "Peleas is away."

For a moment she thought.

"Ettare!" she cried, "let's lunch down town together and go to a matinée!"

I could hardly believe my old ears.

"W—we two?" I quavered.

"Certainly!" she cried. "I'll come in the coupé, at noon."

I made a faint show of resistance.

"What about your lame shoulder?" I wanted to know.

"Pooh!" said Miss Willie. "That'll be dead in a minute, and then I won't know whether it's lame or not."

The next moment she had left the telephone and I had promised!

I went upstairs in a delicious flutter of excitement. When our niece Enid is with us, I watch her go breezily off to matinées with her young friends, but "matinée" is to me one of the words that one says very often and that mean very little, like "Antarctic." I declare that I felt myself to be as intimate with the appearance of the New Hebrides as with the ways of a matinée. I fancy that it was twenty years since I had been to one. Say what you will, evening theater-going is far more commonplace, for in the evening one is frivolous by profession, but afternoon frivolity is stolen fruit. And, being a very frivolous old woman, I find that a nibble or so of stolen fruit leavens the toast and tea—innocent stolen fruit, mind you, for Heaven forbid that I should prescribe a diet of dust and ashes!

I had taken from its tissues my lace waist and was making it splendid with a scrap of lavender velvet when our old servant brought in fresh candles. She looked with suspicion upon the garment.

"Nichola," said I, guiltily, "I am going to a matinée. And you'll need get no luncheon," I hastened to add, "because I am lunching with Miss Lillieblade."

"Yah!" said Nichola, "goin' to a matinée?"

Nichola says "matiknee," and she regards a theater box as among all self-indulgences the unpardonable sin.

"You'll have no luncheon to get, Nichola," I persuasively reminded her.

Old Nichola clicked the wax candles.

"Me, I'd rather get up a lunch for a fambly o' six-footers," she grimly assured me, "than to hev you lose your immortal soul at this late day."

She went back to the kitchen, and I was minded to take off the lavender velvet; but I did not, my religion being independent of the spectrum.

At noon old Nichola was in the drawing-room fastening my gaiters when Miss Lillieblade came in, looking like a little brown nut with bead eyes and a lace hood.

"I've telephoned for the tickets," said Miss Willie, blithely. "We are going to see 'The End of the World'—I knew that you haven't been, Ettare."

Old Nichola, who is so privileged that she will expect polite attention even upon her death-bed, listened eagerly.

"Is it somethin' of a religious play, ma'am?" she hopefully inquired.

"I dare say, Nichola," replied Miss Willie, kindly; and afterward, to me: "But I hope not. Religious plays are so ungodly."

Her footman helped us down the steps—not that we required it by any means; but what does one pay a footman for, I would like to ask? And we drove away to a little place which I refuse to call a café. I would as soon eat at a ribbon-counter as in a café. But this was a little place where Peleas and I often had our tea—a place that was all of old rugs and old brasses in front, and in secret was set with little tables having each one rose and one shaded candle. The linen was what a café would call lace, and the china may have been china or it may have been garlands and love-knots. From where I sat I could see shelves full of home-made jam, labeled, like library books—and looking far more attractive than some people's libraries. We ordered tea and chicken broth and toast and a salad, and—because we had both been forbidden—a sweet. I am bound to say that neither of us ate the sweet, but we pretended not to notice.

We talked about the old days—this is no sign of old age, but rather of a good memory!—and presently I was reminded of what Peleas had assured me that morning about love.

"Where did you go to school?" asked Miss Willie.

"At Miss Mink's and Miss Burdick's," I answered, "and I was counting up the other day that if either of them is alive now she is about one hundred and five years old and in the newspapers on her birthday."

"Miss Mink and Miss Burdick alive now!" exclaimed Miss Willie. "Nonsense! They would rather die than be. They would call it a proof of ill breeding not to die at threescore and ten each, according to rule. I went to Miss Trelawney's. I had an old aunt who had brought me up to say 'Ma'am?' when I failed to understand; but if I said 'Ma'am?' in school, Miss Trelawney made me learn twenty lines of Dante; and if I *didn't* say it at home, I was not allowed to have dessert. Between the two I loved poetry and had a good digestion, and my education extended no further."

"That is quite far enough," said I. "I don't know a better preparation for life than love of poetry and a good digestion."

If I could have but one—and yet why should I take sides and prejudice anybody? Still, Peleas had a frightful dyspepsia one winter, and it would have taken forty poets, armed to the teeth—but I really refuse to prejudice anybody!

Then I told Miss Willie how, at Miss Mink's and Miss Burdick's, I had had my first note from a *boy;* I slept with it under my pillow and I forgot it, and the maid carried it to Miss Mink, and I straightway appeared before that lady and most impertinently told her that according to no less an authority than Robert Browning that note was worth more than her entire curriculum, and triumphantly read her "Summum Bonum." She sent me home, I recall, and quite right too. And then Miss Willie told how, having successfully evaded chapel one winter evening at Miss Trelawney's, she waked in the night with the certainty that she had lost her soul in consequence, and, unable to rid herself of the conviction, she had risen and gone barefoot through the icy halls to the chapel, and there had been horrified to find old Miss Trelawney kneeling with a *man's photograph* in her hands.

"Isn't it strange, Ettare," said Miss Willie, "how the little mysteries and surprises of loving some one are everywhere, from one's first note from a *boy* to the Miss Trelawneys, whom every one knows?"

Sometimes I think that it is almost impudent to wonder about one's friends when one is certain beyond all wondering that they all have secret places in their hearts filled with old delights and old tears. But, remembering suddenly what Peleas had said that morning, I did wonder about Miss Willie, for I knew that she was lonely for all her air of spiced cordial; and yet mentally I placed Miss Willie beside old Nichola, intending to use them both as instances to crush the argument of Peleas. Surely, of all the world, I decided, those two loved nobody.

At last we left the pleasant table, nodding good-afternoon to the capped and ribboned toy who had been cut out of a colored print to serve us. We lingered among the brasses and the casts, feeling very humble before the proprietress, who looked like a duchess cut from another colored print. I envied her that library of jelly.

On the street Miss Willie bought us each a rose for company, and then bade the coachman drive slowly, so that we entered the theater with the orchestra, which is the only proper moment. If one is earlier, one feels as if one looked ridiculously expectant; if one is later, one misses the pleasure of being expectant at all. We were in a lower stage box, and all the other boxes were filled with bouquets of young people, with a dry stalk or two, magnificently bonneted, set stiffly among them. I hope that we did not seem too absurd—Miss Willie and I—in our bobbing white curls, all alone in that fat crimson box!

"The End of the World" proved to be a fresh, happy play, smelling of lavender and sweet air. The play was about a man and a woman who loved each other very much, with no analyses or confessions to disturb any one. The blinds were open and the sun streamed in through three acts of pleasant humor and quick action among well-bred people who manifestly had been brought up to marry and give in marriage without trying to compete with a state where neither is done. In the fourth act the moon shone upon a little chalet in the leaves, and one saw that there are love and sacrifice and good-will enough to carry on the world in spite of its other connections. It was a play that made me thankful that Peleas and I have clung to each other through society and poverty and dyspepsia, and never have allied ourselves with the other side. And if any one thinks that there is a middle ground, I, who am seventy, know far better.

Now in the third act it chanced that the mother of the play, so to speak, at the height of her ambition that her daughter marry a fortune, as she had done, opened an old desk and came upon a photograph of the love of her own youth, whom she had not married. That was a sufficiently hackneyed situation, and the question that smote the mother must be one that is beating in very many hearts that give no sign; for she had truly loved this boy and he had died constant to her.

"When I die," prayed the woman, "let me go back—oh, let me go back and be with *him!*"

Personally, being a very hard and unforgiving woman, I had little patience with her; and, besides, I think better of heaven than to believe any such nonsense. Still, this may be because Peleas and I are certain that we will belong to each other when we die. Perhaps, if I had not married him—but I did and so there's an end to it.

Hardly had the curtain fallen when, to my utter amazement, Miss Willie Lillieblade suddenly leaned forward with this:

"Ettare," she said, earnestly, "do you believe that the people who truly love each other here are going to know each other when they die?"

"Certainly!" I cried, fearing that the very box would crumble beneath the heresy of that doubt.

"No matter how long after . . ." she said, wistfully.

"Not a bit of difference," said I, positively.

"You and Peleas can be surer than most," said Miss Willie, reflectively. "But suppose one of you had died thirty years ago or so. Would you be so sure?"

"Why, of course!" I cried. "Peleas is Peleas!"

"So he is," assented Miss Willie, and was silent for a little, and then said suddenly:

"Ettare! I mean this: When I was twenty," she went on, speaking very rapidly and not meeting my eyes, "I met a boy a little older than I, and I had known him only a few months when he went abroad to join his father. Before he went—he told me that he loved me"—it was like seeing the jonquils bloom in snow to hear Miss Willie say this!—"and I know that I loved him. He was killed on a mountain in Switzerland. And I wonder and wonder—you see, that was fifty years ago," said Miss Willie, "but I wonder—"

Oh, I think that the very air longed to flower about us then! I know that there were little presences that listened and rejoiced; for Long Love—Long Love—this is the delight of the world!

I sat up very straight, hardly daring to look at her. All you young people who talk with such pretty concern of love, do you know what it will be, when you are seventy, to come suddenly upon one of these flowers, still fresh, which you throw about you now?

"Since he died loving you—and you

have loved him all these years," I said, trying to keep my voice from trembling, "never tell me that you will not be each other's—afterward."

And at least no one need dispute me who cannot prove the contrary!

"But where—where?" cried Miss Willie—poor little Miss Willie, echoing the cry of every one in the world! It was very strange to see this little vial of spiced cordial wondering about the immortality of love.

"I don't know where or how," I said, helplessly, "but believe it and you'll see."

Dear, dear, how I reproached myself later to think that I could have said no more than that! Many a fine response that I might have made I compounded afterward—all about love that is infinite and eternal, so that it fills all the universe and one cannot get beyond it—and so on, in long phrases; but there in that box not one other word could I say. And yet, when one thinks of it, what is there to say when one is asked about this, save simply, "I don't know how or where—but believe it and you'll see!"

We said little else, and I sat there with all that great company of blue and pink waists dancing about me through my tears in a fashion that would have astonished them. It was as if the heart of all the world were beating there in the box beside me.

So much for Miss Willie as an instance in my forthcoming argument with Peleas about every one in the world loving some one! Miss Willie had gone over to his side of the case outright. I began to doubt that there would be any argument. Still—there was always Nichola. If all the world fell in love and went quite mad, there would yet be Nichola, fluting her "Yah!" to any such notion.

I fancy that neither Miss Willie nor I heard very much of that last act, in spite of its moonlit chalet among the leaves. But one picture I carried away with me, and the sound of one voice. They were those of a girl in her happiness waiting in the door of the chalet.

"Dear," she said to her sweetheart, "if we had never met, if we had never seen each other, it seems as if the love that I bear you would yet have followed you, without my knowing. Maybe some day you would have heard it knocking at your heart—and you would have called it a wish, or a dream."

Afterward I recalled that I was saying those words over as we made our way up the aisle.

We were almost the last to leave the theater—I like that final glimpse of a haunted place where happy people have just been. We found the coupé, and a frantic carriage man put us in, very gently, though he banged the door in that fashion which seems to be the only outlet to a carriage man's emotions.

"Good-night," said Miss Willie Lillieblade at my door, and gave my hand an unwonted squeeze. I knew why. Dear, starved heart, she must have longed for years to talk about that boy, and one is ever tender to one's confidante. I watched her coupé roll toward the great, lonely house. Never tell me that the boy who died in Switzerland was not beside her hearth waiting her coming!

Our drawing-room was dimly lighted. I took off my bonnet there and found myself longing for my tea. I am wont to ring the bell for Nichola only upon very stately occasions, and certainly not at times when, in her eyes, I tremble upon the brink of "losing my immortal soul at this late day." Accordingly I went down to the kitchen.

I cautiously pushed open the door, for I am frankly afraid of Nichola, who is in everything a frightful nonconformist. There was no fire on the hearth, but the bracket lamp was lighted, and on a chair lay Nichola's best shawl. Nichola, in her black gown and wearing her best bonnet, was just arranging the tea things on a tray.

"I'm glad that you've been out, Nichola," said I, very gently—as gently as a truant child, I fancy!—"it is such a beautiful day."

"Who," said Nichola grimly, without looking at me, "said I'd been out?"

"Why, I saw you—" I began.

"Where was I?" demanded Nichola, shrilly, whirling about.

"I saw you with your bonnet on," said I, and added with dignity, "You may bring the tea up at once, and mind that there is plenty of hot water!"

Then I scurried upstairs, my old heart beating at my daring. I had actually ordered Nichola about! I half expected in consequence that she would bring me up cold coffee, but she came up quietly enough, with some delicious tea and crumpets. At the door, with unwonted meekness, she asked me if everything were right; and I, not abating one jot of my majesty, told her that there might be a bit more butter for the crumpets. She even brought that, and left me marveling. I could as readily imagine the kitchen range with an emotion as Nichola with a guilty conscience, and yet—sometimes I have a guilty conscience myself, and I always act first very self-sufficient and then very humble, just like Nichola.

When she was putting on the dessert that night at my solitary dinner, she spoke; and if the kitchen range had kissed a hand at me, I would not have been more amazed.

"Every one took their parts very well this afternoon, I thought," she stiffly volunteered.

I looked at her blankly. Then slowly it dawned upon me: The best shawl, the guilty conscience—Nichola had been to the matinée!

"Nichola!" I said, "were you—"

"Certain," she said curtly. "I ain't no call to be no more careful of my soul than what you are."

I—the keeper of Nichola, who has bullied Peleas and me about for years!

"Did—did you like it, Nichola?" I asked, doubtfully, a little unaware how to treat a discussion of original sin like this.

"Yes, I did," she replied, unexpectedly, "But—do you believe all of it?"

"Believe that it really happened?" I asked in bewilderment.

"No," said Nichola, nervously catching up a corner of the tablecloth in her brown fingers. "Believe that that she said—in the door, there?"

It came to me then, dimly, but before I could tell—or remember—

"That about 'If we hadn't never met,'" quoted Nichola, "'it sorter seems as though my love would 'a' followed you up, even if I didn't know nothin' about it. An' mebbe you'd 'a' heard it somewheres an' 'a' thought it was a wish, or a dream.' That part," said Nichola.

And then I understood—I understood.

"Nichola!" I said, "Yes! I believe it with all my heart! I know it is so!"

Nichola looked at me wistfully.

"But wishes may be just wishes," she said, "an' when you dream nights it may be just dreamin' nights—"

"Never!" I cried, positively. "Most of the time they are the voices of the people who would love us, if they were alive."

Old Nichola's face, with its gray moss hair about it and its little unremembering eyes, seldom changes expression, save to look angry. I think, like the carriage man slamming all the doors, that Nichola relieves all emotion by anger. When I die I expect that she will drive every one out of the house with the broom in proof of her grief. Therefore I was not surprised to see her look at me now with a sudden frown and flush that should have terrorized me.

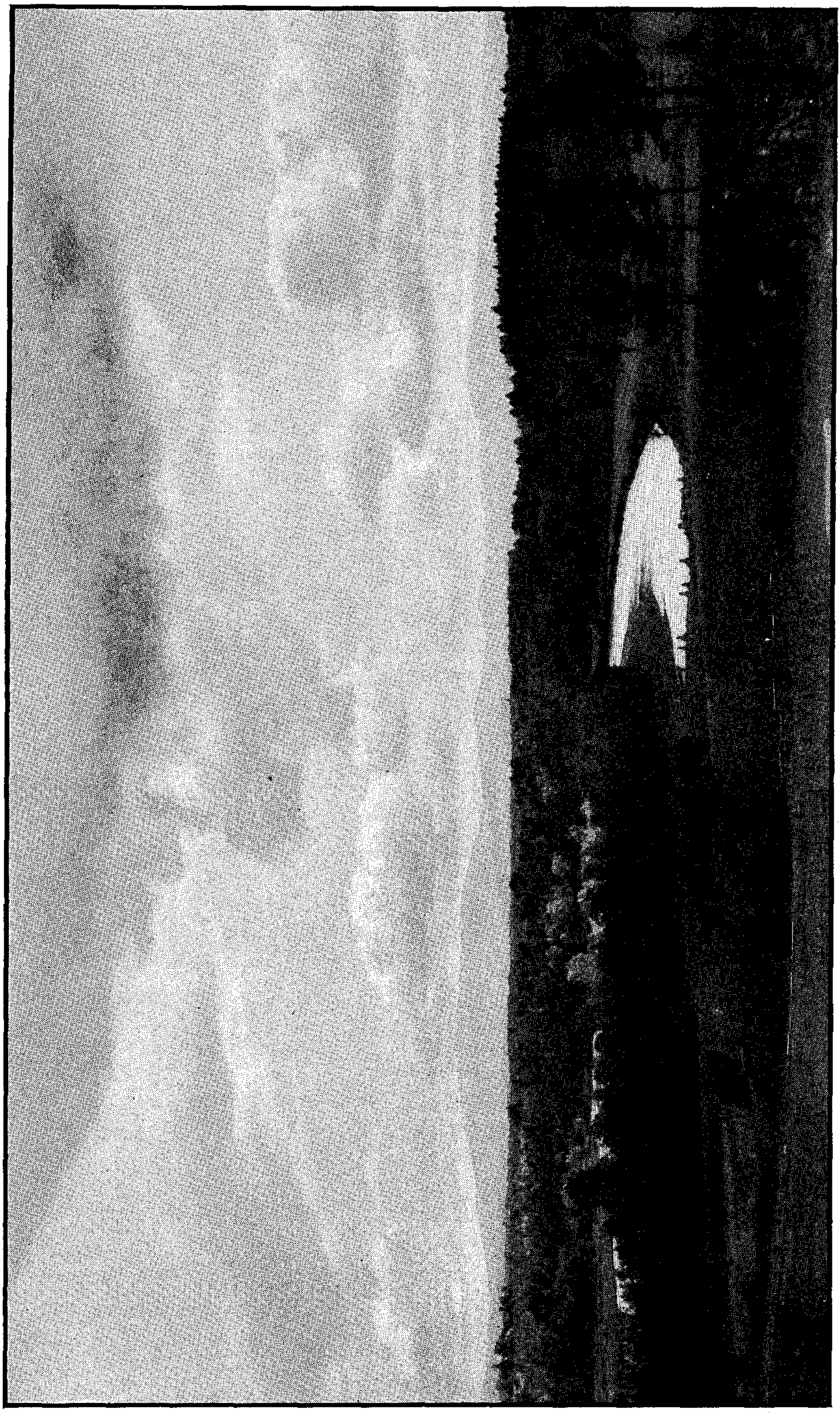
"Heaven over us!" she said, turning abruptly, "the silly folks who dream! I've never dreamed a thing in my life. Do you want more whipped cream?"

"No," I said, gently. "No, Nichola."

I was not deceived. Nichola knew it and banged the door, muttering. But I was not deceived. I knew what she had meant. Nichola! that old woman whose life had some way been cast up on this barren coast near the citadel of the love of Peleas and me—Nichola, who had lived lonely in the grim company of the duties of a household not her own—Nichola, at sixty-odd, to be welcoming the belief that the love which she never had inspired was some way about her, all the time!

Where was my side of the argument to be held with Peleas? Where indeed? But I was glad to see it go.

All the evening I sat quietly before the fire. There was no need for books. The drawing-room was warm and bright. The supper for Peleas was drawn to the open fire, and my rose was on the tray. When I heard him close the front door, it seemed to me that I must welcome him for us three—for Miss Willie and Nichola and me.



THE GREEN MOUNTAINS AND THE COUNTRY WEST OF BURLINGTON

TARRY AT HOME TRAVELS[1]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

"My mind impels me to write on places where I have been
and on some of the people whom I have seen in them"

THIRD PAPER

Vermont

VERMONT is a region of wonderful picturesque beauty. The fields are very fertile, and it has proved to have great agricultural resources. For myself, I have never seen fields of clover which compared with the rich clover fields of Vermont when clover is in blossom. I suppose there are such fields elsewhere, but I never saw them. All the same, the first white settlement of Vermont was as late as the year 1724, when Fort Dummer, in the southern part of the State, was built by the Province of Massachusetts. But, as has been said, no considerable number of settlers went in until the Peace of 1762 made that frontier of New England secure against foreign invasion. It was a frontier State, and, as I said in speaking of Maine just now, it was a field of war, not of peace.

For some reason or other there were no native residents there at the time when our first white colonists landed, so men say. It was by a sort of common consent on the part of the Indians who lived in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York, I think, that when, in hunting, the Indians met each other there they did not cut each other's throats. I am apt to think, however, also, that if a party of Iroquois crossed from central New York into that region, they would have fought against the Indians of New England, who were their standing enemies. Remember that the Iroquois vocabulary was absolutely different from that of the New England tribes, and so were their methods of social life and their warfare. Has any one ever heard of a New England Indian burning a prisoner to death, as the Iroquois undoubtedly did?

Anyway, what is sure is that there was no resident population of Indians, though in summer they went down to Lake Champlain, having fished and hunted deer up and down through the valleys.

While the New Hampshire mountains rest mostly on granite, the mountain range of the Green Mountains which runs through Vermont rests on slates and shales which were often tipped up almost perpendicularly.

So it happens that the mountains of Vermont are more picturesque, on the whole, than are the New Hampshire mountains. That sort of puddingy aspect which people criticise in our dear Mount Washington hardly appears in the Green Mountains. For the same reason the river gorges are more like the cañons of the West than any other valleys in New England. The story is a familiar one of the country doctor who, pressing his horse home at midnight over a bridge which he had crossed by daylight, found the horse very unwilling to go. It proved next day that he had pressed the horse along a stringpiece of the bridge, from which the boards had been washed away since he passed early in the day. This

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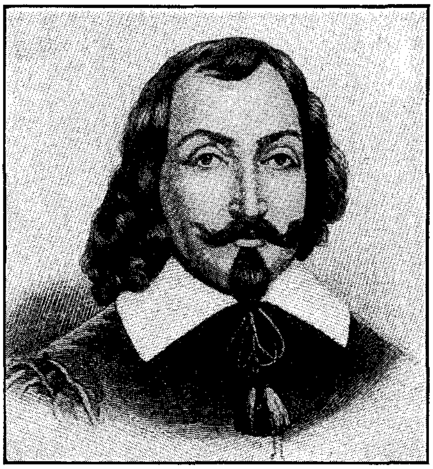
story is told, perfectly authenticated, I should say, of one of the streams which flows into Lake Champlain. It is told just as well authenticated in Berkshire County in Massachusetts. The reader may judge whether the same thing happened twice. What I know is that it might have happened at either of these gorges. The walls of the torrent in both cases are a sort of slaty shale which rises perpendicular from the water.

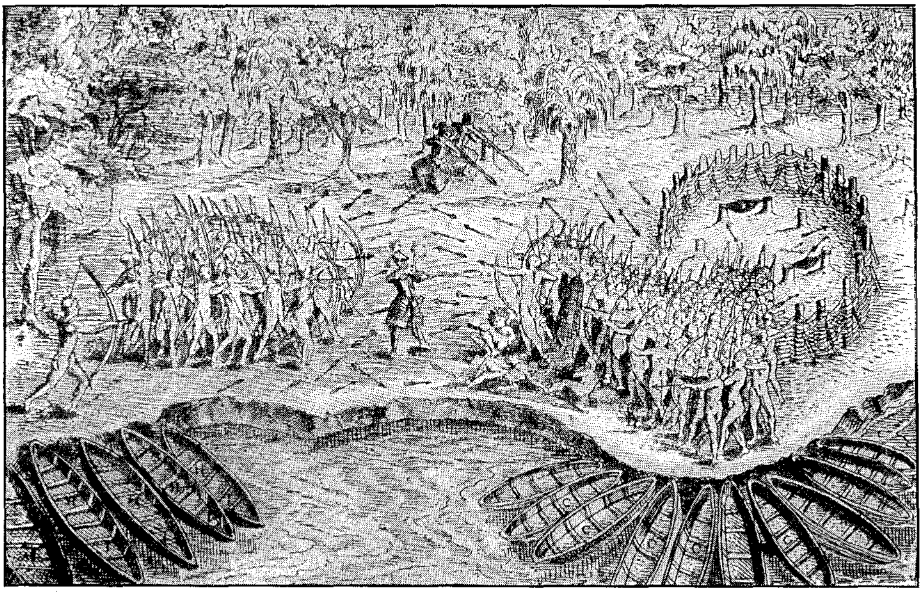
The civilized history of Vermont begins only when the incursions of Indians and Jesuits ceased with Wolfe's victory. Then began a sort of enthusiasm for settlement of those beautiful valleys. There are still extant the records of the parties which were sent in one or another town of Connecticut, Massachusetts, or New Hampshire, and some of their marching songs. Thus there grew up the sturdy set of Green Mountain boys who give such picturesqueness to the history of that whole region. In 1777 the English Governors of Canada hoped that they should seduce these people from allegiance to the Continental Congress, which had never done anything for them. One of them was imprudent enough to ask Ira Allen to accept the governorship of Vermont as a premium to be paid him if he would give over Vermont to the King's troops and Royal allegiance. "He offered to make me Governor of Vermont," said Allen, "the same as the devil offered Jesus Christ all the kingdoms of the world, and the poor critter did not own an inch of the kingdoms of the world, and no more did the Governor of Canada own an inch of Vermont."


SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN
After the Hamel portrait

From that day to this day Vermont has earned the name, among people who knew anything about it, of a model democracy. I wish that one of the intelligent Swiss writers of government would come over here to see how they do things in Vermont. You see, there are no very large cities. Burlington, the largest of them all, is a model city for the world to take note of and keep in memory.

I like to put in here a description of Burlington which I made in a speech before Alpha Delta Phi at its annual convention in New York in 1888. I had had, not long before, a friendly passage with Matthew Arnold, who had said rather carelessly that there was nothing "distinguished" in America.

When I heard in conversation this criticism, which I have never seen, about the absence of anything "distinguished" in our cities, I asked myself what was the last American city I had visited in my winter travels. As it happened, it was one of the smallest of American cities—the city of Burlington, in the State of Vermont. I may be told that there was nothing distinguished there. Perhaps not; but I know that, as we entered the town, as I looked back on the Green Mountains, which had been white with snow all day, but were now rosy red in the glory of the setting sun, I thought it was one of the noblest visions I had ever looked upon. I turned back to look upon the clouds of sunset—to see, far away, the sun as he went down between the broken range of the Adirondack Mountains. Between was the white ice of Lake Champlain. So far as nature has anything to offer to the eye, I had certainly never seen in the travels of forty years any position chosen for a city more likely to impress a traveler as remarkable, and to live always in his memory. I had been summoned to Burlington on an errand connected with the public administration of charity. It was supposed that, as I came from Boston, I knew how cities ought to be governed. Anyway, I was up there as an



THE DEFEAT OF THE IROQUOIS AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN

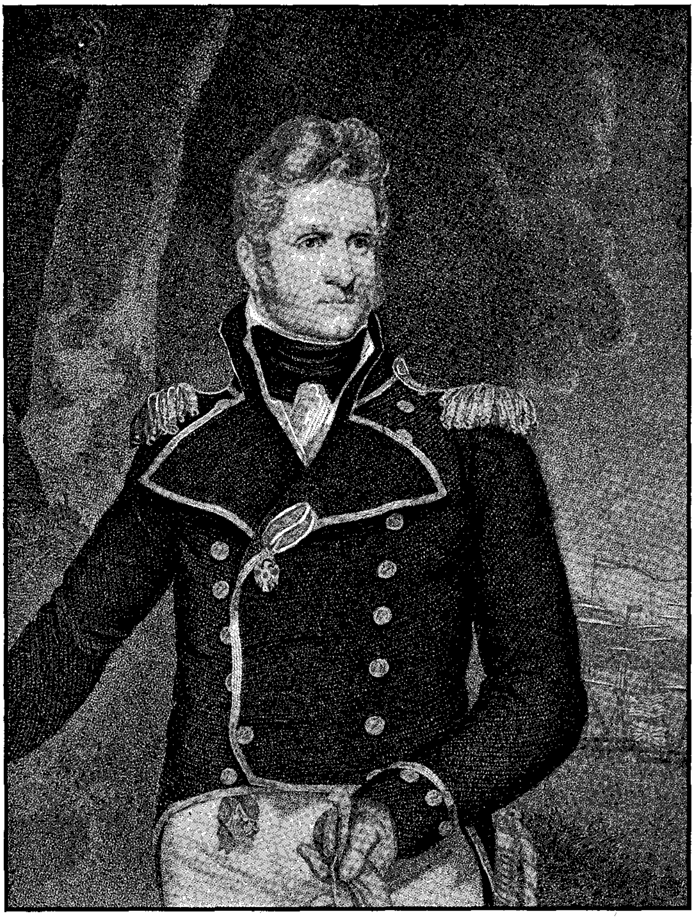
A facsimile of Champlain's engraving in his edition of 1613

expert. Now, what was the chief thing I found? Those of you who have ever been in Burlington will know that I was in a city of palaces. I mean by that that there are private homes there, which, while they have the comforts of a log cabin, display the elegances of a palace. But I shall be told that this is not distinguished now—that this may be seen everywhere in a country as rich as America. Let it be so. Then they took me to visit a new hospital, arranged with everything which modern science knows for the treatment of disease, with a staff of surgeons and physicians who might stand unawed before the great leaders in their profession; and they told me that here any person in Vermont who was in need could be treated by the best science of the nineteenth century, and with the tenderest care which the Christian religion inspires. They told me that this institution was maintained by a fund of nearly half a million dollars, given by one lady, for this purpose of blessing her brothers and sisters of mankind. If this be a commonplace monument, let us thank God that we live in a commonplace land. They took me then to the public library. They showed me the Canadian immigrants from the other side of the border thronging the passages that each might have his French book to read, the German immigrant pressing for his book; they showed a perfect administration for the supply of these needs. And they showed me that they had not only provided for the rank and file in this way—providing, observe, thousands of books in German and thousands of books in French—but they showed the "last sweet thing" in the criticism of Dante, the last publications of the archæological societies of Italy—books and prints which had been issued, well, let us say it among ourselves, for as dainty people as you and I are, for the elegant students of Browning or of mediæval times. They had taken as good care of us in our daintiness as they had taken of the Canadian wood-chopper or of the German mechanic. This seemed to me rather a distinguished bit of administration. And so I might go on to tell you about other arrangements for charities, of their forelook in regard to sanitary arrangements. And when I asked them on the particular matter where I was sent for to give counsel—how many people they had in their Blackwell's Island establishments, in their public institutions for the poor—I found there was a momentary question whether there were three of these people at that moment in these public institutions, or possibly four!

That is so distinguished a condition of affairs that I should not dare tell that story in any social science congress in Europe. It would be set down as a Yankee exaggeration. People would say it was impossible. It is not impossible, because the men and women of Burlington have known how to give themselves to the administration of the wealth in common. Among other things, I may say, in passing, that they have known how to suppress the open bar.

To the reader at a distance, who knows nothing of New England life, it will be as well to say that such homage as I am thus paying to Vermont is a homage to local government. What in Vermont we call republican democracy, or democratic republicanism, results in such a picture as I have here printed of Burlington. It is what Kropotkin and his friends would call anarchy, by which they mean strongly accented local government with no central power. Given a region of intelligent men, and men who love God and wish to serve him, a region where most people live where they have lived since childhood, a region where everybody can read and write; and let the people of such a region take care of themselves, of their own schools, their own roads, their own poorhouses, without the interference of any central authority, and you come out on the State of Vermont, or something like it.

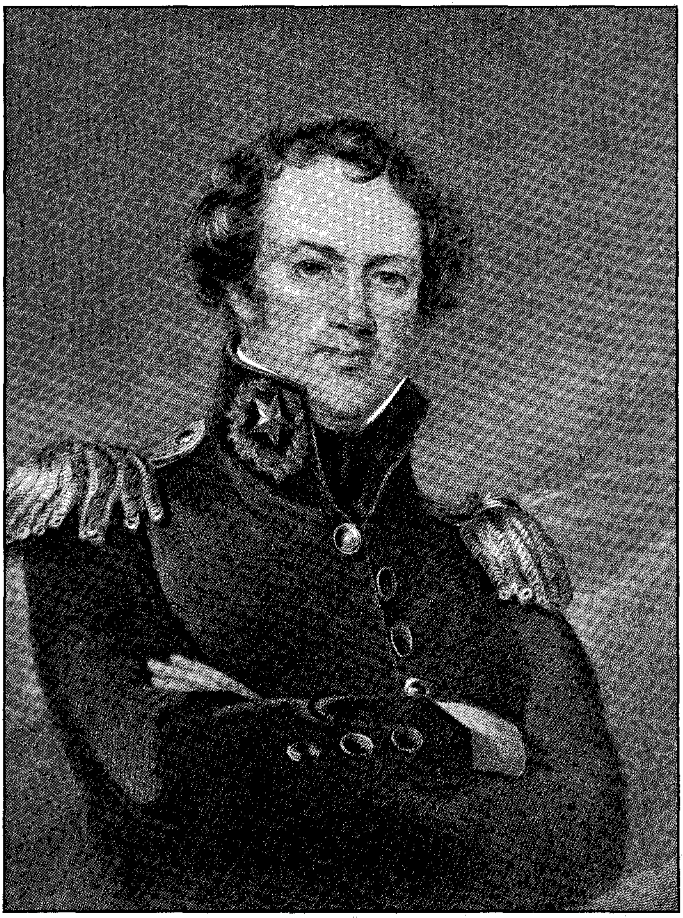
The annual session of the Legislature ranges from three days to ten. I had the pleasure of meeting one of Vermont's Governors once for a few days at a hotel in



CAPTAIN THOMAS MACDONOUGH

From an engraving by J. B. Forrest after a painting by J. W. Jarvis western North Carolina. Every morning at breakfast he brought in the business of the State of Vermont in an envelope in which he had received it from the Secretary of State. The whole of it could be transmitted for four cents' worth of postage. This Governor, if the Philistines want to know, had a salary of a thousand dollars a year, and if it were necessary for his wife's health or for his own studies that he should spend a month in western North Carolina, why, he could do so and transact the gubernatorial business of the State through the Post-Office. Happy is that people whose history is not written! Happy is that people whose legislative sessions are short! Happy is that State which always votes the Republican ticket! They invented a new motto for their State some fifty years ago, "The star which never sets."

There are many, many ways to see Vermont. There are many, many pleasant places to visit in Vermont. Go, if you please, to Atherton, an imaginary town which I invented for my unread novel, "Sybil Knox." For myself, I never enjoyed life more than I did when, in 1864, I started with my haversack from the mouth of the Ashuelot River and walked across to Burlington and Lake Champlain. I could make a book about my memories of that walk, of the persons who joined me, of the scenery, and of the glorious prosperity of the free people.

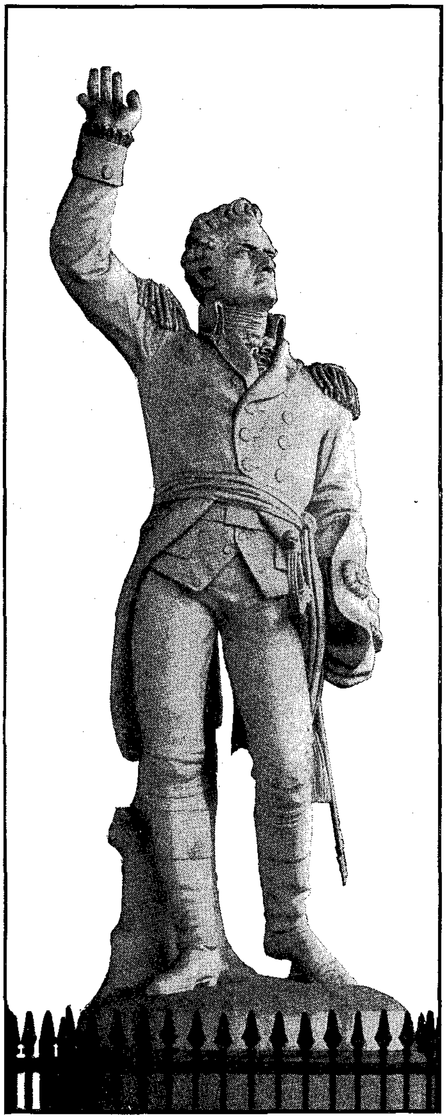

MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER MACOMB
From an engraving by J. B. Longacre after a painting by T. Sully

The State has a Revolutionary history which is well worth following; of those who are remembered and, as the Book of Ecclesiasticus says, of those others who were not remembered. Let me tell the story of their Nathan Hale; for, as I have said above, they had a Nathan Hale of their own.

When Burgoyne was coming down in triumph with the jaunty battle-flags which for a week

"in triumph vain
Gay flaunted over
blue Champlain,"

when he dispossessed General St. Clair at Ticonderoga and with his elegant army marched southward, our United States had nobody to meet him but the Vermont militia—the Green Mountain boys. These fine fellows were entirely outnumbered. They knew as much of military tactics as the reader of these lines knows and but little more. But they knew how to fight and they knew how to die. Almost every morning they would attack Burgoyne's advance; they would fling themselves against these well-trained regiments and they would be beaten, and then they would form again and do the same again—perhaps the next day. There is something very fine in Burgoyne's soldierly account of this as he defended himself before the House of Lords and told of their courage, the persistency of their opposition to his triumphant advance. In one of those skirmishes, necessary or unnecessary as you choose to call such things, the Vermont Nathan Hale, captain of his company, was wounded and left on the field. Burgoyne sent him back to Montreal with other prisoners, advanced in triumph to Saratoga and to his destiny. Young Hale recovered so far that he was sent round to the prison ship in New York City, I suppose with some hope of an exchange. In the prison ship he died; his bones are among the bones which they are interring again in Brooklyn this year. He died a soldier's death—as a soldier, I suppose, likes to die—he died of a wound received on the field of battle. Just a year before, his cousin, Nathan Hale, a Connecticut cousin, was hanged in disgrace by General Howe, whose people had arrested him a few days before. He was hanged at the corner of the little park near Broadway. The disgrace of his being hanged rested on the whole Connecticut household from which he came. The method of his death was what they grieved for. My own father, who bore his uncle's name, was forbidden to speak of him to his father, because the whole was so painful. His one request when he was told that he must die was that he might be shot and not be hanged. But now one of these Nathan Hales is remembered. There is a statue to him on Broadway. I stop to read the inscription every time



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THE ETHAN ALLEN STATUE AT MONTPELIER

I pass there: "I am sorry that I have but one life to give to my country;" and I have never stopped there but some newsboy was at my side reading the same inscription. And the other of those Nathan Hales was never, I think, heard of by the reader of these lines till he reads them now. So far as fame goes, one of the two was taken and the other left, and the one who was taken was the one who thought he might be disgraced by the manner of his death.

In writing about New Hampshire I spoke of the battle of Bennington as belonging with Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga. Colonel Creasy spoke of that as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. Bennington was in what was called the Hampshire Grants, which so soon declared their own independence and made Vermont a State which joined the old Thirteen when she chose.

There is another feather in the cap of Vermont, which her own people prize perhaps, but outside her own borders it is not referred to so often as is that battle where the "Benningtons beat." That feather was won the day of the double battle of Plattsburg, when General Macomb with his little army drove back Sir George Prevost with the English army, and when McDonough, only thirty years old, with the American fleet, sank or drove back the English fleet. That was one of the battles of ship-builders, as somebody calls them—Henry Adams, I think—when the question was, which could get a ship to sea before the other. McDonough's fleet went out almost as Æneas's went out from Cathage, with the green leaves growing on the end of their spars. Macomb's army was made up of such soldiers as he found. He had fifteen hundred effectives, by which he means, soldiers enlisted by the United States. McDonough did sink the great part of the English fleet, and drove the rest northward. On shore the English troops, before they made their main attack, heard the cheering of their American enemy on account of the defeat of the fleet, and so retreated—a retreat which went as far as Canada. Of course the repulse was appreciated at the time, when, indeed, it was greatly needed in America, for the capture of the city of Washington by Ross's army had taken place about a fortnight before. The effect of this repulse in England was practically that it ended the war.

The Ministry asked the Duke of Wellington to come over to America and to take the command. His answer is a very interesting letter, showing that he understood the condition more completely than some of those people who called themselves the Government.

"Had any considerations of personal glory . . . induced me to pursue those offensive operations by land, independently of the fleet, which it would appear were expected of me," the results would have been disastrous, he says. Such operations have been attempted before on the same ground. And twenty-five years later he said that he "thought he sent them some of his best troops from Bordeaux, but they did not turn out quite right. They wanted this iron fist to command them." Condensing his various despatches declining to come over here and assume the command, it appears that we should consider the critical battle of the whole concern was that in which McDonough and Macomb took command at Plattsburg. Observe the *Mac* in the name of the two commanders; and young men may as well observe that the sailor was thirty years old and the general was thirty-two years old. This reminds us of the men of the Revolution.

Students and people who care for history, and people who care for the English language, and people who are glad that the United States *is* a Nation, will not forget that George Perkins Marsh was a Vermonter, a man who has rendered very great service to us all. He was very kind to me when I was a mere boy, and honored me by his correspondence till he died. And there is no better illustration of the healthy and hearty results when you trust a nation to the insight and foresight of democracy. In the old days of Southern supremacy, Vermont voted alone every year for the rule of free men in the Nation, the star which never sets, without what the politicians would call "reward." But when General Taylor came in, and for a few years the men of business at the North ruled the land in place of the politicians of the South, it was thought at Washington that Vermont should be "rewarded," and they asked her representative, George Perkins Marsh, if he would accept a foreign mission.

Now, it happened that Marsh had been all his life studying the languages, the scenes, and the legends of northern Europe, and his friends intimated that it would be agreeable to him to represent this country at Copenhagen. Recollect that all this about Vinland and Thorfinn and Thorvald and the rest had just come to light. But they said they could not send him to Copenhagen, but that they would send him to Constantinople. Scandinavian or Semitic—what difference did that make as the dice-box of patronage threw out its six or its five! And indeed that happened if anything happens; so that this master of Northern literature took in as a matter of course the Oriental questions and added the treasures of the East to the stock which seemed ample before. He afterwards traveled in the north of Europe; he spent a year in Italy, to the great advantage of us all, and in our philological matters which relate to our own language he is one of the great leaders. But I do not like to speak of him without speaking of his charming wife, who made additions not to be forgotten to the literature of the century.

I think that the young men and young women of Vermont who want a college training are apt to go to their own colleges, Burlington and Middlebury, and that they are wise in doing so. I dare not go into the successes of Vermont's sons and daughters in literature. Everybody remembers, not to speak of persons now living in this country whose names and work we read every day, Saxe, and the Stevenses, Henry and Benjamin Franklin, to whom we owe inestimable contributions to American history. Vermont adopted Mr. Kipling, though he has run away from us for the moment.

Take care, while you are in Vermont, to see the great Proctor Marble Quarries. There is a town of Proctor, where some of them are. But I do not know how far their marvelous enterprise extends. I do know that Richard Greenough told me that the statuary marble of Vermont was equal to any in the world. And I think one or two of his best works preserve the memory of—what shall I say?—the blush or the sunset hue which just redeems the pure white from chill. Senator Proctor's service to the country when the Cuban War began will never be forgotten.

And if you visit him this summer, let him know that you remember that Vermont gave the Morgan horse to the country. For the Senator has highly determined that that race of horses shall not die out from the land.

The Kingdom of the Meek

By Priscilla Leonard

Kings choose their soldiers from the strong and sound
  And hurl them forth to battle at command.
  Across the centuries, o'er sea and land,
Age after age, the shouts of war resound;
Yet, at the end, the whole wide world around,
  Each empty empire, once so proudly planned,
  Melts through Time's fingers like the dropping sand.
But once, a King—despised, forsaken, crowned
Only with thorns—chose in the face of loss
  Earth's poor, her weak, her outcast, gave them love,
    And sent them forth to conquer in his name
    The world that crucified him, and proclaim
  His empire. Lo! pride's vanished thrones above,
Behold the enduring banner of the Cross!

MEXICO'S PACIFIC CONQUEST

BY WALLACE GILLPATRICK

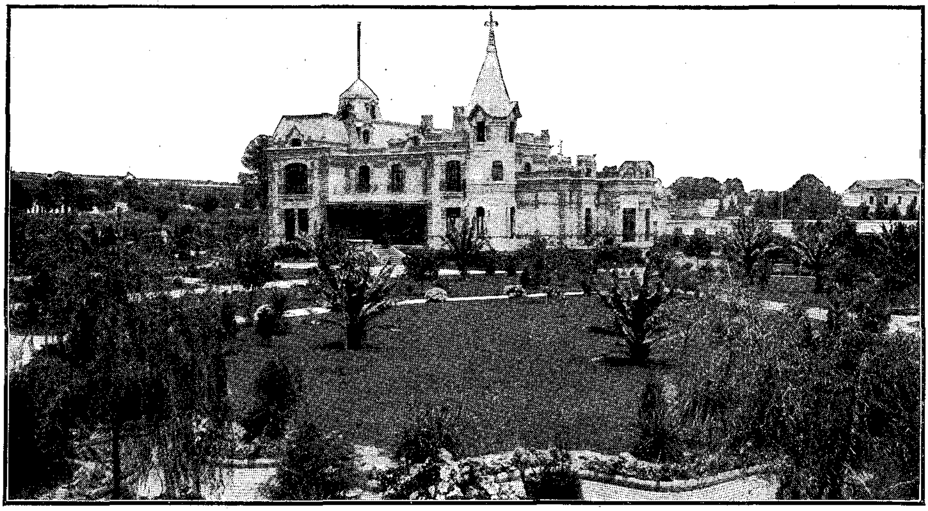
THAT a pacific conquest is going on in Mexico is realized by awakened Americans residing in the country. They have become aware of it through their own experience and the confessions of other Americans, who acknowledge themselves among the conquered; and while many more have not confessed this even to themselves, their fate is deferred only—it is not averted.

The Americans who earliest submit to the by no means galling yoke of Mexico are those who are exceedingly credulous as to the possible good or evil, not in racial groups or nations, but in human beings, and whose mental frame when they go to Mexico is, on the whole, a receptive one. The first concrete impression they receive after crossing the Rio Grande is that an unwritten law exists, fixed as the stars, prescribing the consideration due from one individual to another; its manifestation is so evanescent in character that it is difficult to qualify it, and while it certainly is courteous, it also is admirably human. Apart from the stately and deliberate ceremonial of Mexico, charming to many Americans, there is something sane and homely about every-day life that is grateful to reasonable people.

While it is not easy to put one's finger on the mainspring of a national trait, this considerateness on the part of the Mexicans apparently emanates from pride and self-respect. But an ounce of demonstration is worth a pound of theorizing; take, for example, the very common experience of being elbowed or jostled in a crowd; the American visitor notes that it is extremely rare in Mexico, that personal collision is scrupulously avoided, and that when unavoidable it is followed by an apology. While somewhat surprising, this is far from unpleasant. He observes that slight services and attentions are as frequent among men as from men to women, and finds himself a participant; and while the American's amusement at Latin punctiliousness is typified in the excruciatingly funny "After you, my dear Alphonse!" which as a satire is relished keenly by Latins themselves, he realizes in Mexico that underlying it are real kindness and generosity, which materially add to his own pleasure and comfort. Again, if he volunteers some trivial service for a lady—let us assume that she is a stranger, and both young and attractive—he is rewarded by a frank and hearty acknowledgment, as kind as it is dignified.

A more difficult matter to illustrate, perhaps, is the tacit deference shown toward the foreigner; but it is no exaggeration to say that in all parts of the republic, save where his own indiscretions have made it no longer possible, as in some of the large cities, the newcomer is accorded the right of initiative in forming social relations. He may pay visits or send cards to those families he desires to know, and, whether his overtures are fruitful or otherwise, he will receive naught but utmost courtesy in return. His social position in a community will be decided ultimately by his mode of answering the most human of queries from a community to an individual—not "Who are you?" but "What are you?"

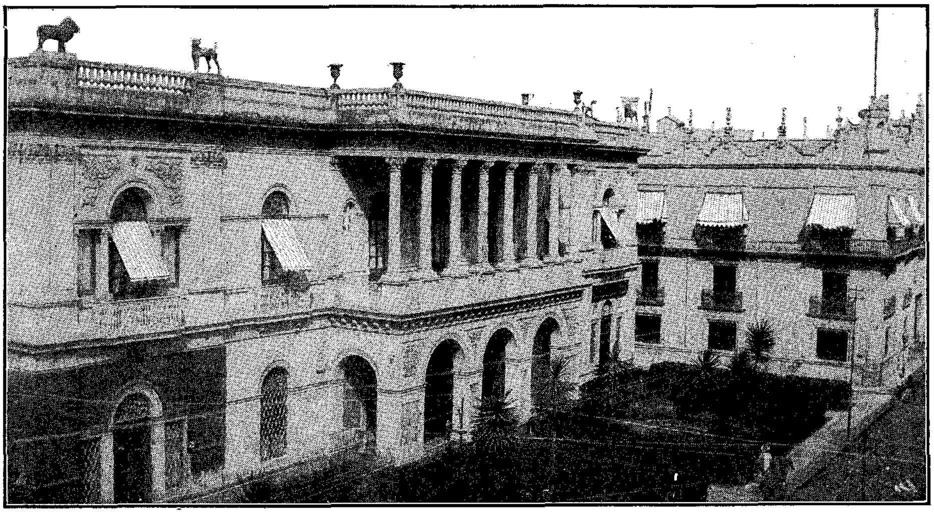
Americans who have replied satisfactorily to this question have formed friendships which they will never relinquish willingly, and through these friendships life has become broader and richer. How can it be other than broadening to know intimately a people whose traditions, customs, habits of thought, aims, and ideals, civilization in fact, are quite different from our own, and to discover that, despite the difference, if a just and discriminating balance be struck, the ratio of the desirable and the undesirable is about the same as with us? This assumed ratio would be denied, doubtless, by Americans whose life in Mexico is superficial so far as the real Mexico is concerned, and whose views regarding the national customs and institutions



THE SUBURBAN HOME OF MR. JULIO LIMANTOUR, BROTHER OF THE MINISTER OF FINANCE

have been acquired from ill-informed sources before they entered the country, or from hasty and imperfect observation on going there; who have taken their environment with them, so far as lay in their power, and who, forgetting that their own customs and not those of Mexico are now exotic, maintain a strange and absurd attitude toward the country whose guests they are, varying from affected superciliousness to grim disapproval. The best fortune that can be wished them is that they may acquire sufficient grace to relax their eternal vigilance and let in the sunshine of the land and people.

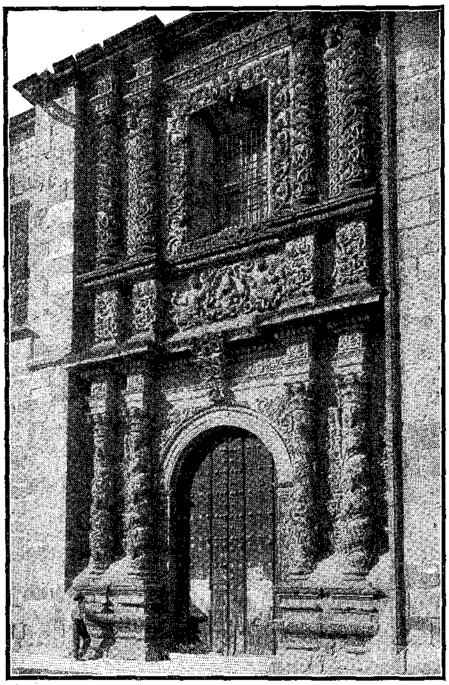
The Americans who will approve this ratio of the desirable and the undesirable in the civilization of Mexico as compared with our own are those who have lived amid the natural environment of the country, and who, without fundamental change of thought or principle, have inquiringly sought to penetrate and analyze the thought and principle of their Mexican acquaintances; who have enjoyed the piquancy of new and original ideas not less than the familiarity of



THE FAMOUS CASA DE AZULEJOS (HOUSE OF TILES) IN MEXICO CITY, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE JOCKEY CLUB

It was formerly the palace of the Counts of Orizaba, descendants of Cortez. The large building with the garden before it is the town house of the Escandon family related ones; who have formed friendships delightfully novel in externals, but in time of sickness or trouble as old and homely as life itself; who, loving their own country and people, can still rejoice in the virtues of their adopted land and new-found friends; and who visit their former homes each year only to return south as unerringly as the swallow, and frequently for no other reason than his—because they wish to go.

What is the lure that continually draws Americans back to Mexico—that is continually tugging at the heart-strings of those who have lived there?—for, sentimental as this may sound, it is true. Witness the successful American who wins his spurs in Mexico, returns to the United States, receives an offer that is flattering as to both immediate and future financial reward, yet who hesitates, ponders, weighs the multitudinous things that go to make up the day there and here, and goes back to Mexico. Has he grown wise as to the possibilities of a life somewhat less grinding than ours? *Quien sabe?* Or take the mining magnate who has made his millions in Mexico's mines, and who returns again and again, year after year, with his wife and daughters, to ride for days over Mexico's illimitable mountains, purple in the distance, green with pine forests when they are gained, with the healing of fragrant winds and silence in their depths, the uplifting of boundless height and vastness on their summits, and occasional meetings with mountain folk whose primitive goodness makes the world seem young again. There is primitive badness, too, but its manifestation is usually passional rather than deliberate in nature. Mountain travel in Mexico has become practically free from danger, and the rude crosses beside the trail, that mark the scenes of former bloodshed, add to the traveler's experience the somber charm unfailingly associated with tragedies that are past.

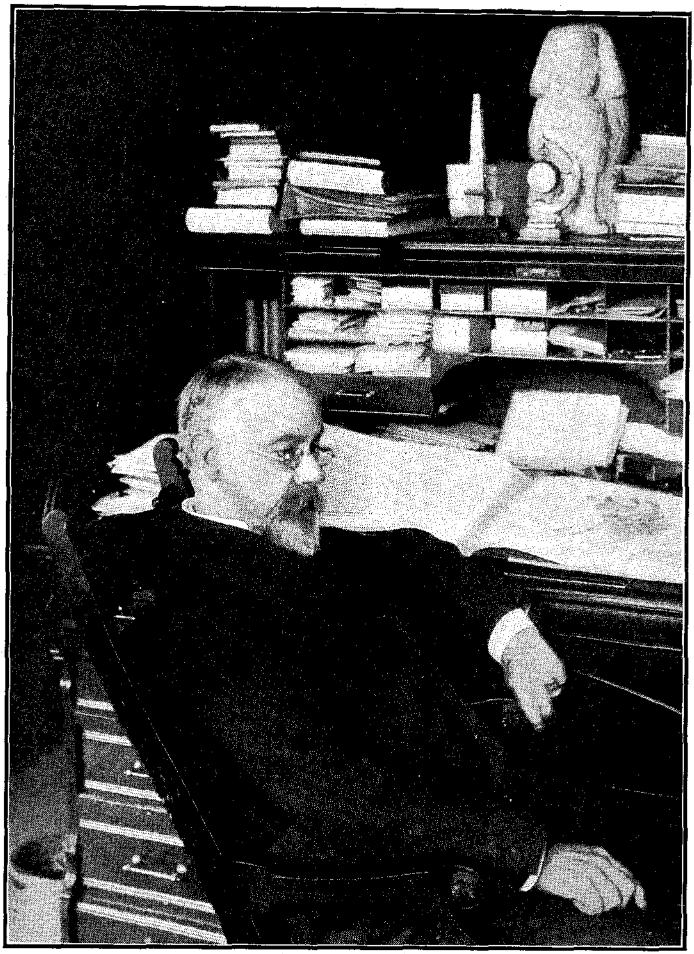

THE DOORWAY OF SANTA MONICA AT GUADALAJARA

The Mexicans archly attribute the magic of Mexico to the waters of the miraculous spring of Guadalupe, near the hill of that name in the environs of Mexico City, where stands the superb church dedicated to the patron saint of the nation, and where, early or late, all the world goes. Drink of the waters at Guadalupe, and, wander where you may, you will return at last to Mexico!

The practical American says it is business that takes him back; but, admitting this as primary cause, even the practical American senses, dimly or fully, the beauty and grandeur in nature and art, and owns the delight of almost perfect weather conditions, with constant morning sunshine, whether it be the wet or the dry season, and with wonderful nights throughout the latter that make night life on the great central plateau a sort of enchantment, possible only in Mexico and in a portion of northern Africa. But, more than all, many Americans acknowledge something which we who reach middle life cease to name with quite the freedom of youth, while we realize its deeper meaning. There is no disloyalty in the admission of love for other countries and peoples. It means only that, as we become aware of our relationship to the human family as a whole, we demand and enjoy intercourse with the different members of the family. We should be the first to awaken to this want, for the American race-blend is so varied that there is every chance of our encountering manifold sympathies and relationships in other peoples.

A distinct charm of Mexico is the language, and this is enhanced by the kindness of the Mexicans in aiding the foreigner to acquire it. The American whose ear has been pleased by the music of Spanish-American voices in California, where he does not feel the need of Spanish, however, for the reason that all Californians speak English, often goes to Mexico with that sublime disregard of any but his mother tongue common to Americans. Perhaps he has provided the following quite easy phrases: ¡Buenos días! (Good-day!), ¡Adiós! (Good-by!), ¿Cuanto es? (How much?), ¿No me hace el favor? (Will not you do me the favor?), ¡Muchas gracias! (Many thanks!), and while he discovers that the first two and the last two are current coin, the intermediate one often proves as unwelcome as it is superfluous.

The Mexicans apparently find nothing absurd in the American's failure to provide himself with means of verbal communication before visiting their country.



HON. ALFREDO CHAVERO

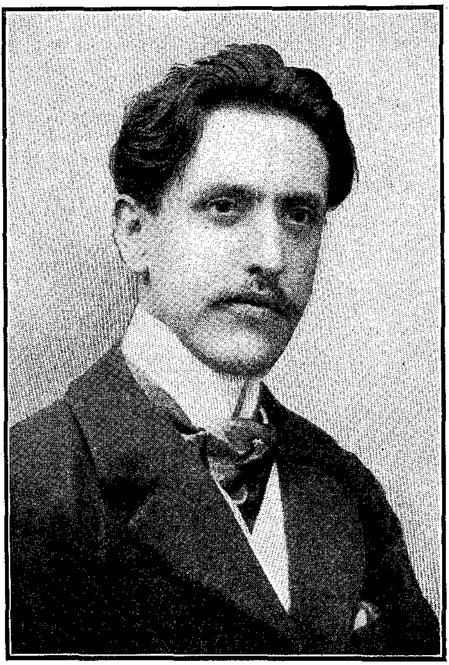
Mr. Chavero was elected first to the Chamber of Deputies forty-three years ago, and for years has taken a prominent part in the proceedings of that body. He has been Under-Secretary of Foreign Relations and Governor of the Federal district. He is Mexico's foremost living antiquarian and the author of several books dealing with the history of Mexico, as well as of a number of dramas founded upon episodes of The Conquest.

TWO MEXICAN POETS

Amado Nervo, editor of "La Revista Moderna" and translator of much English poetry, including the verse of Walt Whitman.

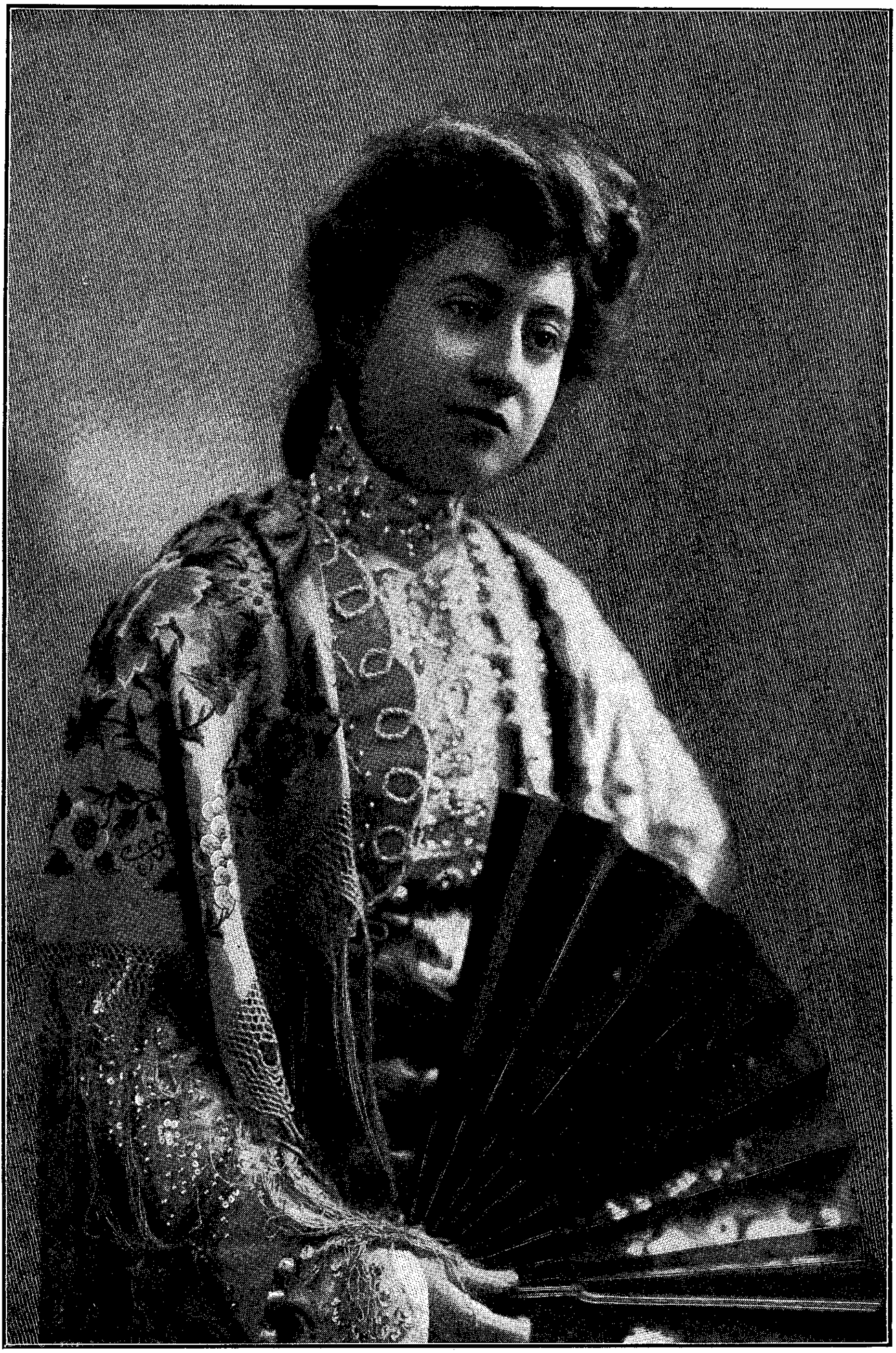
Ruben M. Campos, author among other works of the libretto of "Zulema," an opera by Elorduy, recently produced with success in Mexico City.

On the contrary, they are genuinely sorry for him, and delighted at his desire to learn. They show unmistakable pleasure in assisting him, and while they often express the wish to learn English, they frequently coach the American untiringly out of pure friendliness. They listen to his pigeon-Spanish with sober attention; at times they even find it *gracioso* (pleasing), but they rarely seize on his blunders with the relish peculiar to the American, which is often discomfiting when he happens to be the victim. The Mexican sense of humor is quite different from ours, and one of the delights of acquaintance is mutual appreciation of the salt of national existence. Mexican boys and girls returning home from our American colleges bear with them a fund of American jokes and witticisms which their friends find contagious. Americans living in Mexico assimilate the Latin idea of what is funny, and a unique example is the favorite clown of Mexico—an American, who for many years has enchanted



PEDRO LUIS OGAZON

A young Mexican pianist, a pupil of Hofmann, who has been heard with enthusiasm at recitals given in New York and at Newport.



SEÑORITA ANA DE LA BARCÉNA

Queen of the festival held in Guadalajara in 1903, for the benefit of the sufferers from the plague at Mazatlan great Mexican audiences made up of all sorts and conditions of people.

Mexicans and Americans have much to give one another, and mutual good will result from closer relations in proportion as both peoples realize that the exchange must be fair and equal. Increased respect and confidence have accompanied extension of American enterprise in the republic, and substantial proof of this is afforded in the recent amalgamation and control by the Mexican Government of three great railway systems, with the retention of American officials, in additional privileges and franchises granted to another great system, and in substantial support and encouragement accorded to new lines in course of construction.

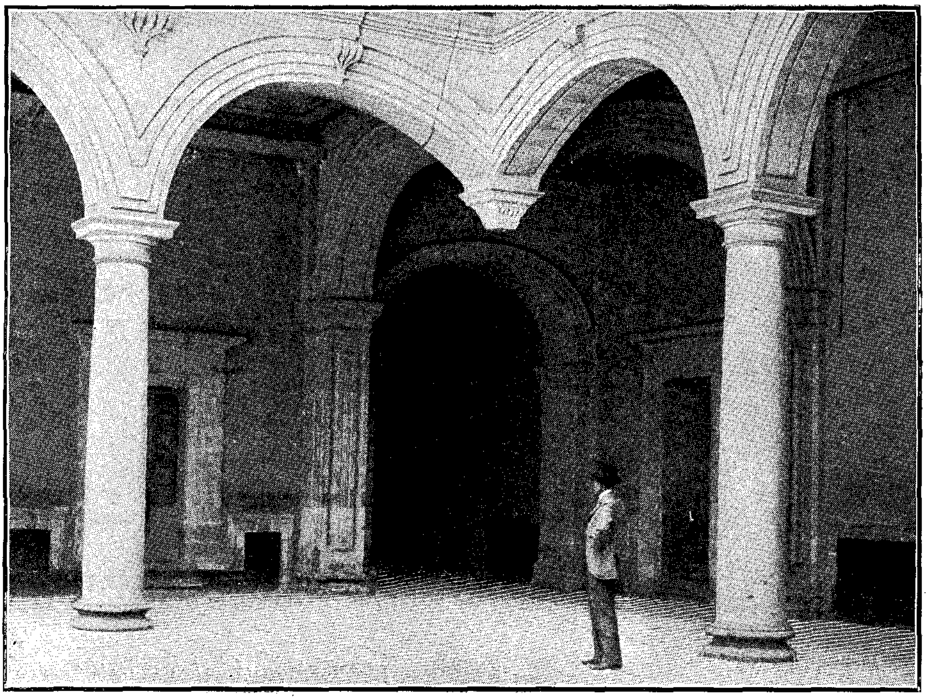
Mexico's business affairs, like her official and social affairs, are animated by that spirit, as subtle as it is all-pervading, which has been defined as considerateness. Whatever the matter or whatever the resolution, this spirit is never absent; it enhances the satisfaction of success, and, in a measure, robs failure of the inevitable sting. The "No!" of Mexico is always courteous, and some Americans are susceptible enough to be conquered even by a thing like this.

Mexico's art, which she has directly from the Spaniards and the Moors, has gained an inestimable if somewhat melancholy beauty that is wholly national; in its modern expression it frankly acknowledges French influence, and to some extent Teutonic. American artists and writers can ill afford to ignore the renaissance in Mexican art and letters, which is expanding from a purely national movement into one which is American in its broadest sense; for, as a young Mexican poet warmly exclaimed, are we not all Americans?

Europe has long since awakened to the importance of Mexican achievement in music, poetry, and sculpture; and although we Americans are somewhat slower in this matter, as is quite natural regarding the things that are near at hand, we are awakening by degrees. But the Mexicans distinctly have the advantage of us, for they are already familiar with our literature. During the Pan-American Congress at Mexico City one of the many delightful entertainments offered the visiting delegates was a literary evening dedicated to Anglo-American poets. The function occurred in what was formerly the magnificent old convent of the Augustines, now the national library, and was attended by Mexican statesmen, members of the diplomatic corps, representatives of the different colleges, army officers, and Mexico's aristocratic society, all assembled to welcome the representatives of the American republics and to do honor to the poets of the north. There was peculiar delight in listening to the glowing eulogies of our poets and to the rendering in Spanish of the verses of Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, and Walt Whitman. In the literary world of Mexico Poe and Whitman are first favorites.

Mexico possesses one charm more insidious perhaps than any yet dwelt upon—her music. Mexico's military bands are ever-welcome guests, and I have it from the lips of some of the musicians that when they play "Home, Sweet Home," the Americans stand up and wave their hats and handkerchiefs, and that on hearing the Mexican national anthem they shout, "Hurah! Hurah!" and "Tigre!" which means Tiger. I have learned also from the same source that bushels of gilt buttons are cut from the uniforms of Mexico's musicians in compliance with the demands of Columbia's daughters. That the Americans are ready for Mexican influence in music is shown in their manifest pleasure in listening to it whenever it is offered, in whatever form, from the folk-songs to the works of modern composers.

I have reserved for the last what I consider the most potent factor in the Pacific Conquest—namely, Mexican hospitality. Much has been written and more has been told of it, for no one who has enjoyed it can ever forget it; yet many have failed to appreciate its essential genuineness and sincerity, until they have become familiar with the natural exuberance of Mexican courtesy. Whether we Americans are as frank and sincere as we would believe ourselves and have other peoples believe us is an open question. The earnest student of



A CURIOUS BIT OF MEXICAN ARCHITECTURE

An unsupported arch in the School of Medicine in Mexico City

human nature, in comparing the frankness of Latin and Saxon, must resort perforce to the theory of a distinction without a difference. True, the American is amazingly outspoken in some matters, but so is the Mexican in others; and as to the intrinsic value of a polite speech, it doubtless depends more on the speaker than on his nationality. The Mexican host receives his guest with the gracious assurance, "You know you are in your house! Do whatever pleases you!" and it would seem that no ordinarily intelligent person should misunderstand or transgress this charming welcome, which affords no more cloak for insincerity than the American's "Delighted to see you!"

The American traveling in Mexico, who is fortunate in having letters of introduction from Mexican friends, will meet delightful people and have most pleasurable experiences. On entering a Mexican home as a guest, he naturally will not look for a deed of transfer accompanying the polite formula, "You are in your house!" nor will he be sufficiently naïve in expressing admiration for a horse or an automobile to accept either when the owner murmurs, "It is quite at your disposal," though history has it that such misunderstandings have occurred in the past, with much ensuing embarrassment on both sides. Yet the Mexicans are lavish givers of gifts, and to this day Americans often experience the delight, not unmixed with self-reproach, of receiving as a proof of affection from Mexican friends some jewel or ornament they have innocently admired.

So delicate, so exquisite, is the care of the Mexican hostess for her guest, so devoid of fuss or conscious effort, that the latter may easily discern the significance of the reassuring "You are in your house." The distinguishing charm of the Mexican hostess is repose, and, as a natural sequence, repose is the marked characteristic of the Mexican home. It is long before the guest awakens to the knowledge that his tastes and preferences are being consulted in all things, from his fondness for given composers to his weakness for certain dishes; and so imperceptible is this kindly surveillance that he continually wonders as to whether it is unconscious or deliberate. Could the sentiments inspiring Mexican hospitality be embodied in maxims, one would be, doubtless, "Happy is the house that shelters a guest!"

The sources of Mexico's hospitality are not difficult to trace, for the Spaniards, the ancient Mexicans, and the Moors were alike famous for their munificence; and it is recounted of a certain great noble of the latter race that he caused the doors of his palace to be fastened open with spikes, that all travelers who passed that way might enter for shelter and entertainment. Generosity on a like scale is at the heart of Mexican hospitality. There are about fifty thousand Americans who enjoy at present the opportunity and the protection of Mexico, and it is theirs, if they will, to meet half-way a kind, brave, and generous people in a friendship that will tend toward human solidarity and the happiness of the human race.

SEÑORITA VIRGINIA GALLARDO
In a characteristic national costume

Evening

By Louise Morgan Sill

The sun's long hour of passion has ta'en flight,
The wind is sleeping, and the drowsy flowers
Droop softly. All the little petulant showers,
That fret the earth with bitter-sweet delight,
Have fled before the Night's approaching train
In swiftly vanished bubbles of bright rain.

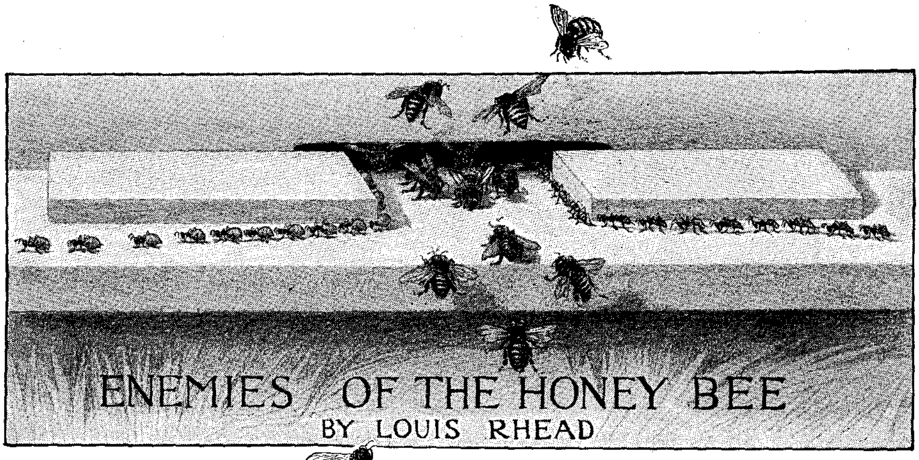
A blur of green and gray the meadow lies,
And the dim patch of woodland, where is heard
The tender call of a remonstrant bird—
As if she cried to the far Mysteries
To keep her brooding nest, where younglings lay,
Serene and safe until the coming day.

Another wistful sound is in the air
Here, where the brook has dallied all day long.
Now in the vesper changes of its song
It has embodied, too, a patient prayer,
And its mute rocks are altars whence to raise
The old rich choral of its evening praise.

Mayhap on yonder distant evening star
Is heard the hymning of the humble stream:
The bird's appealing murmur in her dream
Is carried by the friendly ether far
From realm to realm, to join the mighty cry
Of all created things to God on high.

How quiet is the air! What spirit hath
Hidden within the shadows, that my feet
Pause in half-fright at what I next may meet
Around the turning of the misty path,—
Some genie of the evening on his round,
Treading before me guiltless of a sound?

Or some sad wanderer seeking here surcease
From life's vexation, lifting up his heart
Until of Evening he becomes a part,
Lost in its primal wonder and its peace.
Ah, may he feel God's hand upon his brow
Blessing and cheering him—as I do now.



ENEMIES OF THE HONEY BEE

BY LOUIS RHEAD

ANTS ENTER THE BEEHIVE AND RETURN SO BLOATED WITH HONEY THAT THEY CAN HARDLY WALK

ONE would conclude, after a survey of most that has been written about the honey-bee, that he is endowed with extraordinary knowledge. Little or nothing has been said of his ignorance or stupidity; but I have come to the conclusion, after three years' most careful study of my bees, that in many instances they are far less intelligent than the average insect, both in guarding their stores and in protecting themselves.

My beehives are situated on a small piece of highly cultivated land, one hundred and fifty feet square. Across the street is a public park with plenty of forage from a large variety of trees, most of them bearing honey-producing blossoms.

Assuming that the average reader knows the main characteristics of the honey-bee—industry and regularity of building comb and making honey—it is unnecessary to touch upon these points, except in one or two instances. It may be worth while, however, to define some of the bee products: Wax is a natural secretion which is produced by bees as cattle produce fat—by eating. If the bees remain quietly clustered together when gorged with honey or any liquid sweet, the wax is secreted in the shape of delicate scales growing in four small pouches on each side of the abdomen of the worker bee. These scales are pulled from their bodies or drop off to the bottom of the hive and are then taken up, warmed and softened, and carried away for cell-building. Honey is produced from the nectar of plants and flowers, and during its sojourn in the honey-sack undergoes a chemical change due to the mixture with the saliva of the glands. This nectar contains in the flower from fifteen to ninety per cent. of water, and when the blossom is ready for fertilization the nectar is most abundant—generally in the early part of the day; at three in the afternoon flowers give the least nectar. Pollen, the fertilizing dust of flowers, is gathered by the bees from blossoms, carried on their legs, and placed in the cells for the nourishment of young bees. Propolis is used by the bees to coat the inside crevices of the hive to make it air-tight and water-tight. It is obtained from the resinous buds and limbs of trees.

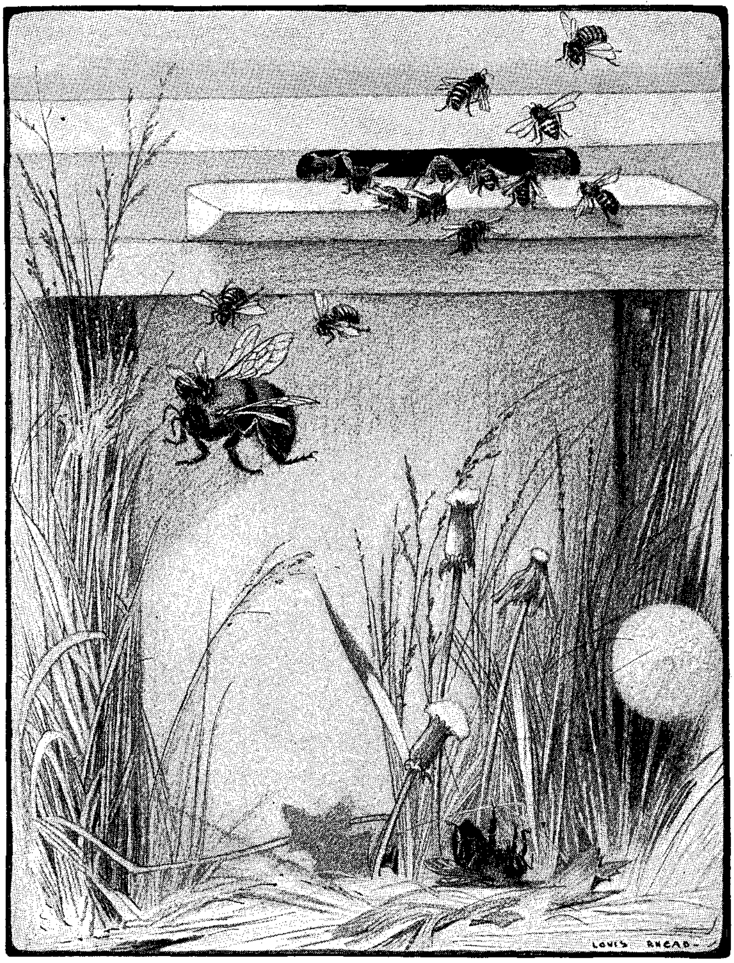
It would be foolish to deny that honey-bees show many qualities of a high order of instinct, but they also show in a great many instances a remarkable degree of stupidity. Yet for centuries poets and writers have held them up as paragons of wisdom. Maurice Maeterlinck, in his most poetical description of the nuptial flight of the queen bee and the dramatic death of the favorite lover, is one instance. On the other hand, Sir John Lubbock, in his "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," dismisses the honey-bee with little ceremony, finding it infinitely less interesting and intelligent than the ant. There is no question that the ant at every turn outwits the bee in its home by stealing its hard-earned store. In fact, so numerous are the enemies of bees that it is no wonder that they are supplied by nature with means to resist and even to attack the thieves who wish to take their earnings.

First comes the bee-moth, whose caterpillar bores through the comb; then the ant, the spider, and the wild bumblebee. The caterpillar of the bee-moth bores and destroys the comb; the spider kills the bees and sucks their blood; and the ant, the wild bumblebee, and various flies steal the honey. These enemies hover about and commit their depredations near the hive; and were it not for the extraordinary fecundity of the queen-mother, the bees' struggle for existence would soon cease. One would naturally conclude that so bold a creature would have the faculty of resisting its numerous small enemies, but, in fact, it is exactly the opposite. The bee seems paralyzed by a spider. Although its vision and scent are so keen that it cannot fail to see a spider busily working and weaving its web right in front of the mouth of the hive, yet one after another will fly right into the web, to sure death. One of the beekeeper's constant duties is to clear spiders away from the vicinity of the hive, especially from the entrance. In front of one of my hives there grew a Japanese iris. On this spiders would string their web, carrying it to the hive, so that one out of every twenty bees emerging and entering would be captured. In every instance where I have watched a bee entangled in the web its first and only object was to free itself. While it is struggling the spider winds it securely, and not till this is done does he use his nippers to draw blood; the struggle gets fainter; still the bee, equal or superior in size and strength, has opportunity to sting but does not, but simply makes all effort possible to get free.

The proper way to keep spiders away (and no doubt all professional beekeepers do it) would be to have the hives apart, in some open, isolated spot. Having them near the house, as I do, is a disadvantage both to the keeper and the bees, as the smell of honey attracts innumerable insects and vermin of all descriptions, creeping or flying. On warm summer afternoons the odor of honey is so strong that fifty feet from the hives a person with ordinary olfactories can smell it. What must it be, then, with insects whose sense of smell is a thousand times greater? And ever since the bees have been located in my garden the insects have multiplied enormously. Common house-flies are more numerous, and so are many kinds of robber bees, wasps, hornets, and other flies. These also fall a prey to the spider, who is the most numerous of all on the flower beds, trees, and shrubs. A border of boxwood is a most wonderful sight; it is absolutely covered with webs woven most ingeniously; the hiding-hole is beautifully made in some of the small leaves, and the big web is spread out a foot and a half wide. Even at that distance—some fifteen feet from the hive—it is incredible how many bees are lost. No wonder that a wise provision of nature keeps the queen at home performing her duty of laying eggs (from three hundred to five hundred a day), for if she emerged often from the hive it would be hard to escape so many traps and snares.

With ants the case is different, because they invariably enter the hive, and, as they are unable to fly, the bee has the advantage in being able to pounce upon them and hold them down. Last winter a colony of ants made their way into the hive by boring through a crevice in the footboard, which was old and comparatively rotten. During the fall they bored passages in all directions, and there located their colony, and at intervals climbed up to the cells, stealing the honey and depositing it for future use. In midwinter the bees usually come out of the hives from time to time. But from this hive no bees appeared. I was somewhat surprised that four colonies came out of the hives and one did not. On lifting the top I found the combs covered with the entire colony, and every one stone dead—forty thousand bees motionless, their bodies shining as naturally as in life. I lifted the frames out to make an examination, and in so doing lifted the body of the hive from the footboard. This disclosed a large and numerous colony of ants in a semi-dormant condition, with a plentiful supply of honey in their quarters. I came to the conclusion that the ants had stolen every particle of the bees' winter food, and the bees were consequently starved to death.

The question arises, "Why are not bees endowed with instinct to destroy so persistent an enemy?" They have the same sense of smell and the same sense of sight as the ant, yet in this instance probably months of depredations on their hard-earned stores went serenely on without any effort to stop it. The average number of bees in a healthy hive is about sixty thousand, yet I venture to believe that eighty per cent. in one year come to an untimely end.



THE BEES DART OUT AND SAVAGELY STING THE BUMBLEBEE, WHO SOON FALLS DEAD IN THE GRASS

Again, on bright days during the winter, they will issue forth. No matter if the snow is on the ground and the air is chilly; if only the sun shines, they will fly around. I have seen them on these occasions fly for a few moments and then drop helplessly on the snow, and after a time, for a space of a few yards around the hive, they lie so thick that the snow is hidden. On these occasions the beekeeper will often lose from fifty to one hundred thousand bees. The question may well be asked, "Why does the bee not know, not have instinct enough to know, that the temperature is lower than he can bear?" Some beekeepers say they would die anyway; but that is no reason, for in summer they fan to keep cool, and in winter fan to keep warm, and they would succeed in weathering the winter's cold if they kept in their hive.

In the summer, particularly in June, enemies of bees are most numerous. By day and by night constant vigilance is required, so that guards are stationed at regular intervals to stop any depredations that may occur. In the daytime bumblebees of various sizes persistently try to force an entrance. A big bumblebee, many times too large to get through the entrance, smells the honeyed store, flies slowly around, and alights on the footboard; but in a second the guards go for him and strike from above, holding tight till his struggles are over. Then, stung to death, he rolls over on the ground. Almost every day I find numerous dead bumblebees on the ground, paying the penalty for attempted robbery. Large bluebottle flies play the same game with precisely the same results; but an ant, a much smaller creature, manages to get in and come out with his body so bloated with honey that he can hardly walk. This must have happened countless times, and one would think that the bee, capable of stinging the ant to death, would do so. In a combat there is no doubt that the bee would be victorious.

At night many insects may be seen hovering around, and although the bees' nightly vision is limited, they place themselves so thickly before the entrance that it is impossible for any marauders to enter. Nevertheless, ants choose night-time mostly for their work, and they nimbly run between the guards, to return later gorged with honey. How it is done is a mystery to me, for every cell that contains honey unsealed is covered by the bees. I think it very likely that the ant gnaws through the thin covering of the cells. These depredations also go on during the daytime.

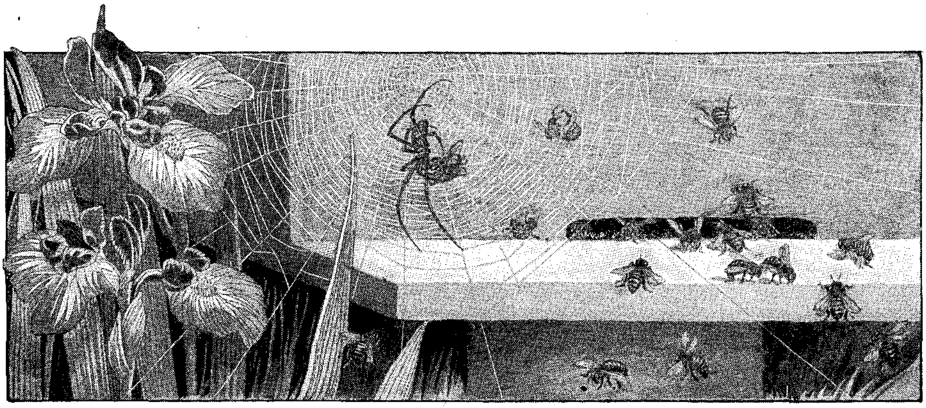
I have for some time observed within a short distance of the hives the well-marked tracks of rats. We have never read or heard that rats disturbed bees. Mice have been repeatedly found in the hives during the winter months, but it is assumed to be for warmth rather than for stealing honey. I have seen a large rat come out and take away the stones of apricots dropped from the trees in front of the hive. Whether the rat had endeavored to enter the hive or not I am not sure; but one day I found a rat lying dead in front of one of the hives. On picking him up and making an examination I found he had been stung in nine different places; he had one eye closed, and the barb of the sting was still fast in the eyelid. Again, I had a young dog on the place, and he has been repeatedly stung at various distances from the hive. This to a certain extent proves that bees often attack those who do not interfere with them and do not always attack those who do.

Another instance may be mentioned of what I call bee stupidity. I had about a pint of sour honey which had run from unsealed combs, and placed it in a flat plate before the hives for the bees to remake. In ten minutes the first bee got on the plate, took a few sips and left. Shortly after others followed. In the space of twenty minutes I counted eighteen ants and nine flies—two of the large bluebottle variety, the remainder being different kinds of small wasps—and forty hive-bees. I had been careful to place small chips of wood for the bees to alight on while floating in the sticky mass, yet every one of the forty bees floundered in up to their eyes in the liquid sweet. On removing three of the live ones to the edge of the plate they promptly struggled back, refusing the opportunity to crawl through the grass to clear their bodies and get their wings dry to enable them to carry the honey to the hive. On the other hand, the flies and ants carefully stood on the edge of the honey—the ants in a perfect row, equally distant from each other, with not even their feet soiled; but when gorged to the limit of safety, away they would go and soon return for a fresh supply. I returned indoors to resume my work. Two hours later I went to examine. To my great astonishment, the plate was absolutely clean. Not a speck of honey was on it, and the bees I had imagined drowned had disappeared. Subsequent experiences proved that during my absence other bees visited the plate, and not only collected the honey but cleaned every particle of honey from the bodies of those who had voluntarily taken a honey bath. It might be imagined that these forty bees would have sufficient intelligence to know that they could make in that time at least twenty-five trips to the hive, only two feet away. Of course we might also assume that the other bees were mighty smart to get them out of the mess. Not so, however. They would have cleaned the liquid sweet from a piece of stick just the same. They were not intent on saving the lives of their comrades, but simply were after the honey on their coats.

The oft-repeated praise of the tender solicitude of the nurse and doctor bees seems in striking contrast with the callous movements of healthy bees who pass by their dead or wounded sisters without the slightest notice, but will quickly remove them if work is impeded, taking no end of trouble to pick the body up, fly some distance, and then drop it. A single bee may be seen tugging and pulling, the rest working merrily on, taking no notice whatever nor giving assistance; yet in the hive comb-building every one helps his neighbor in building a cell. The same thing applies to a bee struggling in a spider's web. The strength of a union of twelve bees flying with savage force against the fragile web would at once set a prisoner free; yet, while they are indifferent to their comrades' trouble, if a young terrier pup ventures within a yard or so of the hive a dozen bees are on him like a flash, and with unerring judgment they know his tender spots.

It often happens that people around the place, with whom the bees must be familiar (and this is especially so with the beekeeper, who works around them every day), must arm themselves with a smoker; for the honey-bee is no more under the will of man than he was thousands of years ago. After centuries of so-called domestication bees are just as intractable, as vicious, and as suspicious as formerly, and this toward their masters as well as toward strangers. With all the care and attention bestowed on them, they will, under certain conditions and at certain times, sting any one who disturbs or goes near their hive. I know beekeepers who use neither veil, gloves, nor smoker; but they are impervious, having been stung so often that the pain is little worse than a mosquito-bite. Yet to sting is in nearly all cases sure death to the bee, for the reason that the sting, being shaped like a barbed arrow, cannot be extracted from the wound. If a bee manages to tear itself away, it leaves parts of its body, and of necessity soon perishes. Wasps and hornets are different from bees in this respect, for they can sting repeatedly without endangering their lives.

Many minor things might be mentioned to show that the honey-bee is not only stupid, but more so than the average insect with which it comes in contact, although it is admittedly a wonderful creature in many ways. If it were not for its sweet and toothsome honey, we should have no more respect and affection for it than for the common hornet.



THEY MAKE NO EFFORT TO DEFEND THEMSELVES, BUT STRUGGLE TO BE FREE FROM THE WEB

Science and a Future Life[1]

UNDER this title Professor Hyslop exhibits the light which, in his opinion, scientifically conducted psychical research has cast upon the question whether there is a future life. This question he and some of his companions in this investigation were once disposed to answer negatively. They now declare themselves converted to the affirmative by their conviction that they have obtained from deceased friends convincing evidence of their continued existence. Since the days of the Witch of Endor similar statements have been made by any number of people, especially spiritualists, so called. The significance of the present statement is that it is made in the name of science by one who stakes his reputation as a scientific investigator upon the strictly scientific character of his processes and his conclusion. These, as here stated, are virtually a challenge to the scientific world, professional and amateur, to find a flaw in his processes or a fault in his conclusion.

This conclusion, however, is not categorically but hypothetically put. It is maintained merely that the continued existence in an unseen world of persons who have ceased to exist in this world, with ability to communicate with surviving mortals, is entitled to rank as one of the various hypotheses which science may adopt for the explanation of phenomena that can only hypothetically be explained—a familiar instance of which is the explanation of the phenomena of light by the hypothesis of a cosmic ether.

Wide and deep skepticism toward such a conclusion, and aversion toward the researches that tend to it, have been justly provoked by the incompetence, charlatanry, and imposture that have often befooled the subject, and made the judicious laugh or grieve. Mental infatuation is imputed by not a few to any who delve further in a field so discredited. Well aware of this, Professor Hyslop confidently faces this disadvantage. Since ancient times extraordinary phenomena have occurred which have been widely regarded as indicative of occult powers "deep seated in our mystic frame." Scientific skeptics have recently employed exceptionally good opportunities for a most rigorous investigation of these phenomena. Professor Hyslop's book is his record of these investigations, together with a critical appraisal of various proposed explanations of the phenomena. There are but two hypotheses which Professor Hyslop regards as worthy of more than the briefest consideration. Fraud, lucky guessing, chance coincidences, he regards as out of the range of rational possibility. The two alternatives between which he thinks that choice may waver are telepathy of such range and selective power as to be well-nigh omnipresent if not omniscient, and the activity of intelligent beings formerly on earth. Each of these is criticised at length and in various points of view, and the preference is given to the latter as the more rational explanation. This, however, is admitted to be open to serious objections, arising especially from the triviality, the confused and the scrappy nature of a large part of the alleged communications. These objections Professor Hyslop meets with solutions which may well claim at least serious consideration by the student of these phenomena.

It must be said that no attempted refutation of these solutions can succeed which does not cut loose from the *a priori* mode of argument still in vogue on this subject. Theologians do not now, as formerly, deduce the infallibility of the entire Bible from an *a priori* postulate of what might be expected of such a being as God. But people still postulate what sort of communications, if any, might be expected from departed spirits in—let us say—heaven, or a more perfect life than ours. Whatever alleged communication conflicts with this ideal they consequently discredit. Against this method Professor Hyslop contends for a strictly inductive treatment of facts at whatever cost to preconceptions.

We have here attempted nothing more

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[1] *Science and a Future Life.* By James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D. Robert B. Turner & Co., Boston.

than as fair an interpretative summary of the book and estimate of the author's purpose as is possible within the limits allowable in such a review as this. The world into which Professor Hyslop endeavors to look is confessedly for most persons a *terra incognita.* The psychic phenomena have been confessedly intermixed with fraud, imperfectly observed and reported, and are at the best obscure. In our judgment, the great majority of men had better for the present leave it a *terra incognita*, and devote their energies to the more immediate and practical problems of the world in which they are now living and where their duties lie.

Meanwhile, in view of the fact that a section of the scientific world, and a multitude of others, side with the position taken in the widely circulated writings of such men as Haeckel, that death ends the life of man as well as of beasts, it is well that their appeal to science should be met, if it can be, by science with scientific proof to the contrary. Such proof Professor Hyslop and his group of trained investigators claim to have found. Whether they have really found it is the point now in question. Whatever opinion the student may reach upon that question, the effort to find such proof is entitled to the sympathy of all who believe that if a man die, he shall live again.

Summer Vesper Sermons

IX.—Man's Power to Forgive Sins[1]

By Lyman Abbott

THERE is significance in the phrase, "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins." It is a power that belongs to humanity. The disciples share it with their Master; man shares it with his God. So subsequently Christ breathes on his disciples and says, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit: whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Who has this Christ-power? Whoever possesses the Christ-spirit. It is human, not ecclesiastical; inspirational, not official; it belongs, not to the Church-ordained priest, but to the Christ-inspired man.

What is meant by the forgiveness of sins? What the Bible means is the remission of sins. To forgive sin is not to remit the penalty. but to cleanse from the sin. I will not say that the Bible never promises to remit the penalty, but not on this does it lay emphasis. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they [*the sins*] shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they [*the sins*] shall be as wool." "With his stripes we are *healed.*" "The Lord hath laid on him *the iniquity* [not the punishment] of us all." "Thou wilt cast all their *sins* into the depths of the sea." "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of *sins.*" "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and *to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*" To forgive a truant is to make of him a scholar, not to release him from a flogging; to forgive a thief is to cure his itching fingers, not to pardon him from prison; to forgive a drunkard is to vanquish his appetite, not his headache.

The sons of men have power on earth to forgive sins—whosesoever sins we remit, they are remitted. If we are careless of our brother, and let him go his way with no effort on our part to save him from himself, it is no less true that whosesoever sins we retain, they are retained.

It has been sometimes said that natural law knows no mercy, that nature never forgives. How untrue this is! How blind to the patent facts of human experience have been those who have said it! What the Psalmist has said of God in the spiritual realm science might justly say of nature in the physical realm: She pardons our iniquities, she heals our diseases, she redeems our life from our own self-destruction. So soon as the broken limb is set, nature begins to knit it together again; so soon as the cut finger is bound up, nature begins to heal the wound; so soon as the abused stomach is treated lawfully, nature begins to cure the dyspepsia. So true is this that the modern doctor tells us that his art is mainly waiting on nature and helping her. There are but few specifics. Nature is the great remedial agent, medicines are mere adjuncts, and doctors are nature's skilled and obedient attendants.

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[1] Mark ii. 1-12.

The fact that we can aid nature in curing disease is a parable which indicates both our power to aid in curing moral disease and the method we are to pursue. "Whether is it easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Rise and walk?" Every hospital is saying to the sick, Rise and walk, and the sick obey. Every hospital is thus bearing its witness that the sons of men have power on earth to forgive sin. And they also indicate the method we are to pursue. Nature is God; to co-operate with nature is to co-operate with God. To recognize that all sin is a disease; to recognize that all penalty should be remedial; to make ourselves ministers, not of vindictive justice, but of curative mercy; to adjust all penalties to that end; to study nature's, that is God's, processes of reform, and ever to co-operate with them, never to attempt to substitute our own; and ever to remember that we have power on earth to forgive sins, and therefore are responsible for the sins we carelessly or despairingly leave uncured—this seems to me to be the lesson of Christ's saying, The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.

Son and the Chain-Gang

By Emma V. Brownlee

SON was seven years old when his mother died. She was buried with much ceremony, by the society which she had joined five years before, and to which she had contributed ten cents each month. If ever the paying grew irksome, she would close her eyes and picture the funeral at the end—the hearse and plumes, the black horses, the solemn procession of purple-clad sisters and white-gloved brethren—and then she would pay, pay with joy.

And so it was when she was buried; and Son, who had seen it all and was proud, ceased to be Son in particular and became Son in general; that is, to any of the neighbors in the negro settlement who would give him a rag to wear, a piece of bread when he was hungry, or a place to sleep with their children.

The negro father seldom counts for anything in the life of his children. Son's father, when consumption took his wife from the white man's kitchen, and the pan she toted began to fail, had very promptly and gayly gone off on an excursion with another black lady who was well and strong. They never came back, and no one blamed them at all.

But the negro women were sorry for the child, let him stay when he came around, gave him to eat when there happened to be anything, beat him, and, altogether, treated him like one of their own, until he went visiting to somebody else.

And so five years passed, and Son was twelve. One June morning there didn't happen to be anything to eat, so he strolled off to a street where there was a boarding-house.

The cook had finished the breakfast and had gone to lay the table. The smell of the cooked things went out to the little black boy and talked persuasively to his poor empty stomach and drew him straight to the kitchen. On the table was a platter of fried chicken—for Son lived in South Carolina—and on the range were pans of biscuit.

The remnant of a breakfast and a black boy going out of the yard with his head bent over his hands were what the cook saw on her return.

My! but she was mad; her woolly kinks trembled, as she 'phoned to the police station an account of the theft, which gave the impression that the boarding-house larder had been fairly emptied. For this reason, Son, as he walked slowly, leaving behind a trail of chicken-bones, ran into a hurrying policeman on the corner. At the mayor's court that morning the prisoner understood little or nothing of what was said or done. He felt sure he was going to get a beating—the like of which had never been heard of. He was scared, yet now and then he patted his rounded stomach and rolled his eyes in recollection. As he had never had a lesson on doing right, he was not interested in the mayor's talk on the wrongfulness of his deed. The mayor saw the boy was not listening—"O Lord, if we only had a reform school for such as this!" he said, and sighed.

But there were no reform schools for such as Son, and he was sentenced to work in the chain-gang for fifteen days.

It was past sunset when the prisoner was left at the convict camp. Work on the county road had ceased for the day. A blue haze lay like a veil over the hills and valleys; the mountains, a few miles to the north, stood out clear and purple. The smoke from the camp-fires curled up lazily as the two cooks prepared supper of hominy, corn bread, and bacon. The tents were pitched midway on a slight hill, at the foot of which were a spring and a tiny stream. Here and there were heaps of shovels, picks, and spades where the workers had thrown them down on coming into camp.

Striped and shackled men lay resting on the ground singly, or lounged in groups, chatting idly. At the spring several were washing hands and faces. The gang was composed of forty or forty-five negroes and five or six white men. Their crimes were for the most part theft, drunkenness, and disorderly conduct, or fighting. The overseer and his assistant were smoking in front of their tent and watching the prisoners with seemingly careless eyes. A long black gun leaned against the canvas behind them. Inside the tent hung a leather whip, which was brought out occasionally when a man became stubborn and sullen.

Son, having escaped a beating, was untroubled, and stared curiously about him. The overseer, after looking the boy over, removed his pipe and gave an order or two. Within half an hour the new convict wore the smallest striped suit from the camp wardrobe. A light chain was fastened securely around the boy's ankles, with length between for a short step; it was then drawn along the right leg to the waist, where it ended in a ring, through which a belt passed around the body. He was then sent to get his supper with the others. Each prisoner secured a tin pan and spoon from a stack and went to the cook to be helped; he then sat down upon the ground to eat; if he wished more, he went with his pan again to the cook.

After supper the negroes drew together and sang—as they alone can sing—or told stories, while the whites lay listening with faces toward the stars.

When the overseer called bedtime, the company went silently to the long sleeping tent; each man lay down upon the cot that had been assigned him—the whites at the further end of the tent, then the negroes. The belts were unfastened, the chains drawn out, and the rings at the ends were "threaded" on a chain running the length of the tent. This chain was then locked to stout posts at the ends of the tent. It seemed to Son that every man was instantly asleep. But for a while he could not sleep. The country stillness disturbed him. The rattling of a chain when a sleeper stirred sounded louder than the electric car which ran in town. Presently a whip-poorwill set up its cry, and the boy lay listening and wondering what it could be. But after a time he too fell asleep.

At daylight the unlocking of the chain was the signal for the gang to rise; the men shuffled out, fastening the chains to their belts. Son sat upon a log and watched the preparations for breakfast, and the drivers feeding and watering the mules.

After breakfast the men shouldered tools and straggled to the road which they were macadamizing. There the sluggish units merged themselves again into the gang—a great, slow machine that crept along with clanking chains through the heat and dust of the roadway, as it ponderously killed time. The unwilling picks and shovels kept time to the slowest of songs—for sing the gang must, but never a fast song. And, like a small arm moving out at regular intervals, Son came and went with a bucket of water.

How welcome to each man was the child with the bucket! For does it not take three minutes to drink, and do not the overseer and everybody know that one should rest five minutes after drinking?

At noon there was an hour's halt. Dinner—vegetables boiled with meat, corn bread, and molasses—was soon eaten. Then the men lay down in the shade and dozed until they were called.

Thus the days, pretty much alike, succeeded one another. Sunday was spent in wrestling, playing games, and singing. Occasionally a colored divine of the old-fashioned sort ventured out to preach of the awful consequence of sin. He was listened to with rolling eyes and ashen faces; but on the road the next day, the fiery eloquence but a memory, both he and his sermon, as it was reviewed, received merciless criticism in jokes and shouts of laughter.

One day the mayor in town, grown tired of the increasing number of brawling women brought into police court, and really puzzled to know what to do with them, sent two mulatto women to the camp. Here they created a stir. A tent had to be set apart for their use; striped dresses had to be made; finally the women were installed over the pots and pans, while the men cooks were sent grumbling to the road. The camp wore a subdued air for a few days. But the strangeness of women convicts soon wore off. Afterward their number grew until there was not enough cooking, washing, and sewing for them all to do, and some of them were sent to the quarry to carry out rock to the crusher.

At the spring one morning, as Son sat resting, chin in hand, his eyes wandered to his fettered feet. Something stirred his heart. An ugly, sullen expression swept his face. "Jes' liake a dawg," he muttered. Then his eyes slowly raised themselves to the tops of the mountains and rested upon a bit of cloud floating there. Dim images began to flit across his brain—his mother, the times of hunger, nights when he slept upon the naked floor, in contrast the present with the three good meals a day, the cot at night, the rough kindness of the bosses and men, and lastly, when he carried water to the men, the look in their eyes which made him feel that at last he was of some importance. With a gurgling laugh, he rose, picked up his bucket, and, leaning over, filled it; then, balancing it on his head, he walked slowly along the path, singing softly the song the men were singing on the road in clear, far-reaching voices:

"O Lord, O my Lord, O my good Lord!
Keep me from sinking down.
I tell you what I mean to do;
Keep me from sinking down!
I mean to go to heaven too;
Keep me from sinking down!"

Son had dignified his labor in the only way that had occurred to him—he passed the water with the identical bearing and expression of solemnity with which the deacons passed the wine in the great negro church in town. That day the ceremony was more impressive than ever before; the men looked at him wonderingly, and one said, "What's mattah wid de nigger?"

The overseer called the boy up after dinner and explained to him that his term had expired. Son gazed at the boss with puzzled eyes. He had never thought of being sent away. Where should he go? He did not want to go—not one bit. Wearing his own ragged clothes and freed from the chains, he sat by the roadside that afternoon while the gang worked, and looked scornfully on while a half-grown negro carried the water-bucket. But his small mind was busy with cause and effect and with forming a plan. Late in the afternoon he went to town.

In court, two mornings later, Son received a sentence of thirty days for boldly entering a house and stealing a diamond ring. At sunset of the same day he appeared at the camp trying to look sullen, and making a miserable failure of it.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Boss of Little Arcady (The). By Harry Leon Wilson. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 371 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Wilson's new story is very far removed in style and method from his "The Spenders" and "Lions of the Lord." Those two books, with easily recognizable faults, were eminently vigorous and dramatic. The present tale is gentle, placid, and quietly humorous. There is real pleasure to be derived from its perusal if too much is not expected in the way of incident and action. It may be added that the interest increases continuously; and fortunately so, for the first third of the story is decidedly thinly drawn out. The title is badly chosen.

Dreams of Life: Miscellaneous Poems. By Timothy Thomas Fortune. Fortune & Peterson, New York. 5½×8 in. 192 pages.

Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Vol. XI. **Faux's Memorable Days in America, 1819-1820.** Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6×9½ in. 305 pages.

This, although published separately, is also Volume XI. of Dr. Thwaites's "Early Western Travels." This series of annotated reprints of volumes of American travel has now advanced far enough in its course and with such uniform interest in its contents as fully to justify the claim of the editor and publishers at the outset that it would comprise only works of permanent historical value. The study of American history from original sources is more and more urged by teachers, and for this purpose the books edited by Dr. Thwaites are really invaluable. In no other way can one so well come to an intimate knowledge of social development, historical incident, and manners and customs in the Middle and Far West as by recourse to the voluminous literature of the class here included. To most readers and students these have been heretofore inaccessible, but Dr. Thwaites, by careful selection and accurate reprinting, has now given all of us the opportunity heretofore enjoyed only by a few specialists. Among the volumes already published, for instance, one may note "The Journal of Captain Morris," which in a really thrilling and exciting way gives personal experiences of the war between French and Indians on the Western border and tells the story of Pontiac's conspiracy. Equally entertaining and valuable, and equally rare and difficult to see, is J. Long's "Voyages and Travels of an Indian Interpreter and Trader," and the same may be said of F. Cuming's "Tour to the Western Country through Ohio and Kentucky," which incidentally throws strong light on the attitude of Western people to Aaron Burr's conspiracy. The present volume and that to follow are mainly occupied with the reprint of Faux's "Memorable Days in America." As the editor points out in a decidedly readable preface, English interest in American life was immensely quickened by the war of 1812, and the tide of emigration to this country from Great Britain set in thereafter. William Faux was an English farmer who came over here for the express purpose of looking into the conditions and prospects of British emigrants. Critics of his own country declare that he was "a simpleton of the first water, a capital specimen of a village John Bull for the first time roaming far away from his native valley—staring at everything and grumbling at most." He certainly was a crude writer and an ill-natured man in small things. Moreover, like some later British writers on America, he industriously collected all the disagreeable incidents and features of American life and most unfairly represented them as typical. Nevertheless, if due allowance be made for his prejudices and character, his narrative is really entertaining and does reflect directly many peculiarities of pioneer life.

Égyptiens Préhistoriques Identifiés Avec les Annamites (Les). Par le Général H. Frey. Hachette et Cie., Paris, France. 5½×9 in. 106 pages.

Gift That Abides (The). I. John II. 27. By G. W. McCalla. George W. McCalla, Philadelphia. 4¼×7 in. 124 pages. 50c.

In Bohemia. By James Clarence Harvey. Illustrated. The H. M. Caldwell Co., New York. 4½×6¼ in. 207 pages.

Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth. By Robert Bird. Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 296 pages.

Log of the Water Wagon (The). By Bert Leston Taylor and W. C. Gibson. Illustrated. H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 4×6 in. 127 pages.

Melvina Drew. By English Norman. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 300 pages.

Noblest Quest and Other Sermons (The). By Charles Bayard Mitchell, Ph.D., D.D. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati. 5×7½ in. 163 pages.

Saint Catherine of Siena, as Seen in Her Letters. Translated and Edited by Vida D. Scudder. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 352 pages. $2.50, net.

There always have been, and perhaps always will be, persons whose religious life is supremely introspective, emotional, and contemplative, and whose religious ideas find their fullest expression when the conscious mind is lost in the sense of the infinite. These letters by Catherine Benincasa reveal such a religious temperament. They abound in such phrases as "This sweet Land our way," "Dearest Brother in Christ Sweet Jesus," and "the most sweet Sacrament," "Sweet Jesus, Jesus Love," and yet there are exhortations in these letters to manliness and labor. They were not written but dictated, as Catherine was not literate, and yet she was a woman whose acquaintance was enormous. Hers is a type of religion which does not find exactly this form of expression in these days, yet still exists. Although those who possess it are seldom lost in trances and ecstasy, they have the same desire for absorption in another Self than their own. To such these letters, of course, will be read as utterances of a kindred soul. To others they form interesting material for study of a certain kind of religious experience.

Scarlet Repentance (A). By Archie Bell. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 134 pages.

Scientific Occultism: A Hypothetical Basis of Life. By David P. Hatch. Baumgardt Publishing Co., Los Angeles, California. 5½×8 in. 95 pages.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

The Poems of Edwin A. Robinson

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Which reminds me that a man in Gardiner, Maine, has written lately some delightfully original little bits of poetry and printed them in a little blue pamphlet with this sentence from Coppée for a motto. He calls it "The Torrent and the Night Before." His name is Edwin Arlington Robinson. I never heard of him till he sent me his booklet. They send me books of poetry until I cannot get around for them, but he has sent me a book that I cannot help reading.

After reading the article by President Roosevelt on "The Children of the Night," poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson, I recalled the above, which appeared in the Magazine Number of The Outlook February 6, 1897, in an article entitled "Edward Eggleston: An Interview." This may be of interest to other readers of The Outlook.

Hallowell, Maine. SOPHIA B. GILMAN.

A Word for Porto Rico

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Being a sermonizer by profession, and with an experience of nearly three years in Porto Rico as Principal of the Insular Normal School, your editorial on "Porto Rico and Self-Government" offers me an attractive text for presenting a homily on American work in this island. Speaking of the memorial to Congress offered by a recent convention of Porto Ricans, you give its probable causes as three: (1) "Popular discontent due to real or fancied injustice under the present Government;" (2) "Racial impatience of foreign control and restless desire for independence;" (3) "Eager desire of office-seekers for more offices, more salaries, and more control of public moneys."

This concise statement of causes covers the whole ground. It shows an accurate knowledge of the situation. You are also right when you suggest the following remedies: (1) Remove causes of discontent; (2) Meet racial impatience with greater tact and respect; (3) Meet the office seekers' movement with the same vigorous hostility that we do at home.

Permit me now to say a word from the side of the Porto Rican. My relations to the Porto Ricans were not those of the American official who learns but few words of the native tongue and lives and deals almost wholly with Americans, nor yet those of the clergyman whose parishioners are Americans; but my work was all done in the language of the natives, and I met them in their homes, saw them at their work, studied their aims, talked daily with their young men and women over their hopes, ambitions, and fears, and was frequently their confidant in matters of religion, social difficulties, and politics. This intimacy leads me to say that the drastic method which you would apply to an "office-seekers' movement," and of which I heartily approve for such movements, would be entirely unnecessary in Porto Rico if the first two causes of the present anti-American movement were treated as you suggest. Of course there are a few chronic cases of office-seeking there, as there are everywhere, but as a general rule the office-seeking is for the purpose of making an improvement on what is called "foreign legislation."

The real cause of the difficulty lies back of and below legislation. It is the personal attitude of the provincial American towards the Porto Rican. No official should go to Porto Rico, and no teacher of the young, who is not cosmopolitan in his whole nature and broad in his political and religious views. The narrow, rigid mind, with four hundred years of Anglo-Saxon independence and obstinacy behind it, can make itself very offensive and very confusing to the Spanish-American mind, with four hundred years behind it of servility, suspicion of government, more delicately hung nerves, and a heart yearning for sympathy.

A sympathetic nature is the first thing needed in every Porto Rican official who represents the United States. The second thing needed is firmness—the ability to extend the warm hand and to remain true to American principles. These two words, "sympathy" and "firmness," comprehend the whole work of teaching self-government to a people so different from us in inheritance and traditions, and both these words stand for unrecognizable qualities in the provincial American, who, unfortunately, seems to abound in Porto Rico. Strange to say, the unsympathetic mind is not firm. Such a man will yield principles for policy's sake, and still save his personal attitude. Something of this yielding is to be feared as a result of the present Porto Rican memorial to Congress. It will not originate with Congress, but with those who are feeling the attack in Porto Rico. Although I sympathize more strongly than many Americans with the native inhabitants of Porto Rico, I *know*—and know as one whose heart is not only with them, but with true American principles—that the masses of the island, the great majority of the voters, are far from what we understand by self-government, and that any false step in that direction hinders them in reaching true self-government. The occasion for the memorial to Congress should never have arisen, but now that it confronts us, we should remove its causes rather than grant its requests.

And the average Porto Rican will be entirely satisfied with this if the matter is presented to him in the right way. I have never seen people easier to pacify than the pupils with whom I dealt in the Normal School, the parents of those pupils, and the adult teachers in our summer institutes, and I have dealt with all of these in their most turbulent moods. I never yielded a point in discipline, or in the rules to which they objected, and I never failed to win their cordial support to both. But, then, all these people had already been convinced that I was working solely for their interests. It is from this personal experience that I reason that the blame for the present Porto Rican discontent lies more with American officials than with the natives. Too many of these let themselves down to the level of the more undesirable Porto Ricans in matters vital to right living, and hold themselves far above the best of them in matters of prejudice. If every official and teacher would consider that he is there, not merely for his job, and not merely for doing the work of his job well, but as a personal illustration of the beneficent workings of popular sovereignty, and a living teacher of self-government—by example as well as precept—there would be no Porto Rican problem. Self-government arises out of self-helpfulness through work. The Porto Rican needs to be inoculated with an enthusiasm for work.

In thus speaking of work, of enthusiasm in labor, of joy in the results of labor, I am passing from the "personal attitude of the provincial American" to a still more important factor in the problem. It is that of education. The Porto Rican needs education. That is readily granted by all. But what kind of education? The kind desirable for Harvard, Yale, or Cornell? No! When he needs this, he can get it in the United States. He needs something that will make a man of the average workingman—the average voter—and not something that will make a dude of the merchant's son. The average Porto Rican boy needs less grammar and more knowledge of fertilizers. You are right when, in your editorial, you say, "The evils under which Porto Rico is suffering are industrial, and call for industrial rather than merely political remedies." This is the whole story in a nutshell. And the industrial problem in Porto Rico is an agricultural one. What Porto Rico needs is three things: Modern agricultural ideas adapted to tropical needs; agricultural incentives to personal exertion; home-made fertilizers. These three things will save Porto Rico without the aid of the politician. The island is temporarily worn out with hundreds of years of cultivation of the same crops on the same land. The great profits of sugar and coffee raising on large estates are a thing of the past. Spain had already "taken off the cream" from the valleys. America must point the way to the restoration of their former fertility by means of fertilizers. It can be done, and the problem is not a difficult one. Rightly managed, the raising of beef, the making of butter and cheese, the raising of mules, and, finally, the raising of food for home consumption instead of buying it abroad—and all these by means of the fertilizers which the feeding of cattle produces—are not difficult problems. More cattle to the acre can be fed in Porto Rico, and more cheaply fed, than in any spot in the United States. With this cheap feeding of cattle nothing more need be said about impoverished land in Porto Rico. Cheap home-made fertilizers will bring to Porto Rico a prosperity it never knew before. They will do more. They will bring a higher morality. When every little farmer begins to keep all the cattle his acre, or two acres, will sustain, and to make that little spot so rich that one acre will support his family, then the large estates, with their inherent serfdom, will begin to be divided, civic responsibility will begin to be felt by each little farmer, personal rights in property will be defended, morality will be seen to be a necessity, and independence and right living will furnish the corner-stones of the true Republic. Thus the pathway to self-government in Porto Rico is laid out by means of fertilizers.

And this is a question of teaching, of education—the education of the young. We cannot make over the adult inhabitant of a tropical country. And it is a question of the education of the poorer class of the young. The shopkeeper's son cannot help us. We must reach the worker—the boy who has had to work—and educate him in some institution similar to Booker Washington's in Tuskegee, where he can pay for his education with his labor; and we must keep him four years, or six years, or until he has been made over and imbued with the American spirit of self-helpfulness.

Feeling so strongly on this subject, I have besieged Commissioners of Education for Porto Rico with the above ideas. Finally, the last Commissioner under whom I served sent me to Tuskegee to make a report on that institution. I visited Tuskegee and the Hampton Institute, and outlined a plan of procedure for Porto Rico some two years ago. The answer that came back to me was that there was no money for carrying out the plan. Why was there no money? Because the day I had long dreaded, the day of Porto Rican discontent, had begun to put in its work by the limitation of educational appropriations.

But should this question of money have deterred us from doing the needed work? By no means. How did Booker Washington raise his money? We should have raised ours in the same way, and have shown the Porto Ricans how much we had their real interests at heart. Indeed, we should do this now. It would be the fitting reply to their memorial. I believe the whole country would assist us. It might not suit the politicians of Porto Rico, but it would win the hearts of the poorer classes, and the politicians could take their own time for falling into line. It is "the man with the hoe" in Porto Rico to whom we must look for the island's savior.

W. G. TODD.

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The Krishna Philosophy

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In an article of July 29, for the purpose of bringing more sharply into relief some notions of what Christianity is and is not, the writer does so much injustice to the Krishna philosophy, which he dexterously makes use of as a foil for the argument, that space for protest would seem to be due, not in behalf of the Hindu philosopher, whose serene spirit moves an eagle's flight above the slings and arrows of misconception, but in behalf of the reputation of The Outlook itself for veracious comment and criticism. To posit a happiness which is in contrast with a Christian ideal of character as the end and aim of the Brahmin's teaching is to assume a false conclusion, derogatory to that teaching, in the premises. That ideal of life which, making happiness the ultimate test of the supreme good, identifies that happiness with the identification of the individual will with the will of God, must be admitted to be inclusive, not exclusive, of character, even by the most superficial criticism, and is a philosophy not new to Christianity, to cite no other authority than Dante. From the processes of the achievement of that character, to shut out the contemplative life—in other words, the study of the higher spiritual activity, the effort to reach by introspection the Supreme Spirit—is calmly to remove from the Christian life and ideal, by one complacent sweep of definition, which makes its own vain conceptions the measure of the Christian Church, that whole noble company of mystics whose deep inspiration has been an inexhaustible fountain of spiritual life to the whole body Christian.

If this glib modern definition of Christianity insists on the theory of evolution, it would seem to be not by reason of insufficient space but by virtue of competent logic that The Outlook, refusing "to follow this modern apostle of Brahmanism further" in his philosophy, "remembered to forget" that half of his theory which places the Golden Age before us, a paradise within the competence of the human soul to regain—the way known and tried; so that the whole burden of the Krishna lay may be said truly to be, "Be ye one with the Father," "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

To confuse such a philosophy as this with Epicureanism is to make such misrepresentation as well may breed in this apostle of Eastern religious thought a misprision of the metaphysical quality of the Western mind.

Ogunquit, Maine. C. H. V.

[The editorial article to which our correspondent refers did not compare Hinduism with the Christianity of the mystics, but the Brahmanism of Baba Premanand Bharáti with the religion of the New Testament. In that editorial article there was no attempt to identify this Krishna philosophy with Epicureanism.—THE EDITORS.]

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As a member of the family of your readers, I venture to send you a pamphlet which bears somewhat on the subject of your excellent article "Christianity Illustrated by a Contrast." I am a close student of Hindu philosophy, and have found that the practice of meditation, or contemplation, inculcated by its teachings, in no degree lessens the importance of physical activity. It is the mental attitude that is meant—quiet, concentrated thought, diverted deliberately into certain channels, to the exclusion of others which are deemed detrimental, even destructive to progress. Activity is considered imperative, and, in the natural order of things, *must* follow the generation of internal force, by calm and continued contact with the source of all force, as steam is generated. Activity of mind and body is gained by the intelligent application of Vedantin philosophy.

The formation of character is the main aim and end of Hindu philosophy. Naturally, the principles of Reincarnation and Karma create this necessity. The phraseology employed may be sometimes the cause of misunderstanding as to the true groundwork of this philosophy.

Personally, I may add that I see no difference between Christianity—*as Christ taught it*—and Hinduism. The teachings of the latter illuminate and strengthen those of the former. Indorsement and unanimity meet the sincere student at every point.

Ben Lomond, California. M. T.